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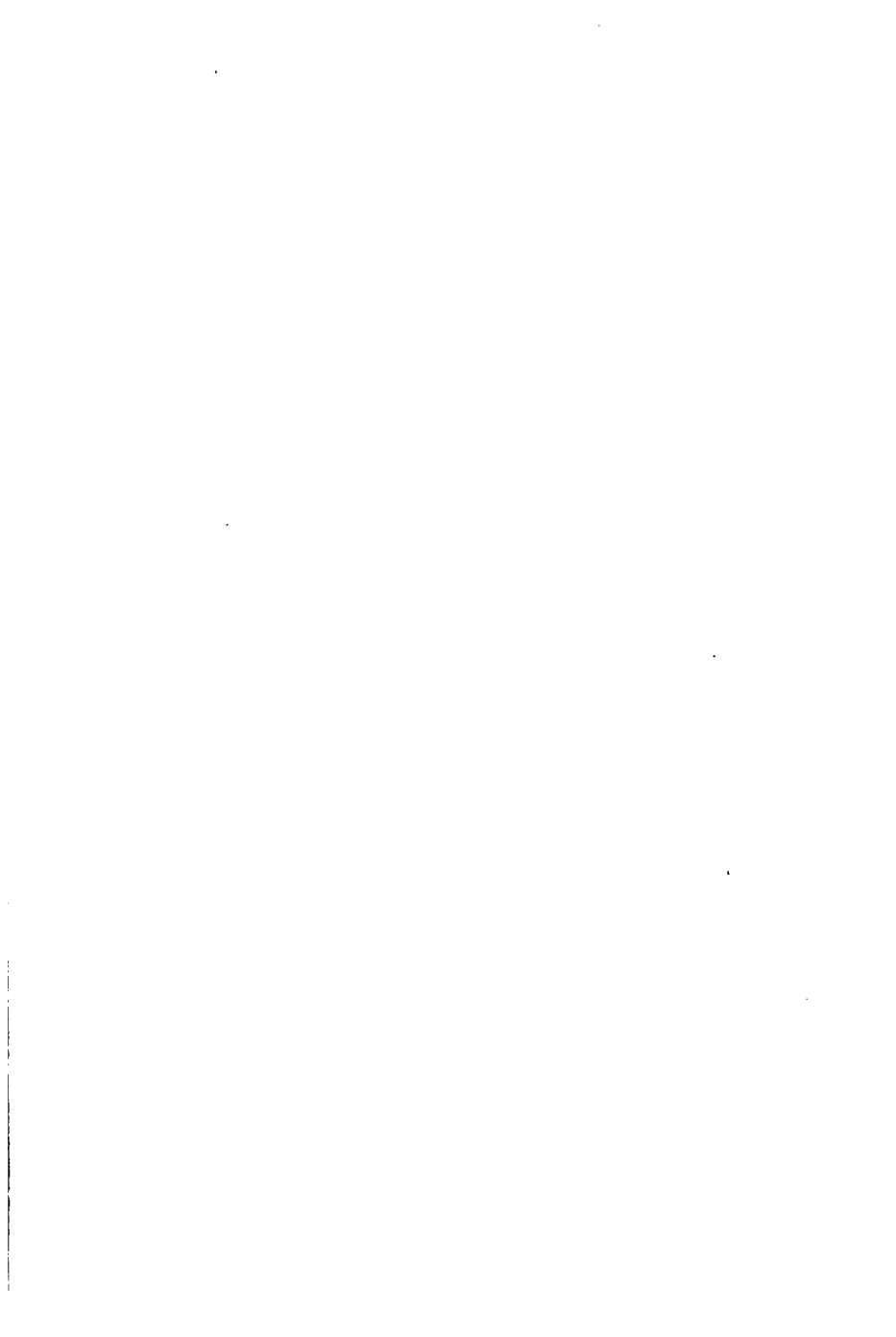
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Spoken Phonograph Selections*

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**The Phono-Bretto Company, Inc.  
817 Faile St., New York City**

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**Price \$1.50**

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### III

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## IN A PERSIAN GARDEN

Khayyam

## Come Fill the Cup

Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring,  
 Your Winter garment of Repentance fling;  
 The Bird of Time has but a little way  
 To flutter—and the Bird is on the Wing.

## I Sometimes Think

I sometimes think that never blows so red  
 The Rose as where some buried Caesar bled;  
 That every Hyacinth the Garden wears,  
 Drop't in her lap from some once lovely Head.

## Myself When Young

Myself when young did eagerly frequent  
 Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument,  
 But evermore came out by that same door  
 Where in I went.

## I Sent My Soul

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,  
 Some secret of that After-Life to spell;  
 And by and by my Soul return'd to me  
 And answered "I myself am Heav'n and Hell."

## Alas! That Spring Should Vanish!

Alas! That Spring should vanish with the Rose!  
 That Youth's sweet scented manuscript should close!  
 The Nightingale that in the branches sang,  
 Ah, whence and whither flown again, who knows.

Victor Record 85441—Part 1

## Wake for the Sun

Wake! for the Sun who scatter'd into flight,  
 The Stars before him from the field of night,  
 Drives night along with them from Heav'n and strikes  
 The Sultan's turret with a shaft of Light.

## IN A PERSIAN GARDEN—Continued

### Book of Verse

A Book of Verse underneath the Bough,  
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou  
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—  
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise now!

### They Say the Lion

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep  
The courts where Jamshyd gloved and drank deep  
And Bahram, that great Hunter—the wild Ass  
Stamps o'er his Head but cannot break his sleep.

Victor Record 35441—Part 2

## IN THE GLOAMING

### Orred

In the gloaming! Oh, my darling!  
When the lights are dim and low,  
And the quiet shadows falling,  
Softly come and softly go.  
When the winds are sobbing faintly,  
With a gentle unknown woe,  
Will you think of me and love me,  
As you did once long ago.

In the gloaming! Oh, my darling!  
Think not bitterly of me!  
Though I passed away in silence,  
Left you lonely, set you free.  
For my heart was crushed with longing,  
What had been could never be,  
It was best that we should part, dear,  
Best for you and best for me.

Columbia Record 5425

## INSURANCE SCENE

Weber-Fields

You know, Mike, I didn't recognize you from where you was. You look to me like the back of a hack.

Is that so? I notice you admired my carriage.

By golly, I am certainly disgusted to see you again.

And I am the same and even more yet.

You're as pretty as ever, if not worse.

Myer, and you are the same old Myer; the same devil amongst the women. It certainly is good for nothing to see you again. You know it is already six months since I last saw you.

Is that so?

Yes, the last time I saw you, we were chucked out of that hotel.

Yes, because we could not pay our board bill. Well, that was your fault. When I told the landlord I expected money from home, why did you tell him I had no home?

Oh, nonsense. You know I am in a new business.

What business is that?

I am selling accidental insurance on commission. Could I sell you some? You see, for twenty-five cents you could be insured for three thousand dollars a week.

But, say, Mike, be senseless and take a friend's advice and stop that business. Accidental insurance is no good. I was insured in it once and nothing happened to me at all.

You are such a fool as ever. You see, it says on the policy slipper, it says for the loss of a leg you get one thousand dollars and if you lose an arm you get five hundred dollars and if you lose both legs and both arms you get fifteen hundred dollars, and for the loss of your head you get the full amount of the policy.

That is the trouble; by the time you have all the money coming to you, there is nothing left of you to enjoy it.

But suppose you die; wouldn't you be happy to know when you are dead there is something coming to you? You see, this paper also insures your life.

But when you die, life insurance is good, but believe me, when I tell you that fire insurance is better. Anyway, I am insured in my society, the Knights of Misery. This is the best. You see, it costs a dollar to become a membership, and when a brother dies all the other brothers are assnated two dollars and pays. See how benefiting it is.

I ask you as one fool to another—is the Knights of Misery a good thing? You say you pay a dollar to get in and you pay out and pay out and in twenty years you would be owing yourself money.

Oh, it is a good thing for most of the members. Louis Dinkelspiel paid a dollar to join the lodge last week and

**INSURANCE SCENE—Continued**  
 yesterday he was run over by a trolley car and lost his life  
 and both his legs. Do you think he got the worst of it?  
 Oh, well, he was one of the lucky ones.

Columbia Record 1220

## IN THE EVENING BY THE MOONLIGHT

Bland

In de ebening by de moonlight  
 When dis darkie's work was over,  
 We would gather 'round de fire,  
 'Till de hoe cake it was done.  
 Den we all would eat our supper,  
 After dat we'd clear de kitchen,  
 Dat's de only time we had to spare  
 To hab a little fun.  
 Uncle Dave would take de fiddle down  
 Dat hung upon de wall,  
 While de silv'y moon was shining clear and bright,  
 How de old folks would enjoy it  
 Dey would sit all night and listen  
 As we sang in de ebening by de moonlight.

Chorus:

In de ebening by de moonlight,  
 You could hear us darkies singing,  
 In de ebening by de moonlight,  
 You could hear de banjos ringing,  
 How de old folks would enjoy it,  
 They would sit all night and listen,  
 As we sang in de ebening by de moonlight.

In de ebening by de moonlight,  
 When de watchdog would be sleeping,  
 In de corner near de fireplace  
 Beside de old arm chair,  
 What Aunt Chloe used to set  
 And tell de pickaninnier stories,  
 And de cabin would be filled wid merry coons from  
 near and far,  
 All dem happy times we used to hab,  
 Will ne'er return again,  
 Eb'rything was den so merry, gay and bright,  
 And I neber will forget it,  
 When our daily toil was ober,  
 How we sang in de ebening by de moonlight.  
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Edison Blue Amberol Record 2457

## INDIANA

Rowland

In the good old Indiana,  
 In the dear old Hoosier state,  
 Stands a cottage on a hillside,  
 Where love reigns supremely great;  
 And the lovelight falls on faces  
 That to me in dreams are near,  
 For my mother is among them  
 And my kindred, all so dear.

Chorus:

O Indiana, dear Indiana,  
 You are my childhood's only sweetheart,  
 O Indiana, dear Indiana,  
 Now from thee, in grief, I part.

Looking from the dear old home  
 I can see the woodland cool,  
 Where in childhood's days we roamed  
 When returning home from school;  
 Gath'ring wild-flowers precious store,  
 By the clear and babbling brook,  
 Till our hands could hold no more,  
 Ere our homeward way we took.

As the sea shell, when 'tis carried  
 Far away, will sing of home,  
 With as loyal heart and true,  
 So will I where e'er I roam;  
 Sing the praises of the state  
 Where I first the light did see,  
 In the little vine-grown cot  
 'Mid the sunshine flow'r and tree.

Now, dear Father in the heaven,  
 Who bestowest earthly love,  
 May this love of state help fit us  
 For the home reserved above.  
 For the earthly home thou gavest  
 Is but kindred to Thine own,  
 Just a place to make us ready  
 To approach Thy glorious throne.

Words and music postpaid, 15c, W. W. Rowland & Co.,  
 2357 Cedar Ave., Cleveland  
 Edison Blue Amberol 2648

## IN MONTEREY

June time, what is that I hear?  
 Spooptime ringing in my ear;  
 It seems to want to say  
 Come, dream in Monterey  
 Once more with me, my dear.  
 I seem to see you there with me.

## Chorus:

In Monterey, where fishes play,  
 We sailed away across the bay;  
 Your eyes of blue were playful, too;  
 'Twas then I knew what eyes could do.  
 Forget the thrill I never will, dear,  
 For now until I'm old and gray  
 I'll bless the day—in Monterey,  
 The day that you stole my heart away.

Junetime, birds are on the wing;  
 Spooptime, mission bells will ring,  
 As in the days of yore,  
 When on that peaceful shore,  
 Our songs of love we'd sing,  
 Could you but be once more with me.

Victor Record 17883

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## I WOULD THAT MY LOVE

Heine

I would that my love could silently  
 Flow in a single word;  
 I'd give it the merry breezes—  
 They'd waft it away in sport.

To thee on their wings, my fairest,  
 That soul-felt word they would bear,  
 Shouldst hear it at ev'ry moment,  
 And hear it ev'rywhere.

At night when thine eyelids in slumber  
 Have closed those bright heav'nly beams,  
 Still there, my love, it will haunt thee,  
 E'en in thy deepest dreams.

Columbia Record 1275



## IN OLD MADRID

Bingham

Long years ago, in old Madrid,  
 Where softly sighs of love the guitar,  
 Two sparkling eyes, a lattice hid,  
 Two eyes as darkly bright as love's own star!  
 There on the casement ledge, when day was o'er,  
 A tiny hand was lightly laid.  
 A face look'd out as from the river shore,  
 There stole a tender serenade!  
 Rang the lover's happy song,  
 Light and low from shore to shore.  
 But ah! The river flow'd along  
 Between them evermore.

Chorus:

Come, my love, the stars are shining,  
 Time is flying, love is sighing,  
 Come, for thee a heart is pining,  
 Here alone I wait for thee.

Far, far away, from old Madrid,  
 Her lover fell, long years ago, for Spain,  
 A convent veil those sweet eyes hid,  
 And all the vows that love had sighed were vain.  
 But still, between the dusk and night, 'tis said,  
 Her white hand opes the lattice wide,  
 The first sweet echo of that serenade  
 Floats weirdly o'er the misty tide,  
 Still she lists her lover's song,  
 Still he sings upon the shore,  
 Though flows a stream than all more strong,  
 Between them evermore.

Columbia Record 962

## IN THE HEART OF AN IRISH ROSE

Frost

In the heart of dear old Ireland  
 Grew a little Irish rose;  
 In the garden of Killarney  
 And so the story goes;  
 This sweet rose was loved by a soldier boy  
 Who loved her for his own;  
 Now the rose droops her head,  
 For the sunshine has fled,  
 Since he left her all alone.

**IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR—Continued**

Look up! for glad and golden hours  
 Come swiftly on the wing,  
 Oh rest beside the weary road,  
 And hear the angels sing.

For lo, the days are hastening on,  
 By prophet bards foretold,  
 When with the ever circling year,  
 Comes round the age of gold;  
 When peace shall over all the earth,  
 Its final splendors fling,  
 And the whole world send back the song,  
 Which now the angels sing.

Victor Record 35412

**IN THE LAND OF LOVE WITH THE SONG BIRDS**

Rega

Nightingale sings with joy,  
 In the sunny land of love,  
 Where all's in rhyme.  
 There I met sweet Jeanette  
 On a rocky mountain trail in summertime.  
 Birds above, sang of love,  
 And I told life's sweetest tale in three small words:  
 And each breeze, stealing thru' the trees,  
 Seemed to bless our lives among the birds.

Chorus:

In the land of love with the song birds,  
 Where they sing their pretty tales of love,  
 You could hear the birds sweetly calling,  
 From the mountain roses to the dove.  
 It was near the end of September,  
 That she gave her heart to me in loving words  
 California, how I long to be,  
 In the land of love with the song birds.

Whipporwills sing their lay,  
 To the gleaming stars above,  
 When all day is thru.  
 And their song all night long,  
 Is a message sweet of love my heart tells you.  
 Morning breaks, lark awakes,  
 And it bids the drowsy rose to lift her head,  
 While the wren in shady glen,  
 Tells the blinking owl the night has fled.

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Edison Blue Amberol Record 2763

## PM GOING TO RAISE MY BOY TO BE A SOLDIER

A father and a mother fondly watching  
 The playful antics of their only son,  
 A manly lad of seven, proudly marching  
 Around the hall with soldier suit and gun.  
 "I hate to think some day the call of battle  
 Will take our darling boy," the father sighed;  
 The mother drew him near, her eyes grew dim with tears,  
 Yet bravely to his father she replied:—

### Chorus:

I'm going to raise my boy to be a soldier,  
 To serve his country when and where he can;  
 I'll teach him to be true to the old red, white and blue,  
 I want him to be every inch a man.  
 If war should come my heart would break with sorrow,  
 And yet I'd proudly bid him march away;  
 I'm going to raise my boy to be a soldier,  
 And a credit to the U. S. A.

With measured step and brown eyes brightly flashing  
 The youthful hero once more faced the foe;  
 In silent pride the parents watched their loved one,  
 Within their tear-dimmed eyes then love aglow.  
 "God grant that war may never take him from us,"  
 The father spoke again, and bowed his head.  
 "My heart repeats that prayer," the mother whispered there,  
 But with a steady voice again she said:

Pathe Record 10072

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## PM GOIN' BACK TO LOUISIANA

I long to be a roamin' down in Louisiana  
 With my lovin' gal, only pal.  
 Floatin' on the river while the moon is shinin'  
 With my lovin' gal, only pal.  
 The whippoorwills am callin' from the distant shore,  
 I hear the banjos ring, darkies sing,  
 In Louisiana, dear Louisiana,  
 There is where my heart will ever cling.

### Chorus:

I'm goin' back to Louisiana, where the bright moon shines;  
 I'm goin' back to Louisiana and to that old gal of mine.  
 When I get back we ain't agoin' to tarry,  
 We're agoin' to find a preacher man and marry,  
 In the beautiful garden of Louisiana, where a bright moon  
 shines.

**I'M GOIN' BACK TO LOUISIANA—Continued**

I don't know why I ever roamed

From Louisiana and my Dixie home, Dixie home;  
There among the cotton fields

I lived the sweetest days I've ever known, ever known.  
Tonight I'm goin' to sail along

The Mississippi river on my way, on my way,  
And I know tomorrow I'll be free from sorrow,  
See my lovin' gal at break of day.

Victor Record 17688

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**I'M LONGING FOR MY HOME SWEET HOME**

Hauser

The busy day is over and I'm sitting all alone,  
And dreaming of the bygone days and my dear country  
home,

The rippling brook, the shady lane, where birds sing all the  
day,

The meadow green and fields of new-mown hay.

I can see the old stone pathway leading to the cottage door,  
My heart can't bear this longing, I am going back once more.  
The fleeting years have passed away, it seems like but a day  
Since I left home and mother old and gray.

**Chorus:**

I'm longing for my Home Sweet Home and mother old and  
gray,

The scenes of happy childhood, where I used to romp and  
play;

With patience for my safe return I know she'll wait and  
pray,

I'm longing for my Home Sweet Home and mother old and  
gray.

In memory I can picture all the scenes of long ago,  
The old armchair, the cozy hearth, the firelight's ruddy glow;  
There mother used to linger after daily toil and care,  
To rest and then to read her evening prayer.

Now she's growing old and feeble, eyes are dim and footsteps  
slow,

Her kind and loving nature still remains unchanged, I know,  
She's waiting with a welcome and a kiss from day to day;  
I'm longing for my Home Sweet Home and mother old and  
gray.

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Edison Diamond Disc Record 80196

## I'M LONGING FOR OLD VIRGINIA AND YOU

Lyons

Mid the green fields of Virginia, dear, I met you,  
Where the clover red and white around us grew;  
When I held you in my arms and gently pressed you,  
The robins sang the sweetest song they knew.  
Tho' tonight I'm far away from you and old Virginia,  
I love you as I did that day in June,  
And my heart's filled with yearning for you only,  
For the mountains where the sweetest flowers bloom.

Chorus:

I'm longing for old Virginia,  
For old Virginia and you,  
And I'm hoping the "Soul within ya"  
Is longing for me, too.  
To Virginia, just like the ivy,  
My heart clings ever true,  
And I reckon in the spring  
I'll bring a little ring  
To Virginia and you.

I've been lonesome for you, dear, where I've wandered,  
Mighty lonesome for the joys we used to know;  
Thro' the whole long day and always in my dreaming,  
It seems somehow I've missed you, missed you so.  
Down the path of love I yearn to roam once more, dear,  
Just as I did in days of old with you,  
And when the spring time comes again to old Virginia,  
Then we'll build a little cottage just for two.  
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Pathe Record 10031

## IMMORTALITY

"Prince of Peace"

W. J. Bryan

Christ gave us proof for Immortality and yet it would hardly seem necessary that one should rise from the dead to convince us that the grave is not the end. To every created being, God has given a tongue that proclaims a resurrection.

If the Father designs to touch with divine power a cold and pulseless heart of the buried acorn and to make it burst forth from its prison walls, will He leave neglected in the earth the soul of man made in the image of His Creator? If He stoops to give the rosebud, whose withered blossoms float upon the autumn breeze, the sweet assurance of an-

**IMMORTALITY—Continued**

other Springtime, will He refuse the words of hope to the sons of men when the frosts of winter come? If matter, mute and inanimate, though changed by the forces of nature into a multitude of forms, can never die, will the spirit of man suffer annihilation when it has paid a brief visit like a royal guest to this tenement of clay? No, I am as sure that there is another life as I am that I live today.

In Cairo I secured a few grains of wheat that had slumbered for more than three thousand years in an Egyptian tomb. As I looked at them this thought came into my mind; if one of those grains had been planted on the banks of the Nile, the year after it grew, and all its lineal descendants planted and replanted from that time until now, its progeny would today be sufficiently numerous to feed the teeming millions of the world. There is in the grain of wheat an invisible something which has power to discard the body that we see, and from earth and air fashion a new body so much like the old one that we cannot tell the one from the other. If this invisible germ of life in the grain of wheat can thus pass unimpaired through three thousand resurrections, I shall not doubt that my soul has power to clothe itself with a body suited to its new existence when this earthly frame has crumbled into dust.

Victor Record 16168

**I'M WEARIN' AWA'**

Nairn

I'm wearin' awa', Jean,  
Like snaw in thaw; Jean,  
I'm wearin' awa'  
To the Land o' the Leal.  
There's neither cauld nor care, Jean,  
The day's aye fair,  
To the Land o' the Leal.

Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean,  
My soul lings to be free, Jean,  
And angels wait on me, Jean,  
To the Land o' the Leal.  
Then heed not my pain, Jean,  
This world's care is vain, Jean,  
We'll meet and be fain,  
To the Land o' the Leal.

Victor Record 17203

## IN BOHEMIA

O'Reilly

I'd rather live in Bohemia than in any other land,  
 For only there are the values true,  
 And the laurels gathered in all men's view.  
 The prizes of traffic and state are won  
 By shrewdness of force or by deed undone;  
 But fame is sweeter without the feud,  
 And the wise of Bohemia are never shrewd,  
 Here, pilgrims stream with a faith sublime  
 From every class and clime and time.  
 Aspiring only to be enrolled  
 With the names that are writ in the book of gold;  
 And each one bears in mind or hand  
 A palm of the dear Bohemian land.  
 The scholar first, with his book—a youth  
 Aflame with the glory of harvested truth,  
 A girl with a picture, a man with a play,  
 A boy with a wolf he has modeled in clay;  
 A smith with a marvelous hilt and sword;  
 A player, a king, a plowman, a lord—  
 And the player is king where the door is past;  
 The plowman is crowned and the lord is last!

I'd rather fail in Bohemia than win in another land;  
 There are no titles inherited there,  
 No hoard or hope for the brainless heir,  
 No gilded dullard native born,  
 To stare at his fellow with leaden scorn;  
 Bohemia has none but adopted sons,  
 Its limits, where Fancy's bright stream runs,  
 Its honors, not garnered for thrift or trade,  
 But for beauty and truth men's souls have made.  
 To the empty heart in a jeweled breast  
 There is value, maybe, in a purchased crest;  
 But the thirsty soul soon learns to know  
 The moistureless froth of the social show;  
 The vulgar sham of the pompous feast,  
 Where the heaviest purse is the highest priest;  
 The organized chastity scrimped and iced  
 In the name of a cautious statistical Christ;  
 The smile restrained; the respected cant  
 When a friend in need is a friend in want;  
 Where the only aim is to keep afloat,  
 And a brother may drown with a cry in his throat.  
 Oh, I long for the glow of a kindly heart and the grasp  
 of a friendly hand,  
 And I'd rather live in Bohemia than in any other land.

Columbia Record 938

**I AM A ROAMER BOLD****"Son and Stranger"****Mendelssohn**

I am a roamer bold and gay,  
 Who thro' the world have danc'd my way;  
 Aye! who thro' the world have danc'd my way.  
 From Poland to the Irish Sea  
 Do I know all, and all know me,  
 And all know me.  
 The Tarantelle, with French "Ville,"  
 The minuets, with castanets,  
 The rigadoon, the Arab tune,  
 The polka hop, the new "galloppe,"  
 I know them all from A to Z,  
 And by my heels can save my head.  
 Aye! By my heels can save my head.

I am the man, whate'er the play,  
 Can put you in the proper way,  
 Aye! Can put you in the proper way.  
 Where every clown among you all  
 Would stumble o'er his leg and fall,  
 O'er his leg and fall.  
 You know not yet the Pirouette,  
 Nor Scottish reel with toe and heel;  
 For a quadrille you have no skill,  
 A bear could do a "valse" like you.  
 But, pity, I am come to show,  
 To teach you rustics all I know.

Thank the good stars, who you to teach,  
 Have put a master in your reach.  
 What profits arm or leg or span,  
 Save one can use them like a man,  
 A man, a man.  
 Save one can use them like a man.

Edison Diamond Disc Record 83045

**SWEET BIRD****"Il Penseroso"****Handel**

Sweet Bird! that shun'st the noise of folly,  
 Most musical, most melancholy,  
 Thee, 'chantress, oft the woods among,  
 I woo, to hear thy even song.

Victor Record 88068



**I AM COMING HOME**

Ackley

Jesus, I am coming home today,  
 For I have found there's joy in Thee alone;  
 From the path of sin I turn away,  
 Now I am coming home.

Chorus:

Jesus, I am coming home today,  
 Never, never more from Thee to stray.  
 Lord, I now accept Thy precious promise,  
 I am coming home.

Many years my heart has strayed from Thee,  
 And now repentant to Thy throne I come.  
 Jesus opened up the way for me,  
 Now I am coming home.

Now I seek the cross where Jesus died,  
 For all my sins His blood will still atone,  
 Flowing o'er till every stain is covered,  
 I am coming home.

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 Victor Record 17786

**I'D ASK FOR YOU**

Lamb

Sometimes I roam in the starlight  
 Dreaming of you!  
 Sometimes I fancy the angels are  
 Thinking of you too!  
 Sometimes when life is so dreary,  
 Then I will wish you could hear me,  
 Then I will wish you were near me, beloved,  
 Then I ask for you.

Chorus:

If I could ask a wish of Heaven  
 I'd ask for you!  
 Such joy unto my soul you've given,  
 I'd ask for you!  
 In rosy morn or twilight gray,  
 One wish I always knew,  
 If life were ebbing fast away,  
 I'd ask for you!

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 Pathé Record 10043

**I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS**

Claribel

I cannot sing the old songs,  
 I sang long years ago,  
 For heart and voice would fail me  
 And foolish tears would flow;  
 For bygone hours come o'er my heart  
 With each familiar strain,  
 I cannot sing the old songs,  
 Or dream those dreams again.

I cannot sing the old songs,  
 Their charm is sad and deep,  
 Their melodies would waken  
 Old sorrows from their sleep,  
 And though all unforgotten still,  
 And sadly sweet they be,  
 I cannot sing the old songs,  
 They are too dear to me.

I cannot sing the old songs,  
 For visions come again,  
 Of golden dreams departed,  
 And years of weary pain;  
 Perhaps when earthly fetters shall  
 Have set my spirit free,  
 My voice may know the old songs,  
 For all eternity.  
 My voice may know the old songs,  
 For all eternity.

Victor Record 87204

**I KNOW OF TWO BRIGHT EYES**

Clutsam

I know of two bright eyes watching for me,  
 I know of two white arms waiting for me,  
 I know of cheeks that burn  
 To greet me when I return,  
 Oh, Myra! Oh, Myra, I soon will come to thee!

I know a tender heart weeping for me,  
 I know of two red lips praying for me,  
 I know a paradise,  
 A haven from tears and sighs,  
 Oh, Myra! Oh, Myra, I soon will come to thee!

Victor Record 18021

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# I DIDN'T RAISE MY FORD TO BE A JITNEY

Frost

Hiram Lord from Wellsboro  
 He bought a Ford a week ago,  
 And he paid for it in regular dough,  
 Then took a trip to town;  
 While going up the big main street,  
 A man whose nerve could not be beat,  
 Jumped right up in his back seat,  
 But Hi, he slowed right down.  
 The man said, as he held five cents,  
 "This Jitney Bus is sure immense,"  
 But Hi his anger was intense  
 As he turned to him and said  
 "Get out! get out!  
 I know you hate to walk,  
 No doubt, no doubt,  
 But 'tain't no use to talk."

Chorus:

I didn't raise my Ford to be a Jitney Bus,  
 So don't humiliate my poor machine,  
 Henry Ford made walking a pleasure,  
 But don't take my little treasure,  
 Or I'll run you out of gasoline.  
 You'd better take the street car right away, sir,  
 You're the meanest man I've ever seen!  
 You're in an awful pickle  
 Take back your doggone nickle  
 I didn't raise my Ford to be a jitney.

Hiram said I'd like to know,  
 Why everybody snickers so,  
 When down the boulevard I go,  
 They're jealous, I don't care.  
 A very weary life I've led,  
 The other day a fellow said,  
 Fords go where angels fear to tread  
 That means anywhere.  
 One day I cranked to beat the band,  
 The darned thing slipped out of my hand  
 I thought that it would never land,  
 For it nearly touched the sky.  
 I'm sad! I'm sad!  
 I've got a car but out of gasoline.

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Pathe Record 10035

**IF I COULD ONLY CALL YOU MINE—Continued**

Sometimes it seems when the shadows fall  
 You come to me, I hear you call.  
 Then all my heart thrills with joy divine,  
 For then I can call you mine;  
 If in the years that are yet to be,  
 Some day in truth you would come to me,  
 Sorrow would vanish in love's golden dawning,  
 Like clouds at break of day.

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Imperial Record 5161

**I GUESS I'LL SOON BE BACK IN DIXIELAND**

Rogers

I know where I'm going and I'm on my way,  
 Got myself a ticket and I left today,  
 Now I'm on the train, going back again,  
 Going back to Dixie and the land of cotton;  
 Got so tired waiting for the train to start,  
 Seemed as if we never, never would depart,  
 Shovel in the coal, let the engine roll,  
 Let me watch the mile stones pass,  
 One mile, two miles,  
 This speedy travel sure is class.

Chorus:

Hear the choo, choo, choo, choo, choo, choo, choo,  
 Hear the toot, toot, toot, toot, toot, toot, toot,  
 I'm going, yes, I'm going to my honey, with heart so true,  
 Hear the clack, clickety clack, clickety clack, clickety clack,  
 Hear that rattle, rattle, rattle on the railroad track,  
 Hear the whistle! hear the bell!  
 See the telegraph poles going by like—well,  
 I guess I'll soon be back in Dixie land.

Sixty miles an hour on a choo, choo, train,  
 Gee! I'm mighty glad I'm going back again,  
 Give her lots of steam, Mister, while I dream,  
 'Bout the folks in Dixie who are ne'er forgotten,  
 Mammy will be waiting by the cabin door,  
 Sally Green will say she's glad I'm back once more,  
 Mister stand aside, let me watch her glide,  
 Mile a minute, if she can,  
 Oh, land! that's grand,  
 I'm gliding back to Dixie land!

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Columbia Record 1901

# **I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY**

**"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden  
and I will give you rest."**

**I hear the voice of Jesus say,**

**"Come unto Me and rest,**

**Lay down, thou weary one, lay down,**

**Thy head upon My breast."**

**I came to Jesus as I was,**

**Weary and worn and sad,**

**I found in Him a resting place,**

**And He has made me glad.**

**I heard the voice of Jesus say,**

**"Behold, I freely give**

**The living water, thirsty one,**

**Stoop down, and drink and live."**

**I came to Jesus and I drank**

**Of that life-giving stream,**

**My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,**

**And now I live in Him.**

**Columbia Record 1305**

# **I'LL SING THEE SONGS OF ARABY**

**I'll sing thee songs of Araby,**

**And tales of fair Cashmere,**

**Wild tales to cheat thee of a sigh,**

**Or charm thee to a tear;**

**And dreams of delight shall on thee break,**

**And rainbow visions rise,**

**And all my soul shall strive to wake**

**Sweet wonder in thine eyes,**

**And all my soul shall strive to wake**

**Sweet wonder in thine eyes.**

**Through those twin lakes, when wonder wakes,**

**My raptur'd song shall sink,**

**And as the diver dives for pearls,**

**Bring tears, bring tears to their brink.**

**And dreams of delight shall on thee break,**

**And rainbow visions rise,**

**And all my soul shall strive to wake,**

**Sweet wonder in thine eyes,**

**And all my soul shall strive to wake,**

**Sweet wonder in thine eyes.**

**To cheat thee of a sigh,**

**Or charm thee to a tear.**

**Victor Record 64375**

# I'LL RETURN MOTHER DARLING TO YOU

Nathan

A mother was saying good-bye to her boy,  
 Who was ready to start for the war;  
 She cried as she said, "You're my pride and my joy,  
 Are we parting forevermore?"  
 He whispered, "The war will be over some day,  
 Though I know that your heart will yearn,  
 Have cheer, mother dear, soon the spring will be here,  
 That's the time when I will return."

Chorus:

When the roses of springtime are blooming,  
 I will return, mother darling, some day,  
 At the end of a winter of sadness,  
 Then I'll kiss all your tears away.  
 Just forget that your boy is a soldier,  
 To my country and home I'll be true,  
 When the birds sweetly sing  
 I'll return in the spring,  
 I'll return, mother darling, to you.

A mother was praying alone for her boy,  
 As she prayed since that day long ago;  
 She cried as she thought of the battlefield—  
 "Something's happened to him, I know."  
 The door of the cottage was opened at last,  
 Soon a voice cheered her weary heart;  
 Her boy cried with joy, "Days of sorrow are passed,  
 Mother, dear, we will nevermore part."  
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 Pathe Record 10080

# I FEAR NO FOE

I fear no foe in shining armour,  
 Tho' his lance be swift and keen;  
 But I fear and love the glamour,  
 Thro' thy drooping lashes seen!  
 But I fear and love the glamour,  
 Thro' thy drooping lashes seen!  
 Be I clad in casque and tasses,  
 Do I perfect cuirass wear,  
 Love thro' all my armour passes,  
 To the heart that's hidden there!  
 Love thro' all my armour passes,  
 To the heart that's hidden there!  
 I fear no foe in shining armour,  
 Tho' his lance be swift and keen,

**I FEAR NO FOE—Continued**

But I fear and love the glamour,  
 Thro' thy drooping lashes seen,  
 But I fear and love the glamour,  
 Thro' thy drooping lashes seen.

Would I fend a blow so given?  
 Would I raise a hand to stay?  
 Tho' my heart in twain be riven,  
 And I perish in the fray,  
 Tho' my heart in twain be riven,  
 And I perish in the fray,  
 I fear no foe except the glamour,  
 Of the eyes I long to see,  
 I am here, love, without armour,  
 Strike and captive make of me,  
 Strike and captive make of me!

Columbia Record 5799

**I MISS YOU, DEARIE**

As the day draws to a close,  
 Then my sorrow ebbs and flows,  
 As ebbs the tide of love by night and day!  
 From the trees they're drifting down,  
 Leaves of crimson, leaves of brown,  
 Just as my hopes, dear, drift away!  
 Tho' the nightingale is singing,  
 Sadness to my heart he's bringing,  
 Because I cannot sing love's song to you;  
 And the twilight shadows thronging  
 Fill my heart with weary longing;  
 Maybe, dear, your heart is aching, too.

**Chorus:**

In the evening don't you hear me call,  
 "My dearie," I miss you,  
 And I'm dreaming, as the stars are gleaming,  
 That you're calling, too.  
 My heart's sorrow may be gone tomorrow,  
 For I feel my hopes may still come true.  
 Come back soon, for love's sweet sake!  
 Come back, or my heart will break!

You ought to know, my dearie, I miss you.

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Pathe Record 10043

## I LOVE YOU, CALIFORNIA

Silverwood

I love you, California, you're the greatest state of all,  
I love you in the winter, summer, spring, and in the fall,  
I love your fertile valleys, your dear mountains I adore,  
I love your grand old ocean and I love her rugged shore.

Chorus:

Where the snow crowned Golden Sierras  
Keep their watch o'er the valley's bloom,  
It is there I would be in our land by the sea,  
Every breeze bearing rich perfume.  
It is here nature gives of her rarest,  
It is Home Sweet Home to me,  
And I know when I die I shall breathe my last sigh,  
For my sunny California.

I love your redwood forests, love your fields of yellow grain,  
I love your summer breezes and I love your winter rain,  
I love your land of flowers, land of honey, fruit and wine,  
I love you, California, you have won this heart of mine.  
I love your old gray Missions, love your vineyards stretching far,

I love you, California, with your Golden Gate ajar,  
I love your purple sunsets, love your skies of azure blue,  
I love you, California, I just can't help loving you.  
I love you, Catalina, you're very dear to me,

I love you, Tamalpanes, and I love Yosemite,  
I love you, Land of Sunshine, half your beauties are untold,  
I loved you in my childhood and I'll love you when I'm old.

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Edison Diamond Disc Record 80138

## I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY

Hankey

I love to tell the story  
Of unseen things above,  
Of Jesus and His glory,  
Of Jesus and His love!  
I love to tell the story,  
Because I know it's true,  
It satisfies my longings,  
As nothing else can do.

Chorus:

I love to tell the story,  
'Twill be my theme in glory,  
To tell the old, old story  
Of Jesus and His love.



**I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY—Continued**

I love to tell the story,  
 More wonderful it seems  
 Than all the golden fancies  
 Of all our golden dreams;  
 I love to tell the story,  
 It did so much for me,  
 And that is just the reason  
 I tell it now to thee.

Victor Record 16889

**I LOVE THE NAME OF DIXIE**

Frost

When the Northern sunset is glowing,  
 Way down South my whole heart is going,  
 Where the cotton grows,  
 Where the Swanee flows,  
 There's a girl named Dixie Rose.  
 'Mid the sweet magnolias perfuming,  
 Rose of Dixie sweetly is blooming,  
 Why am I so gay?  
 'Cause I'm on my way,  
 Listen, while I say:

Chorus:

I love the name of Dixie,  
 Dixie, my home, sweet home;  
 I love its sunshine, I love its show'rs,  
 That's where I spent my happy happy childhood hours,  
 When anyone sings Dixie,  
 My heart it shouts with glee;  
 For somewhere 'neath the Southern sky  
 Someone waits, and that is why,  
 I love the name of Dixie.

Oldtime joys and scenes of my childhood,  
 Girls and boys who roamed in the wild-wood,  
 Dear old Dixie days,  
 And those Dixie ways,  
 'Round my heart their mem'ry stays,  
 No one knows how much I am yearning,  
 For the time when I'd be returning;  
 Let the music play,  
 Start in right away,  
 I just want to say:

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Pathe Record 10067

**LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT**

Newman

Lead, kindly light, amid th' encircling gloom,  
 Lead Thou me on.

The night is dark and I am far from home,  
 Lead Thou me on.

Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see  
 The distant scene, one step enough for me.

So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still  
 Will lead me on.

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
 The night is gone.

And with the morn, those angel faces smile,  
 Which I have lov'd long since and lost awhile.

Columbia Record 249

**LEAVE ME TO LANGUISH**

"Rinaldo"

Handel

Recitative:

Armeda, cruel sorc'ress,  
 In her mighty resentment,  
 Here brought me from my heav'n of sweet contentment,  
 My grief doth seem eternal!  
 Slave she detains me  
 In torment all infernal.  
 O Heav'n, for pity's sake,  
 Let this poor heart soon break.

Solo:

Leave me to languish  
 Alone with sorrow,  
 Weeping and yearning for freedom dear.  
 Weeping and yearning, weeping and yearning  
 For freedom dear.  
 Leave me to languish  
 Alone with sorrow,  
 Weeping and yearning for freedom dear.  
 Long night of anguish!  
 Come soon, O morrow,  
 With hope returning  
 This heart to cheer.  
 Ah! with hope returning  
 This heart to cheer.  
 Leave me to languish  
 Alone with sorrow,  
 Weeping and yearning for freedom dear.

Edison Diamond Disc Record 80177

# LEE FAMILY

Rogers

Now Jasper Lee done sold his farm,  
And bought himself a house in town,  
Since he got dat fortune lef' him  
By his Aunt Maria Brown.  
Talk 'bout money changin' people—  
Jasper's even changed his name,  
An' de names of his twelve children,  
He claims dat it is his aim  
Dat all de names of his folks shall be  
Big as dem he sees 'round in de street cars,  
On de fences and high signs all over town.

Chorus:

So 'Lyjah, dat's the long boy,  
He's done changed to Lackawanna Lee,  
Susie's now September Morn,  
An' 'Tildy she's Miss Tiffany,  
Cecelia's Cococola now, and puts on airs for' sho',  
While Dan he changed to Danderine,  
And Oscar now is Ostermoor.  
Dare's Spolio and Herpicide,  
Golddust and White Rose T.  
And Jasper, he's Anheuser Busch Green River Wilson Lee.

De oldes' gal, Sophrony her idea was somewhat kinder keen,  
And dey 'ceeded dey would call her Orangene, Vaseline.  
Jasper's wife was hard to suit,  
So he thought 'twas best that she choose her own name,  
So she finally picked out Pianola Lee.  
The baby boy, they named him Hallud,  
Dat great name of Bible fame,  
Youse read Hallud in scripcher  
Where says "Hallud be thy name."

Now 'Cephus dat's de oldes',  
He's done changed to Cuticura Lee;  
Nancy's Miss Uneeda now, and Bill's done changed to B. C. D.  
Josiah he's now Japalac and Mandy's now Maltine,  
While Rastus he's Red Raven Lee, and Phoebe she is Miss  
Pearline.

Now Jasper he's done changed again,  
Done changed to Den Yule Lee,  
De Den Yule in dat op'ry song,  
"Den You'll Remember Me."

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Columbia Record 2078

## LAST DAY OF SCHOOL AT PUNKIN CENTER

Well, sir, it was the last day of school at Punkin Center, and all the school directors were there, and we had sayings, speakings and recitations of one kind or another. Si Pettinger's little boy got up and sung a song that suited me first rate. Well, I thought it was purty good. Then Ezry Haskins' little boy got up and played a tune on the mouth organ. Then there was a little German feller got up and he made a speech. Went something like this:

Already once there was a little goil named Mary und Mary got some little sheep with hair so fine it couldn't wash, yes, sir, und everywhere Mary went by herself oudt there der little sheep would come along by himself, yes, sir, side by each togedder. He followed Mary by the school house and dat was against de rules and the school master he put de little sheep out of the school house. And dat little sheep he turned around und around und waggles his tail and shoed de flies and looked in the window and make google eyes at Mary und de little school house children said what is de reason und—by jiminy, I forget it.

Victor Record 16109

## LAST NIGHT

Kjerulf

Last night the nightingale woke me,  
 Last night, when all was still!  
 It sang in the golden moonlight  
 From out the woodland hill.  
 I opened my window so gently,  
 I looked on the dreaming dew,  
 And, oh! the bird, my darling,  
 Was singing of you!

Oh, think not I can forget you;  
 I could not if I would;  
 I see you in all around me,  
 The stream, the night, the wood,  
 The flowers that slumber so gently,  
 The stars above the blue,  
 Oh, heaven itself, my darling,  
 Is praying for you!

Columbia Record 825

## LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE

Sargent

A life on the ocean wave, a home on the rolling deep,  
Where the scatter'd waters rave, and the winds their revels  
keep,  
Where the scatter'd waters rave, and the winds their revels  
keep,  
Like an eagle cag'd I pine on this dull, unchanging shore;  
O give me the flashing brine, the spray and the tempest roar.

Chorus:

A life on the ocean wave, a home on the rolling deep,  
Where the scattered waters rave, and the winds their revels  
keep,  
The winds, the winds, the winds their revels keep.  
The winds, the winds, the winds their revels keep.

Once more on the deck I stand of my own swift gliding craft,  
Set sail! Farewell to the land, the gale follows fair abaft,  
Of my own swift gliding craft.  
Set sail! Farewell to the land, the gale follows fair abaft,  
We shoot thro' sparkling foam, like an ocean bird set free,  
Like an ocean bird, our home we'll find far out on the sea.

The land is no longer in view, the clouds have begun to frown,  
But with a stout vessel and crew, we say, let the storm come  
down,  
And the song of our heart shall be while the winds and the  
waters rave,

A life on the heaving sea, a home on the bounding wave.

Columbia Record 1148

## LIGHT OF LIFE

Light of Life, so softly shining  
From the Cross of Calvary,  
Never waning nor declining,  
Shine on me, oh, shine on me.

Chorus:

Shine on me, oh, shine on me,  
Light of Love, oh, shine on me;  
With the love of Jesus beaming,  
Shine on me, oh, shine on me.

Light of Love, that knows no fading,  
From all changes thou art free;  
Holy Light, that knows no shading,  
Shine on me, oh, shine on me.

Victor Record 16441

### LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

Four score and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth.

Victor Record 35377

### LONG, LONG AGO

Bayly

Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,

Long, long ago, long, long ago.

Sing me the songs I delighted to hear,

Long, long ago, long ago.

Now that you're come, all my grief is removed,

Let me forget that so long you have roved,

Let me believe that you love as you loved,

Long, long ago, long ago.

Do you remember the path where we met?

Long, long ago, long, long ago.

Oh, yes; you told me you ne'er would forget,

Long, long ago, long ago.

That to all others, my smile you preferred,

Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word,

Still my heart treasures the praises I heard,

Long, long ago, long ago.

Columbia Record 5273

**KERRY DANCE****Molloy**

Oh! the days of the Kerry dancing,  
 Oh! the ring of the piper's tune,  
 Oh! for one of those hours of gladness,  
 Gone, alas, like our youth, too soon.  
 When the boys began to gather,  
 In the glen of a summer's night,  
 And the Kerry pipers tuning  
 Made us long with wild delight.  
 Oh! to think of it, oh! to dream of it,  
 Fills my heart with tears,  
 Oh! the days of the Kerry dancing,  
 Oh! the ring of the piper's tune,  
 Oh! for one of those hours of gladness,  
 Gone, alas, like our youth, too soon.

Time goes on and the happy years are dead,  
 And one by one the merry hearts are fled,  
 Silent now is the wild and lonely glen,  
 Where the bright glad laugh will echo ne'er again.  
 Only dreaming of days gone by  
 Fills my heart with tears,  
 Loving voices of old companions,  
 Stealing out of the past once more,  
 And the sound of the dear old music,  
 Soft and sweet as in the days of yore,  
 Oh! the days of the Kerry dancing,  
 Oh! the ring of the piper's tune,  
 Oh! for one of those hours of gladness,  
 Gone, alas, like our youth, too soon.

Columbia Record 5474

**KING OF THE SHADES****"Ballo in Maschera"—Verdi**

Silence! the dread incantation cease marring,  
 Soon the spirit infernal will be appearing,  
 King of the Shades, I summon thee  
 Cleave through the earth's dark center,  
 Veiling thy dazzling majesty my dwelling to enter;  
 Thrice hath the owl's loud screeching voice  
 Resounded from yon caves,  
 Leaping the salamander thrice hath hiss'd thro' fiery waves,  
 And thrice a moan that chilled like ice,  
 Hath sighed from new dug graves,  
 Thrice, too, a moan that chill'd like ice,  
 Hath sighed from new dug graves.

Edison Diamond Disc Record 82512

**KEEP IN DE MIDDLE OB DE ROAD****Will S. Hays**

I hear dem angels callin' loud,  
 Keep in de middle ob de road,  
 Dey's awaitin' dar in a great big crowd,  
 Keep in de middle ob de road,  
 I see dem stand roun' de big white gate,  
 We must trabble along 'fore we git too late,  
 Fo' 'taint no use fo' to sit down and wait,  
 Keep in de middle ob de road.

**Chorus:**

Den chil'ren, keep in de middle of de road,  
 Den chil'ren, keep in de middle of de road,  
 Don't you look to de right, don't you look to de left,  
 But keep in de middle ob de road.

I ain't got time fo' to stop an' talk,  
 Keep in de middle ob de road,  
 Kase de road am rough, an' it's hard to walk,  
 Keep in de middle ob de road,  
 I'll fix my eyes on de golden stair,  
 An' I'll keep on agwine till I get dar,  
 Kase my head am bound fo' de crown to w'ar,  
 Keep in de middle ob de road.

Come an' jine in de weary ban',  
 Keep in de middle ob de road,  
 Kase we bound fo' home in de happy land,  
 Keep in de middle ob de road,  
 Turn your back on dis world ob sin,  
 Knock at de door and dey'll let you in,  
 Kase you'll neber git such a chance agin,  
 Keep in de middle ob de road,

Dis world am full ob sinful things,  
 Keep in de middle ob de road,  
 When de feets git tired, put on wings,  
 Keep in de middle ob de road,  
 Ef you lay down on de road to die,  
 An' you watch dem angels in de sky,  
 You kin put on wings and git up and fly,  
 Keep in de middle ob de road.

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Columbia Record 2116



**KILLARNEY****Balfe**

By Killarney's lakes and fells,  
 Emerald isle and winding bays,  
 Mountain paths and woodland dells  
 Memory ever fondly strays;  
 Bounteous nature loves all lands;  
 Beauty wanders everywhere,  
 Footprints leaves on many strands,  
 But her home is surely there!  
 Angels fold their wings and rest  
 In that Eden of the West,  
 Beauty's home Killarney,  
 Ever fair Killarney.

Innisfallen's ruined shrine,  
 May suggest a passing sigh,  
 But man's faith can ne'er decline,  
 Such God's wonders floating by;  
 Castle Lough and Glenna bay,  
 Mountains Tore and Eagles nest;  
 Still at Mucross you must pray,  
 Tho' the monks are now at rest;  
 Angels wonder not that man  
 There would fain prolong life's span,  
 Beauty's home, Killarney,  
 Ever fair, Killarney.

Victor Record 74157

**KING RENE'S DAUGHTER**  
**SWEET THE ANGELUS IS RINGING**

Sweet the angelus is ringing,  
 O'er the river, up the dell,  
 Peace and rest to labor bringing,  
 Chimes the bell, chimes the bell.  
 All the vineyard bow'rs are still,  
 O'er the mountainside,  
 Dreams the shadow on the hill,  
 Dreams upon the tide.  
 Village lights with cheery beam,  
 Through the twilight come,  
 Dropping down the fleeting stream,  
 Glides the fisher home.

Victor Record 55055

### KNIGHT'S TOAST

The feast is o'er! Now brimming whee  
In lordly cup is seen to shine  
Before each eager guest,  
And silence fills the crowded hall,  
As deep as when the herald's call,  
Thrills in the loyal breast.

Then up arose the noble host,  
And smiling, cried, "A toast! A toast!  
To all our ladies fair!"  
"Here before all I pledge the name  
Of Staunton's proud and beauteous dame—  
The Ladye Gundamere!"

Then to his feet each gallant sprung,  
And joyous was the shout that rung,  
As Stanley gave the word,  
And every cup was raised on high,  
Nor ceased the loud and gladsome cry,  
Till Stanley's voice was heard.

"Enough, enough," he smiling said,  
And lowly bent his haughty head,  
"That all may have their due,  
Now each in turn must play his part,  
And pledge the lady of his heart,  
Like gallant knight and true."

Then one by one each guest sprang up,  
And drained in turn the brimming cup,  
And named the loved one's name;  
And each, as hand on high he raised,  
His lady's grace or beauty praised,  
Her constancy and fame.

'Tis now St. Leon's turn to rise,  
On him are fixed those countless eyes,  
A gallant knight is he.  
Envied by some, admired by all,  
Far famed in lady's bower and hall,  
The flower of chivalry.

St. Leon raised his kindling eye,  
And lifts the sparkling cup on high:  
"I drink to one," he said,  
"Whose image never may depart,  
Deep graven on this grateful heart,  
Till memory be dead."

**KNIGHT'S TOAST—Continued**

To one whose love for me shall last,  
 When lighter passions long have passed,  
     So holy 'tis, and true,  
 To one whose love hath longer dwelt,  
 More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,  
     Than any pledged by you."

Each guest upstarted by the word,  
 And laid a hand upon his sword,  
     With fury flashing eye:  
 And Stanley said, "We crave the name,  
 Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,  
     Whose love you count so high."

St. Leon paused, as if he would  
 Not breathe her name in careless mood,  
     Thus lightly to another.  
 Then bent his noble head as tho'  
 To give that word the reverence due,  
     And quietly said, "My mother."

Victor Record 16918

**KING'S BUSINESS**

Cassel

I am a stranger here, within a foreign land,  
 My home is far away, upon a golden strand,  
 Ambassador to be of realms beyond the sea;  
 I'm here on business for my King.

Chorus:

This is the message that I bring,  
 A message angels fain would sing:  
 "Oh, be ye reconciled," thus saith my Lord and King,  
     "Oh, be ye reconciled to God."

This is the King's command, that all men everywhere,  
 Repent and turn away from sin's seductive snare,  
 That all who will obey Him shall reign for aye,  
 And that's my business for my King.

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Victor Record 16889

**JOCK O' HAZELDEAN**

Why weep ye by the tide, ladye?  
 Why weep ye by the tide?  
 I'll wed ye to my youngest son,  
 And ye shall be his bride.  
 And ye shall be his bride, ladye,  
 Sae comely to be seen.

**Chorus:**

By aye, she loot the tears doon fa'  
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.

Now let this wilful grief be done  
 And dry that cheek so pale,  
 Young Frank is Chief of Errington,  
 And lord o' Langly dale.  
 His step is first in peaceful ha'  
 His sword in battle seen.

The kirk was decked at morning tide,  
 The taper glimmered fair,  
 The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,  
 And dame and knight are there.  
 They sought her baith by bower and ha'  
 The lady was not seen,  
 She's o'er the border and awa'  
 Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.

Victor Record 18041

**JUST FOR TODAY****Rexford**

My Father, this I ask of Thee,  
 Knowing that Thou wilt grant the plea,  
 For this and only this I pray,  
 Strength for today, just for today.

**Chorus:**

Strength for each trial and each task,  
 What more, Father, should I ask?  
 Just as I need it, day by day,  
 Strength for my weakness, this I pray.

I do not ask a lifted load,  
 Nor for a smooth and thornless road,  
 Simply for strength enough to bear,  
 Life's daily burdens anywhere.

Columbia Record 5334

## JININ' THE CHURCH

Good morning, Uncle Jefferson.

Good morning, Bishop.

Where are you goin'?

I'm goin' down to get some fish heads to the market.

I am going down that way and I'll join you. Say, Uncle, why don't you come up to our church meeting and join our church?

Oh, I'm too far gone. I'm too bad, and what's more, I ain't tired of fetching home chickens that was never bought.

Oh, it's never too late to mend. Come up Sunday night. It'll do you a heap of good and we'll make you a pillar of the church.

What's the matter with the mattress?

Oh, this is not a laughing matter. Now you must answer three questions what I ask you. Now, it's a very simple matter. Question number one is: Do you believe that Daniel was thrown in the lion's den with four big ferocious lions who never had a mouthful to eat for three days and they never hurt a hair of Daniel's head. Do you believe that?

Say, these were circus lions?

Of course, they were circus lions.

Regular Barnum and Bailey's circus lions?

Sure nout Barnum and Bailey lions.

Yes, I believe that.

Question number two is: Do you believe that Lot's wife was turned into a pillar of salt?

This here table salt?

Yes, table salt.

Was she fresh?

No, she wasn't fresh. Do you believe that?

Yes, I believe that.

Question number three is: Do you believe that the children of Israel was made to dance on a sheet of red hot iron in their bare feet and this iron was so hot it was white heat? Do you believe that?

Look here, deacon, do you mean to tell me that the children of Israel was made to dance on a red hot iron in

**JININ' THE CHURCH—Continued**

their naked feet which was so hot that it was white, and it never burned them?

Yes. Do you believe that?

No, I don't believe that, and you go ahead on about your business.

Well, go ahead.

Keep travelling.

I am going because I don't believe that story and I don't believe that doggone lion story, either.

Come on back, uncle, I was only fooling.

No, deacon, you meant every word you said.

No, no, I was only fooling; come and sit down and sing us one of the old songs.

Victor Record 16653

**JUST CLOSE YOUR EYES, BIG MOON**

Whitson

When the summer moon is full and round,

Swinging out on high;

Sailing on and on without a sound,

In the deep blue sky.

As you stroll with dearie hand in hand,

In the misty light,

And that tender feeling o'er your heart comes stealing

You could shout with all your might.

Chorus:

Just close your eyes, big silvery moon,

It's a grand old night to love;

And a night to dream as you softly beam

'Neath twinkling stars above.

You're the same old fellow with your light so mellow,

Who has always watched us spoon;

When you shine so bright it's a grand old night,

Just close your eyes, big moon.

When your feet are weary with the dance,

And you steal away,

Where the breezes whisper "Now's your chance,"

Where the shadows play;

As the loving kiss you give and take,

Just the night to spoon,

In your sweet emotion you've a dreamy notion,

You could sing from June to June.

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Imperial Record 5154

## JOY TO THE WORLD

Watts

Joy to the world! The Lord is come!  
 Let earth receive the King,  
 Let every heart prepare Him room,  
 And Heaven and Nature sing,  
 And Heaven and Nature sing,  
 And Heaven and Nature sing.

Joy to the earth! The Saviour reigns!  
 Let men their songs employ,  
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains  
 Repeat the sounding joy,  
 Repeat the sounding joy,  
 Repeat the sounding joy.

He rules the world with truth and grace,  
 And makes the nations prove  
 The glories of His righteousness,  
 And wonders of His love,  
 And wonders of His love,  
 And wonders of His love.

Victor Record 16906

## JUANITA

Soft o'er the fountain,  
 Ling'ring falls the southern moon;  
 Far o'er the mountain,  
 Breaks the day too soon!  
 From thy dark eyes' splendor,  
 Where the warm light loves to dwell,  
 Weary looks, yet tender,  
 Speak their fond farewell;  
 Nita! Juanita! ask thy soul if we should part,  
 Nita! Juanita! lean thou on my heart.

When in thy dreaming,  
 Moons like these shall shine again,  
 And daylight beaming,  
 Prove thy dreams are vain,  
 Wilt thou not relenting,  
 For thine absent lover sigh!  
 In thy heart consenting,  
 To a prayer gone by!  
 Nita! Juanita! let me linger by thy side,  
 Nita! Juanita! be my own fair bride!

Columbia Record 1798

## JOHN BULL'S CATECHISM

## Johnstown

Who made the Empire that Britons all adore?

John Bull, that's the man, John Bull.

Who made her famous by the victories of yore?

John Bull, that's the man, John Bull.

Who's the man that's got the pluck,

Defiance at him hurled,

To conquer or to die,

With the Union Jack unfurled?

And who's got the breed that's the standard of the world?

John Bull, that's the man, John Bull.

## Chorus:

We don't want to fight, boys,

But when we let it go,

We stand by the right, boys,

'Till down goes the foe;

So come, my Jack and Tommy lads,

A double handed pull,

And it's either Death or Glory,

For our old John Bull.

Who stands for Freedom and Peace within the land?

John Bull, that's the man, John Bull.

Who'll face the odds when he's forced to take a hand?

John Bull, that's the man, John Bull.

Fairest little Motherland,

The home of soldiers brave,

The rarest little Motherland,

With sons who rule the waves;

Who'll see that Britons never, never shall be slaves?

John Bull, that's the man, John Bull.

Who gives his hand to the strangers as they come?

John Bull, that's the man, John Bull.

Who opened door to the horde of German scum?

John Bull, not so loud, John Bull.

Now they've had to take their hook,

The Vaterland to gain,

From Baron down to German cook,

Will number in the slain,

But who'll stop to think before he welcomes them again?

John Bull, that's the man, John Bull.



**JOHN BULL'S CATECHISM—Continued**

Who'll welcome Peace when the victory is won?

John Bull, that's the man, John Bull.

Who'll never shirk while there's Duty to be done?

John Bull, that's the man, John Bull.

Who'll support the kiddies

While the guns blaze away?

Who'll mourn their daddies

Should they perish in the fray?

And who'll dip his hands into his pockets and will pay?

John Bull, that's the man, John Bull.

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Edison Blue Amberol Record 3369

**JUST LIKE THE ROSE YOU GAVE**

Callahan

You met me at twilight long, long ago,

Where roses around us grew,

The far western sky was yet aglow,

With sunset of crimson hue.

You gave me a rose with perfume so rare,

You whispered a love divine,

You told me the rose you gave me there

Would link your heart to mine.

Chorus:

But just like the rose you gave me,

That faded and died too soon,

The love that you said would live, sweetheart,

Has gone like a breath of June,

And now but a sweet remembrance,

Is left of the love I crave,

For it withered and died when you left my side,

Just like the rose you gave.

Sometimes, dear, I wander back here once more,

When soft twilight shadows fall,

I dream all the dreams I dreamed of yore,

It seems that I hear you call;

And unto the roses wet with dew,

I whisper my secret then,

If only the rose could beckon you

And bring you back again.

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Imperial Record 5211

**JUST FOR TONIGHT****Geo. L. Cobb**

Oh, honey, I'm so sad and blue,  
I cry and sigh the long night through;  
I can't eat, I can't sleep,  
Since you have been away.  
And there's so much to say,  
I wonder if I'm right or wrong,  
I've thought about you all day long,  
Kissed your picture and it makes me  
Long for you, Honey, just for tonight.

**Chorus:**

Just for tonight, I want you only,  
Just for tonight, I long for you;  
Why did you leave me,  
Why did you grieve me,  
Can't you believe me,  
My heart is true.  
I can't forget the things you told me,  
I miss your smile, and kisses, too;  
So, honey, hear my plea,  
Oh, listen to my plea,  
I want the love you took away brought back to me,  
Just for tonight, just for tonight.

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**Victor Record 17622**

**JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE MOTHER**

Root

Just before the battle, mother,  
 I am thinking most of you;  
 While upon the field we're watching,  
 With the enemy in view.  
 Comrades brave are 'round me lying,  
 Filled with tho'ts of home and God,  
 For well they know that on the morrow,  
 Some will sleep beneath the sod.

Chorus:

Farewell, mother, you may never,  
 Press me to your heart again.  
 But, oh, you'll not forget me, mother,  
 If I'm numbered with the slain.

Hark! I hear the bugles sounding,  
 'Tis the signal for the fight,  
 Now may God protect us, mother,  
 As He ever does the right!  
 Hear the "Battle Cry of Freedom,"  
 How it swells upon the air,  
 Oh, yes, we'll rally round the standard,  
 Or we'll perish nobly there.

Columbia Record 2245

**JUST AS I AM**

Elliott

Just as I am without one plea,  
 But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
 And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,  
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am, and waiting not,  
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
 To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am, though tossed about,  
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
 Fightings and fears within, without,  
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,  
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
 Yea, all I need in Thee to find,  
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Columbia Record 1997

**KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN**

Crawford

Kathleen Mavourneen, the gray dawn is breaking,  
 The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill,  
 The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking,  
 Kathleen Mavourneen, what! slumbering still?

Oh, hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever,  
 Oh, hast thou forgotten this day we must part,  
 It may be for years and it may be forever,  
 Oh, why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart,  
 It may be for years and it may be forever,  
 Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen?

Kathleen Mavourneen, awake from thy slumbers,  
 The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light,  
 Oh! where is the spell that once hung on my numbers,  
 Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night.  
 Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night.  
 Mavourneen, Mavourneen, my sad tears are falling,  
 To think that from Erin and thee I must part;  
 It may be for years and it may be forever,  
 Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart;  
 It may be for years and it may be forever,  
 Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen?

Victor Record 95035

**KISS THAT MADE YOU MINE**

Callahan

Wand'ring with you, 'neath skies of blue,  
 One golden evening I always will bless,  
 Holding you, dear; folding you near,  
 Your lips met my lips in one sweet caress;  
 It thrilled me and filled me with passion divine,  
 And I knew it was then that the kiss made you mine.

Chorus:

'Mid twilight shadows stealing,  
 Your form and face revealing,  
 I saw your eyes appealing,  
 With love begin to shine;  
 When to my heart I pressed you,  
 And held you and caressed you,  
 I knew that I possessed you;  
 'Twas the kiss that made you mine.

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Pathe Record 10030

## MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA

### Work

Bring the good old bugle boys, we'll sing another song,  
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along,  
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand strong,  
While we were marching through Georgia.

### Chorus:

Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the jubilee,  
Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes you free!  
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,  
While we were marching thro' Georgia.  
"Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast,"

So the saucy rebels said, and 'twas a handsome boast,  
Had they not forgot, alas, to reckon with the host——  
When we were marching thro' Georgia!

So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train,  
Sixty miles in latitude, three hundred to the main,  
Treasure fled before us for resistance was in vain,  
While we were marching thro' Georgia.

Columbia Record 2239

## MARCH OF THE CAMERON MEN

### Campbell

There's many a man of the Cameron clan,  
That has follow'd his chief to the field,  
He has sworn to support or die by his side,  
For a Cameron never can yield.

### Chorus:

I hear Pibroch sounding deep  
O'er the mountains and glen,  
While light springing footsteps are trampling the heath,  
'Tis the march of the Cameron men.

Oh! proudly they walk, but each Cameron knows  
He may tread on the heather no more,  
But boldly he follows his chief to the field,  
Where his laurels were gather'd before.

Oh, the moon has arisen, it shines on that path,  
Now trod by the gallant and true,  
High, high are their hopes for their chieftain has said  
That whatever men dare they can do.

Edison Blue Amberold Record 23337

### MAID OF THE MILL

Golden years ago, in a mill beside the sea,  
There dwelt a little maiden who plighted her faith to me,  
The mill-wheel now is silent, the maid's eyes closed be,  
And all that now remains of her, are the words she sang  
to me:

#### Chorus:

Do not forget me! Do not forget me!  
Think sometimes of me still,  
When the morn breaks, and the throstle awakes,  
Remember the maid of the mill.  
Do not forget me! Do not forget me!  
Remember the maid, the maid of the mill.

Leaden years have passed, gray-haired I look around,  
The earth has no such maidens now, such mill-wheels turn  
not round,  
When e'er I think of Heav'n, and of what the angels be,  
Again I see that little maid, and hear her words to me.

Pathe Record 30117

### MAMMY'S SHUFFLIN' DANCE

#### Gilbert

Down in Alabamy lives a colored Mammy;  
She's just as gray as she can be;  
Down on the levee, tho' Mammy's heavy,  
There's none can dance as she;  
See the pickaninnies a-playing some tag,  
Hear the older darkies a-humming a rag,  
'Ninnies stop their tagging,  
Darkies stop their ragging,  
When ole Mammy starts to dance.

#### Chorus:

Mammy's shufflin' dance,  
Mammy's shufflin' dance,  
Oh! you "Grizzly Bear," "Cubanola Glide,"  
None of them compare with ole Mammy's slide,  
Balmy morning in June,  
Banjos playing a tune,  
I wish I was home again, so I could hear again,  
Mammy's little shufflin' dance,  
In the morning, Mammy's little shufflin' dance.

**MAMMY'S SHUFFLIN' DANCE—Continued**

Down in Alabama, Preacher said, "Now, Mammy,  
Don't do that shufflin' dance,

Sure, it's a winner, but you ole sinner,  
You're much too old to chance";

Mammy said, "Now, preacher, I mean no harm,"

Then she went and grabbed him right by the arm,

Soon they were slidin',

Soon they were glidin',

While the Preacher laughed with glee.

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Columbia Record 1260

**MASSA'S IN DE COLD, COLD GROUND**

Foster

'Round de meadows am a-ringing,

De darkey's mournful song,

While de mocking bird is singing,

Happy as de day am long.

Where de ivy am a-creeping,

O'er de grassy mound,

Dar old Massa am a-sleeping,

Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.

Chorus:

Down in de cornfield,

Hear dat mournful sound,

All de darkies am a-weeping,

Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

When de autumn leaves were falling,

When de days were cold;

'Twas hard to hear old Massa calling,

'Cayse he was so weak and old;

Now de orange trees am blooming

On de sandy shore,

Now de summer days am coming,

Massa nebber calls no more.

Massa made de darkeys love him,

'Cayse he was so kind,

Now dey sadly weep above him,

Mourning 'cayse he leave dem behind.

I cannot work before tomorrow,

'Cayse de tear-drops flow,

I try to drive away my sorrow,

Pickin' on de ole banjo.

Columbia Record 852

**Maritana****There Is a Flower**

There is a flower that bloometh,  
 When autumn leaves are shed,  
 With the silent moon it weepeth  
 The spring and summer fled.  
 The early frost of winter,  
 Scarce its brow hath overcast,  
 Oh! pluck it ere it wither,  
 'Tis the mem'ry of the past,  
 Oh! pluck it ere it wither,  
 'Tis the mem'ry of the past.

It wafteth perfume o'er us,  
 Which few can e'er forget,  
 Of the bright scenes gone before us,  
 Of sweet tho' sad regret.  
 Let no heart brave its power,  
 By guilty thoughts o'er cast,  
 For then a poison'd flower,  
 Is the mem'ry of the past,  
 For then a poison'd flower,  
 Is the mem'ry of the past.

Columbia Record 5813

**Maritana****Angels that Around Us Hover**

Wallace

Angels that around us hover,  
 Guard us 'till the close of day;  
 Angels that around us hover,  
 Guard us 'till the close of day.  
 Our heads, oh! let your white wings cover,  
 See us kneel and hear us pray.

Columbia Record 5667

**Maritana****Sweet Spirit Hear My Prayer**

Oh! Thou to whom this heart ne'er yet  
 Turned in anguish or regret,  
 The past forgive, the future spare;  
 Sweet Spirit, hear my prayer!  
 Oh, leave me not alone in grief,  
 Send this blighted heart relief,  
 Make Thou my life thy future care,  
 Sweet Spirit, hear my prayer.

Columbia Record 793



**MARITANA****IN HAPPY MOMENTS**

In happy moments day by day  
The sands of life may pass;  
In swift but tranquil tide away  
From times unerring glass;  
Yet hopes we used as bright to deem  
Remembrance will recall,  
Whose pure and whose unfading beam,  
Is dearer than them all.  
Whose pure and whose unfading beam  
Is dearer than them all.

Though anxious eyes upon us rest,  
And hearts with fondness beat,  
Whose smile upon each feature plays,  
With truthfulness replete;  
Some tho'ts none other can replace,  
Remembrance will recall;  
Which in the flight of years we trace,  
Is dearer than them all.  
Which in the flight of years we trace,  
Is dearer than them all.

Columbia Record 5500

**MARITANA****What Mystery**

What mystery, why thus control  
What horror now awaits my soul?

**Scenes that Are Brightest**

Scenes that are brightest, may charm awhile,  
With none to love us, how sad they seem.

**Oh, What Pleasure**

Oh, what pleasure the soft guitar,  
And merry castanet beguile the hours,  
While balmy flowers and sparkling wine,  
With eyes that shine, beguile the hours,  
Like wand'ring stars together met,  
Chase from the heart, all sad regret,  
Let true delight, each bosom cheer,  
Since not a care can enter here.

## MARITANA

## LET ME LIKE A SOLDIER FALL

Yes, let me like a soldier fall  
 Upon some open plain,  
 This breast expending for the ball  
 To blot out every stain.  
 Brave manly hearts confer my doom,  
 That gentler ones may tell  
 How e'er forgot, unknown my tomb,  
 I like a soldier fell.

I only ask of that proud race,  
 Which ends its blaze in me,  
 To die the last and not disgrace  
 Its ancient history.  
 Tho' o'er my clay no banner wave,  
 Nor trumpet requiem swell,  
 Enough! they murmur o'er my grave,  
 "He like a soldier fell."

Columbia Record 1221

## MARTHA

## LOST—PROSCRIBED

Lost, proscribed a friendless pilgrim,  
 Sinking at your cottage door,  
 'Neath your friendly roof sought shelter,  
 In his arms he bore.  
 This poor pilgrim was my father,  
 Who to you to me confide,  
 With his dying breath imploring  
 That his child thru' life you'd guide.

We have never learned his station,  
 Never learned your father's rank,  
 All he left to tell the secret,  
 Is the jewel on your hand.  
 If your fate should ever darken  
 Quoth he show it to the Queen,  
 She will save you, she will guard you,  
 When no other help is seen.

Here in peace and sweet contentment,  
 Have I passed my life with you;  
 Stronger daily grew a friendship  
 That forever lasts, when true,  
 Brother think not wealth and splendor,  
 If perchance they e'er be mine,  
 Can as happy this heart render,  
 As the friendship fixed in thine.

Columbia Record 5462

# MARTHA

## LIKE A DREAM

Like a dream bright and fair,  
 Chasing ev'ry thought of care,  
 Those sweet hours pass'd with thee,  
 Made the world all joy for me;  
 But alas! thou art gone,  
 And my dream of bliss is o'er,  
 Ah! I hear now the tone of thy gentle voice no more,  
 Oh! return happy hours fro't with hope, with hope so bright,  
 Come again, come again, sunny days of pure delight, of pure  
 delight.  
 Fleeting vision cloth'd in brightness,  
 Wherefore thus, so soon depart?  
 O'er my pathway shed thy lightness once again,  
 And glad my heart.

Victor Record 74128

# MARTHA

## AH, SO PURE

Ah, so pure, ah, so bright,  
 Burst her beauty on my sight,  
 Oh, so mild, so divine,  
 She's beguiled this heart of mine.  
 Martha, Martha, thou hast taken  
 Every bliss away with thee;  
 Canst thou leave me thus forsaken?  
 Come and share thy boon with me.

Columbia Record 5432

# MARTHA

## LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

'Tis the last rose of summer left blooming alone,  
 All her lovely companions are faded and gone;  
 No flower of her kindred, no rosebud is nigh,  
 To reflect back her blushes or give sigh for sigh!  
 I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the stem,  
 Since the lovely are sleeping, go sleep thou with them.  
 Thus kindly I scatter thy leaves o'er the bed,  
 Where thy mates of the garden lie scentless and dead.  
 Where thy mates of the garden lie scentless and dead.

Victor Record 16813

**MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND****Randall**

The despot's heel is on thy shore,  
Maryland, my Maryland!  
His touch is at thy temple door,  
Maryland, my Maryland!  
Avenge the patriotic gore  
That flocked the streets of Baltimore,  
And be the battle queen of yore!  
Maryland, my Maryland!

Hark, to a wand'ring son's appeal,  
Maryland, my Maryland!  
My Mother State, to thee I kneel,  
Maryland, my Maryland!  
For life and death for woe and weal,  
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,  
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,  
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,  
Maryland, my Maryland!  
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,  
Maryland, my Maryland!  
Remember Carol's sacred trust,  
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,  
And all thy slumberers with the just,  
Maryland, my Maryland!

**Columbia Record 325**

# MIDSHIPMITE

Adams

'Twas in fifty-five, on a winter's night,  
 Cheerily, my lads, yo ho!  
 We'd got the Rooshan lines in sight,  
 When up comes a little midshipmite,  
 Cheerily, me lads, yo ho!  
 "Who'll go ashore tonight?" says he,  
 "And spike their guns along wi' me?"  
 "Why, bless you, sir, come 'long," says we,  
 Cheerily, my lads, yo ho!  
 Cheerily, my lads, yo ho!

Chorus:

With a long, long pull and a strong, strong pull,  
 Gaily boys make her go,  
 And we'll drink tonight to the midshipmite,  
 Singing cheerily, lads, yo ho.

We launched the cutter and shoved her out,  
 Cheerily, lads, yo ho;  
 The lubbers might ha' heard us shout  
 As the middy cried out, "Now my lads put about,"  
 Cheerily, my lads, yo ho!  
 We made for the guns and we rammed them tight,  
 But the musket shots came left and right,  
 And down drops the poor little midshipmite,  
 Cheerily, ye lads, yo ho!  
 Cheerily, ye lads, yo ho!

"I'm done for now, good-bye," says he,  
 Steadily, my lads, yo ho;  
 "You make for the boat, never mind for me,"  
 "We'll take 'ee back, sir, or die," says we,  
 Cheerily, my lads, yo ho!  
 So we hoisted him in, in a terrible plight,  
 And we pulled every man with all his might,  
 An' saved the poor little midshipmite,  
 Cheerily, my lads, yo ho!

Pathe Record 30109

**ME AND JIM**

We were both brought up in a country town,  
Was me an' Jim;  
An' the hull world somehow seems to frown  
On me an' him.  
At school we never was given a chance  
To larn that Africa wasn't in France;  
Patches we wore on the seats of our pants,  
Did me an' Jim.

But we grew up hearty, an' hale an' strong,  
Did me an' Jim.  
We knowed every note in a thrush's song,  
Did me an' him.  
An' we knowed where the bluebirds built their nests  
When the Spring tripped over the mountain crests,  
Why the robins all wore their scarlet vests,  
Did me an' Jim.

Then we fell in love, jest as most folks do,  
Did me an' Jim.  
We was arter the same gal, though, we two,  
That's me and him;  
An' she treated us just alike, did she,  
When at quiltn' party or huskin' bee,  
We was even up in the race, you see,  
Was me an' Jim.

I popped at last, an' she answered me "Nay,"  
Jim followed suit;  
But she wouldn't have him, and told him so,  
Ferbidden fruit  
We called her then, an' I'm afraid  
We cussed a little, an' then we prayed  
That she'd live an' die a plain old maid,  
Did me an' Jim.

## ME AND JIM—Continued

Then war broke out, an' Company B  
 Caught me an' Jim,  
 We both on us fit for the Union—see?  
 Did me an' him.  
 An' we heerd the screechin' o' shot an' shell,  
 The snarlin' o' guns, an' the rebel yell,  
 An' followed the flag through the battle's hell,  
 Did me an' Jim.

'Twas the day that we fit' at Seven Oaks,  
 Death came to Jim,  
 An', excuse me, please, but I sorter chokes,  
 Talkin' o' him.  
 Fer his rugged brown hand I held in mine  
 'Till his soul passed out through the picket line,  
 Where an angel waited the countersign,  
 To git from Jim.

Then I fit along till the war was done,  
 Without poor Jim,  
 Was given a sword instead of a gun,  
 An' thought o' him.  
 An' wore an eagle when mustered out,  
 On my shoulder straps, an' I faced about  
 Fer the startin' p'int o' my hull life's route,  
 But not wi' Jim.

I was quite a man in that country place  
 I'd left wi' Jim;  
 She gave me a smile wi' a blushin' face,  
 An' asked 'bout him.  
 So I told her how, as she sat 'longside,  
 Like a soldier brave he had fought and died;  
 An' then—well, I kissed her because she cried;  
 Kissed her fer Jim.

Then I married her, one bright day in June,  
 Fer me an' Jim;  
 Oft under the light o' the stars an' moon,  
 We talked o' him;  
 An' arter a while, when a baby came—  
 A boy—An' we looked for a proper name,  
 His memory comin' up fresh again,  
 We called him Jim.

Victor Record 35545

# **McGUIRE'S FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION**

By, golly, it's a fine day for the Fourth of July.

You bet it is.

Ah, we're certainly havin' a grand time with the band goin'.

Ya, here comes the parade. Hurrah!

Look, ye, Patty with the flag; he looks like he's carryin' a harp.

Oh, they're a fine body of men.

Look at the walk on Donovan. Hurrah! Mike, you're alright.

Here comes McGuire ridin' in a hack. Ah, that's a fine band.

Well, here we are now and little order, please. Gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure to introduce to you the speaker of the day, McGuire.

Gentlemen, I am greatly honored being called upon to make a few remarks on the glorious Fourth of July. In those large boxes are the fireworks we are going to show off this evening. O'Reilly, get away from those boxes with yer cigars. Now today is called the Fourth of July because—because—it comes on the fourth of July. Now I want those boys—O'Reilly will yer keep away from those fireworks with your cigars. As I was saying who was it that wrote the Declaration of Independence?

You did, did you not?

Yes, I did—not. Gentlemen, I give you me solemn word, I was not the man that done it. Now, in the first place—I'm glad O'Reilly's cigar has gone out. Don't light it again, O'Reilly. Now, as I was saying—Lookout, O'Reilly—bang, bang, bang.

Sure, O'Reilly was a good man. The last thing he done in this world was to smoke. I wonder if he's smoking now.

Columbia Record 585



**LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD****Winner**

I'm a dreaming now of Halley,  
 Sweet Halley, sweet Halley,  
 I'm a dreaming now of Halley,  
**For the thought of her is one that never dies.**

She's sleeping in the valley,  
 The valley, the valley,  
 She's sleeping in the valley,  
**And the mocking bird is singing where she lies.**

**Chorus:**

Listen to the mocking bird,  
 Listen to the mocking bird,  
**The mocking bird still singing o'er her grave.**  
 Listen to the mocking bird,  
 Listen to the mocking bird,  
**Still singing where the weeping willows wave.**

When the charms of spring awaken,  
 Awaken, awaken,  
 When the charms of spring awaken,  
**And the mocking bird is singing on the bough.**

I feel like one forsaken,  
 Forsaken, forsaken,  
 I feel like one forsaken,  
**Since my Halley is no longer with me now.**

**Columbia Record 5937****LORD'S PRAYER**

Our Father, who art in heaven,  
 Hallowed be Thy name,  
 Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done,  
 On earth as it is in Heaven.  
 Give us this day our daily bread,  
 And forgive us our trespasses  
 As we forgive those who trespass against us;  
 Lead us not into temptation,  
 But deliver us from evil,  
 For thine is the kingdom,  
 And the power and the glory,  
 Forever, and ever. Amen.

**Columbia Record 1035**

## LITTLE LOVE A LITTLE KISS—Continued

She:

I remember well the day we met, dear,  
Over yonder, down the lane a pace.

He:

Even tho' your hair is tinged with grey, dear,  
I love you more today than years ago;  
There are many others who have come to "Bless our Home,"  
Willie, John and Ray, Mabel, Grace and May.

She:

You look awfully good to me, with them on your knee.

He:

You can blame it all on me.  
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St., Chicago, Ill.

Edison Blue Amb. 2341

## LORENA

Webster

The years creep slowly by, Lorena,  
The snow is on the grass again,  
The sun's low down the sky, Lorena,  
The frost gleams where the flowers have been.  
But the heart throbs on as warmly now  
As when the summer days were nigh.  
Oh! The sun can never dip so low  
Adown affection's cloudless sky.

A hundred months have passed, Lorena,  
Since last I held that hand in mine,  
And felt that pulse beat fast, Lorena,  
Tho' mine beat faster far than thine.  
A hundred months, 'twas flowery May,  
When up the hilly slope we climbed,  
To watch the dying of the day  
And hear the distant church bells chime.

The story of that past, Lorena,  
Alas! I care not to repeat;  
The hopes that could not last, Lorena,  
They lived but only lived to cheat.  
I would not cause e'en one regret  
To rankle in your bosom now,  
For "If we try we may forget"  
Were words of thine long years ago.

Columbia Record 5291

## LOST CHORD

Proctor

Seated one day at the organ,  
I was weary and ill at ease,  
And my fingers wandered idly  
Over the noisy keys.  
I know not what I was playing  
Or what I was dreaming then,  
But I struck one chord of music  
Like the sound of a great "Amen."

It flooded the crimson twilight  
Like the close of an angel's psalm,  
And it laid on my fevered spirit,  
With a touch of infinite calm.  
It quieted pain and sorrow  
Like love overcoming strife;  
It seemed the harmonious echo  
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings  
Into one perfect peace,  
And trembled away into silence,  
As if it were loth to cease;  
I have sought but I seek it vainly,  
That one lost chord divine,  
Which came from the soul of the organ  
And entered into mine!

It may be that Death's bright angel  
Will speak in that chord again;  
It may be that only in Heaven  
I shall hear that grand "Amen."  
It may be that Death's bright angel  
Will speak in the chord again,  
It may be that only in Heaven  
I shall hear that grand "Amen."

Columbia Record 5501

## LORELEY

Silcher

Oh, tell me what it meaneth,  
 This gloom and tearful eye?  
 'Tis memory that retaineth  
 The tale of years gone by.  
 The fading light grows dimmer,  
 The Rhine doth calmly flow!  
 The lofty hilltops glimmer,  
 Red with the sunset glow.

Above a maiden sitteth,  
 A wondrous form and fair,  
 With jewels bright she plaiteth  
 Her shining golden hair.  
 With comb of gold prepares it,  
 The task with song beguiled,  
 A fitful burden bears it,  
 That melody so wild.

The boatman on the river  
 Lists to the song, spellbound;  
 Oh! what shall him deliver  
 From danger threat'ning 'round?  
 The waters deep have caught them,  
 Both boat and boatmen brave,  
 The Loreley's song hath brought them,  
 Beneath the foaming wave.

Columbia Record 1436

## LOVE DIVINE, ALL LOVE EXCELLING

Love divine, all love excelling,  
 Joy of heav'n to earth come down!  
 Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,  
 All Thy faithful mercies crown.  
 Jesus, Thou art all compassion,  
 Pure unbounded love Thou art,  
 Visit us with Thy salvation,  
 Enter ev'ry trembling heart!

Come, Almighty, to deliver,  
 Let us all Thy Grace receive.  
 Hasten to return and never,  
 Never more Thy people leave.  
 Thee we would be always blessing,  
 Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,  
 Pray and praise Thee without ceasing,  
 Glory in Thy perfect love!

Victor Record 31792

### LOVER AND THE BIRD

Oh! Sing, sing on, sweetly to cheer me,  
 Bird, thy music solace will bring;  
 Thou wilt not fly; why should'st thou fear me?  
 Sing of love; of love only sing.  
 Those honeyed notes of thine thro' me are thrilling,  
 This heart long desponding with pleasure.  
 Oh! Sing, sing on, sweetly to cheer me, filling.

#### Chorus:

Sing of love, of love only sing,  
 Sing, sing, ah, songster pity me!  
 Why can I never sing a song of rapture like thee?

Oh! Sing on, sing on, e'en to deceive me,  
 Bird with visions glitt'ring and vain,  
 Vain flatt'ring hopes. Oh! do not leave me,  
 Sing of love, of love only sing;  
 Soon from my dreams shall I waken to sorrow,  
 Today give me rapture; I'll weep tomorrow,  
 Oh, sing, sing on, e'er to deceive me.

Edison Blue Amberol Record 2418

### LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG

#### Bingham

Once in the dear dead days beyond recall,  
 When on the world the mists began to fall;  
 Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng,  
 Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet song.  
 And in the dusk, where fell the firelight gleam,  
 Softly it wove itself into our dream.

#### Chorus:

Just a song at twilight,  
 When the lights are low;  
 And the flickering shadows,  
 Softly come and go.  
 Though the heart be weary,  
 Sad the day and long,  
 Still to us at twilight  
 Comes love's old song,  
 Comes love's old sweet song.

Even today we hear love's song of yore,  
 Deep in our hearts it swells forevermore;  
 Footsteps may falter, weary grow the way,  
 Still we can hear it at the close of day;  
 So till the end when life's dim shadows fall,  
 Love will be found the sweetest song of all.

Columbia Record 5670

# LOW BACK'D CAR

Lover

When first I saw sweet Peggy,  
 'Twas on a market day;  
 A low-backed car she drove,  
 And sat upon a truss of hay.  
 But when that hay was blooming grass  
 And decked with flowers of spring,  
 No flower was there that could compare  
 To the blooming girl I sing.  
 As she sat in her low-backed car  
 The man at the turnpike bar  
 Never asked for the toll—  
 But just rubbed his old poll  
 And looked after the low-backed car.

Sweet Peggy, 'round her car, sir,  
 Has strings of ducks and geese;  
 But scores of hearts she slaughters  
 By far outnumber these.  
 While she among her poultry sits,  
 Just like a turtle dove,  
 Well worth the cage, I do engage,  
 Of the blooming god of love.  
 While she sits in her low-backed car,  
 The lovers come near and far,  
 And envy the chicken  
 That Peggy is pickin'  
 While she sits in her low-backed car.

I'd rather own that car, sir,  
 With Peggy by my side,  
 Than a coach and four and gold galore,  
 And a lady for my bride.  
 For a lady would sit forninst me  
 On a cushion made with taste,  
 While Peggy would sit beside me  
 With my arm around her waist.  
 As we drove in her low-backed car,  
 To be married by Father Maher,  
 Oh! my heart would beat high  
 At her glance and her sign,  
 Though it be in a low-backed car!

Columbia Record 323

## LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

Moore

Oh! The days are gone when Beauty bright,  
 My heart's chain wove,  
 When my dream of life, from morn till night  
 Was love, still love.  
 New hope may bloom, and days may come,  
 Of milder, calmer beam,  
 But there's nothing half so sweet in life  
 As love's young dream.

Victor Record 31865

## LOVE'S GOLDEN DREAM

I hear tonight the old bells chime  
 Their sweetest, softest strain;  
 They bring to me the olden time  
 In vision once again.  
 Once more, across the meadowland,  
 Beside the flowing stream,  
 We wander, darling, hand in hand,  
 And dream love's golden dream.

Chorus:

Love's golden dream is past,  
 Hidden by mists of pain,  
 Yet we shall meet at last,  
 Never to part again.  
 Love's golden dream is past,  
 Hidden by mists of pain,  
 Yet we shall meet at last,  
 Never to part again.

I look into your lovelit eyes,  
 I hear your gentle voice;  
 You come to me from Paradise  
 And bid my heart rejoice.  
 Sweet visions fade not from my sight,  
 I would awake to pain,  
 But dream, till at the portals bright,  
 I clasp your hand again.

Columbia Record 1476

**LULLABY****"Erminie"**

Dear Mother, in dreams I see her,  
 With lov'd face sweet and calm,  
 And her voice with love rejoice,  
 When nestling on her arm.  
 I think how she softly pressed me,  
 Of the tears in each glistening eye,  
 As her watch she'd keep,  
 When she rock'd to sleep,  
 Her child with this lullaby:

**Chorus:**

Bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye,  
 Drowsiness o'ertaking,  
 Pretty little eyelids, sleep. Bye, bye.  
 Watching till thou'rt waking,  
 Darling, be thy slumber deep.  
 Oh, e'en when her life was ebbing,  
 Her words were all of me,  
 My future years were all her fears,  
 Her fate 'twas not to see.  
 My Father, I heard you weeping,  
 As in sorrow you were standing by,  
 And my Mother's plaint,  
 In her accents faint,  
 This tender sweet lullaby.

**Victor Record 17345****CURLY HEADED BABBY****Clutsam**

Oh, ma babby, ma curly headed babby,  
 We'll sit below de sky, an' sing a song to de moon,  
 Oh, ma babby, ma little nigger babby,  
 Yo' daddy's in de cotton field a-working fo' de coon.  
 So lulla, lulla, lulla, lulla, by-by,  
 Does yo' want de moon to play wid?  
 Or de stars ter run away wid?  
 Dey'll come if you don't cry.  
 So lulla, lulla, lulla, lulla, by-by!  
 In de mammy's arms be creepin',  
 An' soon yer'll be a-sleepin',  
 Lulla, lulla, lulla, lulla, by.

Oh, ma babby, ma curly headed babby,  
 I'll dance yer fast to sleep, an' lub yer so as I sing,  
 Oh, ma babby, ma little nigger babby,  
 Jus' tuck yer head like a little bird  
 Below its mammy's wing.

So lulla, etc.

**Victor Record 88543****Copyright 1900 by E. Hatzfeld Co., London, England**



### JANET'S CHOICE

They say I may marry the Laird if I will,  
 The Laird of high degree,  
 And the jewels so fair I may twine in my hair  
 And a Lady I'll surely be.  
 But oh! where would my heart be?  
 In spite of my gems so gay,  
 My heart it would break for somebody's sake,  
 So I think I had better say "nay,"  
 And I will marry my own love, my own love, my own love,  
 And I will marry my own love,  
 For true of heart am I.

So the Laird may marry the Lady,  
 The Lady of high degree,  
 And jewels so fair she may twine in her hair,  
 They are better for her than me.  
 And gaily I'll dance at the bridal,  
 I'll merrily dance on the lea,  
 With Susan and Alice and Emma,  
 But Donald shall dance with me.  
 And I will marry my own love, my own love, my own love,  
 And I will marry my own love,  
 For true of heart am I.

So the Laird he marries the Lady,  
 The Lady of high degree,  
 And the lowland lassie he lov'd so well,  
 Abode in her own country,  
 "For oh! where would my heart be?"  
 Was ever her constant cry,  
 If ever I'd dar'd to marry the Laird,  
 Why Donald would surely die.  
 So I will marry own love, my own love, my own love,  
 So I will marry my own love,  
 For true of heart am I.

Victor Record 87262

### JESSIE, THE FLOWER OF DUBLANE

Tannahill

The sun has gane doon o'er the lofty Ben Lomand,  
 And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,  
 While lonely I stray in the calm simmer gloamin'  
 To muse on sweet Jessie, the flow'r of Dublane.  
 How sweet is the brier wi' its saft foulding blossom  
 And sweet is the birk wi' its mantle o' green,  
 But sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,  
 Is lovely young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dublane.

Pathe Record 30042

**JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN**

St. Bernard

Jerusalem the Golden!  
 With milk and honey blest,  
 Beneath thy contemplation  
 Sing heart and voice oppress!  
 I know not, oh, I know not,  
 What joys await us there,  
 What radiancy of glory,  
 What bliss beyond compare!

They stand those halls of Zion,  
 All jubilant with song.  
 And bright with many an angel  
 And all the martyr throng,  
 The Prince is ever in them,  
 The daylight is serene,  
 The pastures of the blessed,  
 Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David,  
 And there from care released,  
 The shout of them that triumph  
 The song of them that feast,  
 And they who with their leader  
 Have conquered in the fight,  
 Forever and forever,  
 Are clad in robes of white.

Oh, sweet and blessed country!  
 The home of God's elect,  
 O, sweet and blessed country,  
 That eager hearts expect.  
 Jesus in mercy bring us  
 To that dear land of rest!  
 Who art, with God, the Father  
 And Spirit ever blest.

Victor Record 16135

**JOHN PEEL**

D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay,  
 D'ye ken John Peel at the break of day,  
 D'ye ken John Peel when he's far, far away,  
 With his hounds and his horn in the morning?

**Chorus:**

For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed,  
 And the cry of his hounds which he oftentimes led,  
 Peel's view halloo would awaken the dead,  
 Or the fox from his lair in the morning.

Columbia Record 5461

**JERUSALEM**

Parker

"Behold thy King draws near the city gates,  
Go forth Jerusalem with shout and song."

And mov'd as by one thought  
The people rise, and hasten forth,  
A glad tumultuous throng,  
From out their peaceful village,  
Along the sunlit way,  
The Prince of Peace leads onward,  
A pilgrim band this day.

Then lo! with shout triumphant  
They hear the hillside ring,  
With shout of crowds that hasten,  
To greet their Prophet King!  
Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna!

"Lord now as we meet Thee,  
Sing we hosanna!

Saviour we greet Thee  
Lord and King.

Lord now as we meet Thee,  
Sing we hosanna!

Saviour we greet Thee,  
Redeemer, Lord and King!"

Columbia Record 8331

**JESUS SAVIOUR PILOT ME**

Jesus, Saviour, pilot me,  
Over life's tempestuous sea;  
Unknown waves before me roll,  
Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;  
Chart and compass come from Thee,  
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me!

As a mother stills her child,  
Thou canst hush the ocean wild,  
Boisterous waves obey Thy will,  
When Thou sayest to them, "Be Still."  
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,  
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

When at last I near the shore,  
And the fearful breakers roar,  
"Twixt me and the peaceful rest,  
Then while leaning on Thy breast,  
May I hear Thee say to me,  
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

Columbia Record 849

**JESUS CHRIST IS RISEN TODAY**

Jesus Christ is risen today

Allelulia,

Our triumphant holy day,

Allelulia,

Who did once upon the cross,

Allelulia,

Suffer to redeem our loss,

Allelulia.

Hymns of praise then let us sing,

Allelulia,

Unto Christ our heavenly King,

Allelulia,

Who endured the Cross and Grave,

Allelulia,

Sinners to redeem and save,

Allelulia.

But the pains which He endured,

Allelulia,

Our salvation have procured,

Allelulia,

Now above the sky he's King,

Allelulia,

Where the angels ever sing,

Allelulia.

Sing we to our God above,

Allelulia,

Praise eternal as His love,

Allelulia,

Praise Him all ye heavenly host,

Allelulia,

Father, Son and Holy Ghost,

Allelulia.

Victor Record 16178

**JESUS I COME**

Sleeper

Out of my bondage, sorrow and night,

Jesus, I come! Jesus, I come!

Into Thy freedom, gladness and light,

Jesus, I come to Thee!

Out of my sickness into Thy health,

Out of my want and into Thy wealth;

Out of my sin and into Thyself,

Jesus, I come to Thee!

**JESUS I COME—Continued**  
 Out of my shameful failure and loss,  
 Jesus, I come! Jesus, I come!  
 Into the glorious gain of Thy cross,  
 Jesus, I come to Thee!  
 Out of earth's sorrows, into Thy balm,  
 Out of life's storm and into Thy calm,  
 Out of distress to jubilant praise,  
 Jesus, I come to Thee!

Out of unrest and arrogant pride,  
 Jesus, I come! Jesus, I come!  
 Into Thy blessed will to abide,  
 Jesus, I come to Thee!  
 Out of myself—to dwell in Thy love,  
 Out of despair—into raptures above,  
 Upward for aye, on wings like a dove,  
 Jesus, I come to Thee!

Out of the fear and dread of the tomb,  
 Jesus, I come! Jesus, I come!  
 Into the joy and light of Thy home,  
 Jesus, I come to Thee!  
 Out of the depth of ruin untold,  
 Into the peace of Thy sheltering fold,  
 Ever Thy glorious face to behold,  
 Jesus, I come to Thee!

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 Edison Blue Amberol Record 2189

**JESUS LOVER OF MY SOUL**  
 Jesus, lover of my soul,  
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
 While the billows near me roll,  
 While the tempest still is high;  
 Hide me, oh, my Saviour, hide,  
 'Till the storm of life is past,  
 Safe into the haven guide,  
 Oh, receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,  
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
 Leave, ah, leave me not alone,  
 Still support and comfort me.  
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
 All my help from Thee I bring;  
 Cover my defenseless head,  
 With the shadow of Thy wing.  
 Columbia Record 259

**I WISH THAT YOU BELONGED TO ME**  
 Honey, I've got something that I want to say,  
 Right away, no delay;  
 Can't wait any longer for today's the day—  
 Are you ready! Go!  
 Come a little closer, let me have your ear;  
 Don't you fear, I'm sincere!  
 I just want to whisper something to you dear,  
 That you ought to know.

**Chorus:**

I wish that you belonged to me,  
 You bright-eyed baby lamb;  
 I wish that you belonged to me,  
 You great big jar of jam, you "am."  
 For I'd lock you right in my heart and throw  
 away the key!  
 I wish, oh, how I wish, that you belonged to me.  
 I could do a lot of things to make you glad,  
 When you're sad, when you're mad,  
 I could be the greatest pal you ever had,  
 Won't you let me try?  
 If you turn me down, I don't know what I'll do—  
 I'll be blue, lonesome, too,  
 Honey, can't you see just what I think of you?  
 Can't you hear me sigh?

Edison Diamond Disc Record 50094  
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**IVY GREEN**

A dainty plant is the ivy green,  
 That creepeth o'er ruins old,  
 Of right choice food are his meals I ween,  
 In his cell so lone and cold.  
 The wall must be crumpled, the stones decayed,  
 To pleasure his dainty whim,  
 And the moldering dust that years have made,  
 Is a merry meal for him—  
 Creeping where no life is seen,  
 A rare old plant is ivy green.  
 Fast he stealeth on tho' he wear no wings,  
 And a staunch old heart has he;  
 How closely he twineth, how tight he clings  
 To his friend, the huge oak tree!  
 And slyly he traileth along the ground,  
 And his leaves he gently waves,  
 As he joyously hugs and croweth round  
 The mold of dead men's graves—  
 Creeping where grim death has been,  
 A rare old plant is ivy green.

### IVY GREEN—Continued

Whole ages have fled and their work decayed,  
 And nations have scattered been,  
 But the stout old ivy shall never fade,  
 From its hale and hearty green.  
 The brave old plant in its lonely days,  
 Shall fatten upon the past,  
 For the stateliest building man can raise,  
 Is the ivy's food at last—  
 Creeping on where time has been,  
 A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Victor Record 45067

### I WANT YOU

Gee, I'm feeling mighty queer,  
 Don't know what to do, my dear;  
 There's something awful funny round my heart,  
 I can't seem to sleep at night,  
 Got a feeling it's not right;  
 I guess I must be struck by Cupid's dart.  
 But I'd like to tell you, dear,  
 While I've got you over here,  
 You are the only thing that I could crave.  
 Just you listen, honey,  
 I don't want your money,  
 All I want is you, just you.

### Chorus:

My honey, I want you,  
 Honey, I want you,  
 For you've got me dreaming 'bout you,  
 Got me feeling blue.  
 I'll be true, all for you, just you,  
 For I'm sighing, crying, honey,  
 Just 'cause I want you.

Won't you listen to my plea,  
 Think a little bit of me,  
 You know I think an awful lot of you.  
 It's not hard to answer yes,  
 Just come over and confess,  
 I know you don't want me to feel so blue.  
 I've a little bungalow,  
 You and I are going to go,  
 Thro' life together with your hand in mine.  
 Have a little reason,  
 Weddings are in season,  
 I know you will not decline.

Edison Diamond Disc Record 80161

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**I'VE LOST YOU SO WHY SHOULD I CARE****Howard**

The beautiful story is ended,  
 Our wonderful romance is through;  
 And I might have known it was only a dream,  
 For it all seemed too good to be true;  
 For the wrongs that we do we must suffer,  
 And that's just the reason we met,  
 You came that I might make atonement,  
 Through you I must pay every debt.

**Chorus:**

Oh, why should I care what becomes of me, now,  
 I had nothing to live for but you;  
 Oh, why should I care if I fall by the way,  
 When I know no longer you're true.  
 My sorrows are sending me down to my grave,  
 'Tis greater than I can bear;  
 If they bar me away from heaven some day,  
 I've lost you, so why should I care.

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 665 Washington St., Boston, Mass.  
 Columbia Record 2061

**I WALK WITH THE KING**

In sorrow I wandered, my spirit oppressed,  
 But now I am happy—securely I rest;  
 From morning till evening glad carols I sing,  
 And this is the reason—I walk with the King.

**Chorus:**

I walk with the King, Hallelujah!  
 I walk with the King, praise His name!  
 No longer I roam, my soul faces home,  
 I walk and I talk with the King.

For years in the fetters of sin I was bound,  
 The world could not help me—no comfort I found;  
 But now like the birds and the sunbeams of spring,  
 I'm free and rejoicing—I walk with the King.

O, soul near despair in the lowlands of strife,  
 Look up and let Jesus come into your life;  
 The joy of salvation to you He will bring,  
 Come into the sunlight and walk with the King.

**Victor Record 17763**

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 440 South Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.



# **I WILL LOVE YOU WHEN THE SILVER THREADS ARE SHINING AMONG THE GOLD**

**Lewis**

At the organ, dear, last evening,  
You sang me that old time song—  
    "Silver threads among the gold."  
And as I sat there a-dreaming  
Of the sunny golden past,  
    I could see you as of old.  
That old time song enthralled me  
With its plaintive melody,  
And you seemed to ask me  
Will I constant be;  
Then with all my heart I answered, "Yes,"  
Through all eternity,  
    Just the same, dear, as of old.

**Chorus:**

I will love you when the silver threads are shining 'mongst  
    the gold,  
Just the same as when love's story first was told;  
I will always want you near me in my arms, dear, to enfold,  
When the silver threads are shining 'mongst the gold.

If Life's summer days were over,  
And upon your locks I'd see,  
    "Silver threads among the gold,"  
I would be as true and faithful  
As I promised I would be,  
    Long ago, in days of old.  
In my heart it's always summer,  
Where love's flowers bloom anew,  
And I'll always keep them blooming dear,  
    for you,  
Tho' we both grow old and feeble,  
I will be steadfast and true,  
    Just the same, dear, as of old.

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Frank K. Root & Co., Chicago, Ill.  
Edison Blue Amberol Record 1538

## MARSEILLAISE

DeLisle

Ye sons of France! awake to glory!  
 Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!  
 Your children, wives and grandsires hoary,  
 Behold their tears and hear their cries!  
 Behold their tears and hear their cries!  
 Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,  
 With hireling hosts a ruffian band,  
 Affright and desolate the land,  
 When peace and liberty lie bleeding?  
 To arms, to arms ye brave,  
 Th' avenging sword unsheath!  
 March on, march on, all hearts resolv'd  
 On liberty or death!

With luxury and pride surrounded,  
 The vile insatiate despots dare,  
 Their thirst for gold and power unbounded,  
 To mete and vend the light and air!  
 To mete and vend the light and air!  
 Like beasts of burden would they load us,  
 Like gods would bid their slaves adore;  
 But man is man, and who is more?  
 Then shall they longer lash and goad us?  
 To arms, to arms, ye brave!  
 Th' avenging sword unsheath!  
 March on, march on, all hearts resolved  
 On liberty or death!

O, Liberty! can man resign thee?  
 Once having felt thy generous flame,  
 Can dungeon bolts and bars confine thee  
 Or whips thy noble spirit tame?  
 Or whips thy noble spirit tame?  
 Too long the world has wept, bewailing,  
 The blood-stained sword our conqu'rors wield;  
 But freedom is our sword and shield,  
 And all their arts are unavailing!  
 To arms, to arms ye brave!  
 Th' avenging sword unsheath!  
 March on, march on, all hearts resolved  
 On liberty or death!

Victor Record 18338

## MARRIAGE DIFFICULTIES

Well, here comes that sly old rascal, Primrose Simpson. He done run away last week and got married. Good mornin', Primrose. How do you enjoy celubrial felicity?

Oh, I don't know nothin' 'bout dat lady. I done married Hannah Beardley.

I'm not asking you who you married, I'm asking you how you enjoy married life.

Oh, scrumptuous, all I does is bask in love and sunshine.

Then you don't believe in the old saying that marriage is a failure?

'Deed I don't. Marriage ain't no failure with me.

That's what King Solomon thought. King Solomon had seven hundred wives.

Lordy! he must have had a good job to support all dem suffragettes.

And the Bible tells us he was the wisest man in the world.

Lordy, and why wouldn't he be the wisest man in the world, with all dem women bringing in de news to him.

I tell you, we're going to wake up some morning and find a glorious country ruled by women.

And when dat mornin' comes, I hope I never do wake up.

Why the women nowadays want to get on the police force. Can you imagine an old spinster of fifty on the police force? Why the first man she'd arrest she'd rush him off to some minister and make him marry her.

Yes and dat would bust up de whole police force.

But I tell you, we can't get along without them.

Nor wid 'em either.

I got a-fascinated since you saw me last.

Oh, you mean married.

Just the same thing only a little different. Yes, I'm married three years and got six children.

How's dat?

Well, I went to Chicago, married a young girl there and the first year she presented me with a beautiful baby boy. Then I went to St. Paul, Minneapolis, the Twin City, and that very year my wife presented me with beautiful twins. Then I went to Michigan, the City of Three Rivers, and that very year my wife presented me with beautiful girl triplets.

Wowy. It's a good thing you didn't move to the Thous- and Islands.

Why, if I had done that my wife would have had so many children that by the time she got the last one asleep it would be time to wake the first one up in the morning.

Well, good bye, now, I must go into town and get some chicken.

Why, I'm going in for that very same purpose so there'll be two new coons in town.

Columbia Record 1971

### MARY OF ARGYLE

I have heard the mavis singing,  
 His love song to the morn;  
 I have seen dew drops clinging,  
 To the rose just newly born.  
 But a sweeter rose has cheer'd me,  
 At the evening's gentle hours,  
 And I've seen an eye still brighter,  
 Than the dew drops on the rose.  
 'Twas thy voice, my gentle Mary,  
 And thine artless winning smile,  
 That made this world an Eden,  
 Bonny Mary of Argyle!

Tho' thy voice may lose its sweetness,  
 And thine eye its brightness, too,  
 Tho' thy step may lack its fleetness,  
 And thy hair its sunny hue;  
 Still to me wilt thou be dearer  
 Than all the world shall own,  
 I have loved thee for thy beauty,  
 But not for that alone.  
 I have watched thy heart, dear Mary,  
 And its goodness was the wile,  
 That has made thee mine forever,  
 Bonny Mary of Argyle!

Columbia Record 5132

### MIGHTY FORTRESS

A mighty fortress is our God, a bulwark never failing,  
 Our helper He, amid the flood of mortal ills prevailing,  
 For still our ancient foe doth seek to work us woe,  
 His craft and pow'r are great and, armed with cruel hate,  
 On earth is not his equal.

And though the world with devils filled should threaten to  
 undo us,  
 We will not fear for God hath willed His truth to triumph  
 through us.  
 That word above all earthly pow'rs no thanks to them  
 abideth,  
 The Spirit and the gifts are ours thru Him who with us  
 sideth,  
 Let goods and kindred go, this mortal life also,  
 The body they may kill, God's truth abideth still,  
 His kingdom is forever.

Columbia Record 2146

## IN THE PALACE OF DREAMS

Tyler

There's a land far away,  
Where the lonely can stray,  
A land where sweet joy ever beams;  
Souls burdened with care  
And hearts in despair,  
Can dwell in this palace of dreams.  
For it's here every one,  
Both the old and the young,  
Forget every sorrow and sigh,  
All hearts are at rest,  
For their lives have been blessed  
With love that ne'er can die.

Chorus:

When I enter the palace of dreamland,  
The cares of my life pass away,  
For here only love rules this Kingdom above,  
Where only true lovers can stray;  
It is here that the weary find comfort,  
Sweethearts love forever it seems,  
So do not disturb me  
But let me sleep on,  
Sleep on in the palace of dreams.

In this wonderful spot,  
Where the past is forgot,  
Where all that you long for comes true;  
Where each single kiss  
From lips that you miss,  
Are saved up for you, only you;  
And the world passes by  
Without ever a sigh,  
For love reigns supreme and apart,  
When gladness is born,  
You forget days forlorn,  
And love with all your heart.

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Edison Blue Amberol Record 2398

## IN THE VALLEY OF KENTUCKY

Stanford

In the valley of Kentucky, where grass is always blue,  
 And birds are singing sweetly all the day,  
 There I lived with my dear Nellie, the sweetest girl I knew,  
 One day she died and then I went away.  
 My heart's now daily yearning for that dear old southern home,  
 Where Nellie sleeps beneath the old oak tree,  
 I long to see the meadows and the cornfields green  
 That will recall my dear old childhood days.

Chorus:

Take me back to old Kentucky,  
 To the home I love so well,  
 The scenes of my dear childhood,  
 And the resting-place of Nell;  
 For my heart is ever pining,  
 For the sun that's ever shining,  
 In the valley of Kentucky,  
 My home, sweet home.

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 Columbia Record 328

## IN THE SHADOW OF THE PINES

Lang

We wandered in the shadow of the pines my love and I,  
 As the wind was blowing freshly from the sea;  
 But a sudden fitful darkness stole across the summer sky,  
 And a shadow came between my love and me;  
 Some hasty words were spoken and then almost unawares,  
 Hasty answers to unthinking anger led,  
 And our heartsick, bitter longing and our weeping and our  
 prayers  
 Ne'er can make those false and cruel words unsaid.

Chorus:

Come back to me sweetheart and love me as before,  
 Come back, back to me sweetheart and leave me nevermore,  
 In life's dull pathway, the sun no longer shines,  
 Come, love and meet me in the shadow of the pines.

You took the ring I gave you, nor cast a glance at me,  
 As you held the jeweled trinket in your hand,  
 And then you turned and tossed it in the waters of the sea,  
 Where the waves are splashing idly on the sand.  
 You went your way unheeding the tears I could not hide,  
 You went your way and not a word was said,  
 But my stubborn heart was breaking underneath its mask  
 of pride,  
 And the pine trees sobbed in pity overhead.

**IN THE SHADOW OF THE PINES—Continued**

I wake from bitter dreaming but to call aloud your name;  
 I sleep again to dream of you once more;  
 And my stubborn pride has left me I admit I was to blame,  
 Forgive me, dear, and love me as before.  
 For the future is o'ershadow'd with the darkness of despair,  
 In the sky of life, love's sun no longer shines,  
 And I'll give the whole world gladly once again to meet  
 you there,

Reunited in the shadow of the pines.

Complete copy; words and music published by Legg Bros.,  
 Missouri Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Edison Blue Amberol Record 2073

**I TRIED TO RAISE MY BOY TO BE A HERO**

Huston

From a vineclad cottage, among the spreading trees,  
 A soldier boy was leaving,  
 O'er the door "Old Glory" was floating in the breeze,  
 And our hero had heeded her call;  
 His mother was standing close by his side,  
 She gave him a last fond kiss,  
 "God bless you, my boy, you're my pride and joy,  
 You'll always remember this:

Chorus:

"I tried to raise my boy to be a hero,  
 I tried to raise him up to be a man,  
 I tried to raise him up to be a patriot,  
 To serve his country ev'ry way he can;  
 I did not raise him just to be a soldier,  
 And though I hate the curse of war today,  
 A call comes through the land,  
 And I'm glad my boy will stand,  
 For the honor of the U. S. A.

" 'Tis a glorious country, our 'Land of Liberty,'  
 By blood of heroes purchased,  
 From the hands of tyrants she ever must be free,  
 And heroes are needed today.  
 Your father, my boy, once fought for the flag,  
 And he was a soldier true,  
 So never dishonor your flag, my boy,  
 The grand old Red, White and Blue."

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 Full words and music from Frank C. Huston Co.,  
 Indianapolis, Ind.

Starr Record 7605

## IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS

### Shakespeare

It was a lover and his lass  
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;  
 That o'er the green cornfield did pass,  
 In the Springtime, the only pretty ringtime,  
 When birds do sing, hey ding a ding ding,  
 Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,  
 With a hey, and a ho, and hey nonino;  
 How that a life was but a flower,  
 In the Springtime, the only pretty ringtime,  
 When birds do sing, hey ding a ding ding,  
 Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore, take the present time,  
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;  
 For love is crowned with the prime,  
 In the Springtime, the only pretty ringtime,  
 When birds do sing, hey ding a ding ding,  
 Sweet lovers love the spring.  
 Columbia Record 1617

## I'VE BEEN ROAMING

### Horn

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,  
 Where the meadow dew is sweet;  
 And I'm coming, I'm coming,  
 With its pearls upon my feet.

#### Chorus:

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,  
 Where the meadow dew is sweet,  
 And I'm coming, I'm coming,  
 With its pearls upon my feet.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,  
 By the rose and lily fair,  
 And I'm coming, I'm coming,  
 With their blossoms in my hair.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,  
 Where the honeysuckle creeps,  
 And I'm coming, and I'm coming,  
 With its greeting on my lips.



**I'VE BEEN ROAMING—Continued**  
 I've been roaming, I've been roaming,  
 Over hill and over plain,  
 And I'm coming, and I'm coming,  
 To my bower back again.

**Chorus:**  
 I've been roaming, I've been roaming,  
 Over hill and over plain,  
 And I'm coming, and I'm coming,  
 To my bower back again.

Columbia Record 5811

### **I'VE A COZY LITTLE COTTAGE IN THE COUNTRY**

You know, I am lonely, dear,  
 Wish that you were here, I do,  
 I am feeling mighty queer,  
 Thinking all the time of you!  
 If you promise to be true,  
 I've a little tale to tell,  
 I've a little cottage, where the red,  
 red roses grow,  
 That's waiting for the wedding bell.

**Chorus:**  
 I've a cozy little cottage in the country,  
 That's waiting for you dear,  
 So you just stop your hesitating, honey,  
 And say you're true!  
 There'll be no one around to see us honey,  
 Mooning and spooning and crooning,  
 We'll have the sweetest, nicest, dearest, cutest,  
 little hedge,  
 Around our cottage, just for two!

June time comes but once a year,  
 That's the time the bells do chime;  
 Don't be hesitating, dear,  
 Don't be wasting any time!  
 My heart goes a-pit-a-pat,  
 Don't know where I'm at, that's true,  
 Just you say the little word and I will tell  
 you, dear,  
 The thing that I intend to do.

Edison Diamond Disc Record 80159

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 Box 387, Providence, R. I.

### KRAUSEMEYER AND HIS DOG

Here, Snyder, what is this, a comic concert, go away pussy, here lie down Snyder. Yes, lie still while I talk with you. There was a time when I didn't used to fancy dogs so much as a dog fancier. I wanted one of those ocean greyhounds I read so much about, but a water spaniel was the nearest the man had. When he showed me you mit your wavy hair and watery eyes and when you barked at me and wagged your tail so fast I hardly knew which end to believe. I was stuck on you right away and when I paid twenty dollars for you, the man could see I was stuck. But I am glad you was blind because you can't dodge out of the way when the old woman kicks you in the slats and den I don't get it. Oh, Snyder, that's the time when my heart beats with sympathy for you and I feel that you was like just one of the family.

The old woman says that you don't answer, but you answer me, don't you, Snyder? Talk to me some more. Do you love me some, Snyder? Do you love the old woman? I don't think so, neither. So you will never leave me, Snyder. I would rather lose my life than lose you, for if it wasn't for you I would lose it anyway.

Sometimes, though, I wish I was you. For instance, when you go to bed you just turn around two or three times, lie down and you was asleep. When I go the bed in, I got to get undressed and my wife wakes me up and scolds me with her cold feet up my back, and then the baby cries and I got to walk up and down two or three miles, and then when I get to sleep it's time to get up again. When you get up, you just shake yourself and you was up, and you play around all day, and have plenty of fun, and I work around all day and have plenty of trouble. When you die, you are dead; when I die I got to go to hell yet, ain't it, Snyder. Look out, Snyder, here comes the old woman. Oh, look out. Poor Snyder, here Snyder.

Victor Record 17255

**L'Allegro****"COME AND TRIP IT AS YOU GO"****Handel**

Come and trip it as you go,  
 On the light fantastic toe;  
 And in thy right hand lead with thee  
 The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty!  
 And, if I give thee honor due,  
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,  
 To live with her, and live with thee,  
 In unproved pleasure free.

Victor Record 18123

**L'Allegro****HASTE THEE NYMPH****Milton**

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee  
 Jest and youthful jollity,  
 Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,  
 Nods and pecks and wreathed smiles,  
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
 And love to live in dimple sleek,  
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,  
 And Laughter holding both his sides.

Victor Record 18123

**L' ALLEGRO****Let Me Wander Not Unseen**

Let me wander not unseen  
 By hedge-row, elms on hillocks green;  
 Where the ploughman near at hand  
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land.  
 Where the ploughman near at hand  
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land.  
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,  
 And the mower whets his scythe,  
 And ev'ry shepherd tells his tale,  
 Under the hawthorne in the dale.  
 And ev'ry shepherd tells his tale,  
 Under the hawthorne in the dale.

Victor Record 35623

**LAMENT OF THE IRISH IMMIGRANT**

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,  
 Where we sat side by side,  
 On the bright May morning, long ago,  
 When first you were my bride.  
 The corn was springing fresh and green,  
 And the lark sang loud and high,  
 And the red was on thy lip, Mary,  
 And the love-light in your eye.  
 And the red was on thy lip, Mary,  
 And the love-light in your eye.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,  
 For the poor make no new friends,  
 But oh, they love them better far,  
 The few our Father sends;  
 And you were all I had, Mary,  
 My blessing and my joy;  
 There's nothing left to care for now,  
 Since my poor Mary died.  
 There's nothing left to care for now,  
 Since my poor Mary died.

Columbia Record 1230

**LAST WATCH**

Watch with me, love, tonight!  
 This is the last time we meet,  
 For I must leave thee, O my sweet,  
 Our fate is fixed, our dream is o'er,  
 Our ways lie parted evermore!  
 The fault was mine, be mine the pain!  
 To never see thy face again,  
 To watch by wood and wild and shore  
 We two together nevermore!

My heart is torn, my brain is fire,  
 Thou art my life, my sole desire,  
 My queen, my crown, my prize, my goal,  
 Heart of my heart, sun of my soul,  
 Farewell! Farewell! It must be so,  
 But kiss me once before I go,  
 Only this once, dear love, good-bye,  
 But I shall love thee, till I die.  
 Dear heart, those days were bright!  
 But we have lost their light,  
 But, O beloved, watch with me tonight.  
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Columbia Record 5564

**LARBOARD WATCH**

Williams

A dreary midnight's cheerless hour,  
 Deserted e'en by Cynthia's beams,  
 When tempests beat and torrents pour,  
 And twinkling stars no longer gleam,  
 The wearied sailor, spent with toil,  
 Clings firmly to the weather shrouds.  
 And still the lengthen'd hour to guile,  
 Sings as he views the gath'ring clouds,  
**Larboard watch, ahoy! Larboard watch, ahoy!**  
 But who can speak the joy he feels,  
 While o'er the foam his vessel reels,  
 And his tired eyelids slumb'ring fall,  
 He rouses at the welcome call  
**Of Larboard watch, ahoy! Larboard watch!**  
**Larboard watch! Larboard watch, ahoy!**

Columbia Record 1184

**LASS THAT LOVES A SAILOR**

The moon on the ocean was dimmed by a ripple,  
 Affording a chequered light;  
 The gay jolly tars passed the word for the tippie,  
 And the toast, for 'twas Saturday night.  
 Some sweetheart or wife he loved as his life,  
 Each drank and wished he could hail her,  
 But the standing toast, that pleased the most,  
 Was the wind that blows, the ship that goes,  
 And the lass that loves a sailor.

Some drank the king, some our brave ships,  
 And some the Constitution,  
 Soon may our foes and all such ribs  
 Yield to English resolution.  
 That fate might bless some Poll or Bess,  
 And that they soon might hail her,  
 But the standing toast, that pleased the most,  
 Was the wind that blows, the ship that goes,  
 And the lass that loves a sailor.

Some drank the Prince and some our land,  
 This glorious land of freedom,  
 Some that our tars may never want  
 For heroes bold to lead them.  
 That she who's in distress may find  
 Such friends that ne'er will fail her,  
 But the standing toast, that pleased the most,  
 Was the wind that blows, the ship that goes,  
 And the lass that loves a sailor.

Pathe Record 30048

**LASS WITH THE DELICATE AIR**

Arne

Young Molly, who lived at the foot of the hill,  
 Whose fame ev'ry virgin with envy doth fill,  
 Of beauty is blessed with so ample a share,  
 Men call her the lass with the delicate air.

One evening last May, as I traversed the grove  
 In thoughtless retirement, not dreaming of love,  
 I chanc'd to espy the gay nymph, I declare,  
 And really she had a most delicate air.

For that moment young Cupid selected a dart,  
 And pierc'd without pity my innocent heart,  
 And from thence how to gain the dear maid was my care,  
 For a captive I fell to her delicate air.

A thousand times o'er I've repeated my suit,  
 But still the tormentor affects to be mute;  
 Then tell me, ye swains, who have conquer'd the fair,  
 How to win the dear lass with the delicate air.

Columbia Record 5720

**LEAF BY LEAF THE ROSES FALL**

Bishop

Leaf by leaf the roses fall,  
 Drop by drop the spring runs dry;  
 One by one, beyond recall,  
 Summer roses droop and die;  
 But the roses bloom again,  
 And the springs will gush anew  
 In the pleasant April rain,  
 And the summer sun and dew.

Chorus:

O leaf by leaf the roses fall,  
 Drop by drop the springs run dry;  
 One by one, beyond recall,  
 Summer roses droop and die.

So in hours of deepest gloom,  
 When the springs of gladness fail,  
 And the roses in their bloom,  
 Droop like maidens wan and pale,  
 We shall find some hope that lies  
 Like a silent gem apart,  
 Hidden far from careless eyes,  
 In the garden of the heart.

Victor Record 16198

**JESUS LIVES!**

Jesus lives! Thy terrors now  
 Can no longer death appall us.  
 Jesus lives! by this we know  
 Thou, O grave, canst not enthrall us.  
 Allelulia!

Jesus lives! henceforth is death,  
 But the gate of life immortal;  
 This shall calm our trembling breath  
 When we pass its gloomy portal.  
 Allelulia!

Jesus lives! for us He died;  
 Then alone to Jesus living,  
 Pure in heart may we abide,  
 Glory to our Saviour giving.  
 Allelulia!

Jesus lives! our hearts know well,  
 Naught from us His love shall sever,  
 Life nor death nor powers of hell  
 Tear us from His keeping ever.  
 Allelulia!

Jesus lives! to Him the throne  
 Over all the world is given;  
 May we go where He has gone,  
 Rest and reign with Him in Heaven.  
 Allelulia!

Edison Diamond Disc Record 50405

**JESUS REMEMBERED YOU**

Don't forget Jesus when long is the way;  
 Don't forget Jesus when dark is the day;  
 Don't forget Jesus, He'll hear when you pray,  
 O, don't, don't forget Jesus!

**Chorus:**

Don't forget Jesus, don't forget Jesus,  
 So faithful, so loving and true,  
 When you were lost in darkness and sin,  
 Jesus remembered you.

Don't forget Jesus, for He tho't of you  
 When you had wandered, when you were untrue,  
 Jesus was faithful the whole journey thro',  
 O, don't, don't forget Jesus.

Victor Record 17713

## JIM LAWSON'S HOGS

Stewart

Wal, sir, I guess Jim Lawson had more trouble raisin' his hogs than any other feller wot lived in Pumkin Center. Jim's hogs was all dyin' off and Jim couldn't find out wot was ailin' of 'em, and the neighbors would come and lean over the fence and give Jim advice and Jim would give 'em medicine, but it didn't do any darn bit of good. They kept on dyin' off and one day Jim came over to the store and said, "Boys, I found out wot was ailin' of my hogs," and Ephram Wetherspoon said, "What was ailin' of 'em, Jim?" and he said, "Wal, you see it was so muddy up at the barnyard that the hogs got some mud on their tails and then they got some more mud on their tails and they got so much doggone mud on their tails that it drawed their skin and they couldn't shut their eyes and they died for want of sleep."

Wal, Jim got his hogs—wot was left of 'em—ready for market, and he started out to drive 'em to Conquers. Wal, he drove 'em along for about three days and he met a feller and he says, "Wal, where yer goin', Jim?" Jim says, "I'm goin' to Conquers with my hogs." "Wal, now don't you know that the market's away down in Conquers? It's up at Manchester; you'd do well if you took 'em there." And Jim says, "Turn around, boys." Wal, he drove 'em about three days toward Manchester and he met a feller and he said, "Wal, Jim, whar yer goin'?" And he says, "I'm goin' to Manchester to sell my hogs," and he says, "Wal, now that just comes from not reading the newspaper. They got a quarantine against any more hogs comin' in there. They got cholery down at Manchester. You'd do well if you took 'em to Conquers." Jim says, "Turn around, boys."

They started back towards Conquers and he drove 'em three days, when the hogs tuckered out and couldn't go any further right in front of old Jay Fisher's place, and he had to sell 'em to Jay for what he could get for 'em. Wal, about three weeks later we was all sittin' around the grocery store one day and somebody says, "Jim, yer didn't do very well with your hogs this year, did ye?" And he says, "Well, now, I don't know. It's accordin' to how you look at it. I never caught up to the market, but I had the society of the hogs for two weeks."

Columbia Record 392



**JIMMIE AND MAGGIE AT THE HIPPODROME**

What a big place. Ain't this grand, Jimmie?  
 Naw, dis ain't grand. Dat's up funder. This is Sixth  
 Avenue. This is de Hip.

De Hip?

De Hip, don' cher know, de Hippydrome.

Oh, now Im hip, Jimmie. Are yer sure you got de seats,  
 Jimmie?

Sure, I got resoived seats. Aw right, kid.

Oh, gee, look on de stage and see de wild men. Will  
 dey bite, Jimmy?

Naw, not if ye sit still. Look at de bearded lady.

Ain't she a sight?

Well, she ain't no gentleman anyway.

Look at de funny little guy talkin' to the fat woman.

Dat's de ossified man.

Oh, gee, what's de matter wid de little elephant. They're  
 soldin' his trunk.

I guess he wouldn't pay his board. Dey ought to open  
 his trunk and put some clean clothes on him. Those is  
 pretty doity.

Oh, look at the flower goil dancin' in de front row lookin'  
 at you, Jimmie. I'm jealous.

Aw, don't notice her, she knows me. Dat's de newsboy's  
 grandmudder.

Oh, gee, look at de soldiers.

Aw, I hope dey fight.

They're shootin'. Aw I'm skeered, Jimmie.

Look at de plunging horses. Aw, gee, this is great. Did  
 yer enjoy de show, Maggie?

It's the dream of me life, Jimmie. Say, I'm goin' on  
 de stage some time.

Victor Record 35013

**JIMMY TRIGGER OR THE MILITARY HERO**

Tramp, tramp, tramp the boys are marching.

Cheer up, comrades they will come.

Say, you, Jim, what are you trampin' around here for  
 singing war songs. You never been to war.

Yes I have too.

What was the number of your regiment?

Sixty-nine N. G. Anna.

What was your general's name?

General Blazeaway.

What was your captain's name?

Captain Bullet.

What was your name?

**JIMMY TRIGGER OR THE MILITARY HERO—Continued**

Jimmy Trigger.

Say, was you ever in any battle of note?

I was in the battle of cow's husband run.

Ha, ha, you mean the battle of Bull Run.

Yes, suh, all dem that didn't run are there yet. Yes I was right where the cannon balls was flying and roaring and many of the balls was blazing and I tell you the shells were buzzing and you never did hear such a noise before in your life. There was I right in the midst of it.

Where were you?

Underneath the ammunition wagon fast asleep. I made ten thousand soldiers run.

How did you do that.

I ran and they ran after me. But I got even with them soldiers. I ran so fast I choked them to death with the dust. Seventeen balls pierced this manly breast.

Cannon balls?

No.

Minnie balls?

No.

Rifle balls?

No.

What kind of balls?

Codfish balls.

Well, I mean did you ever do anything brave?

Brave? Well, I should say I did. I turned around and right there yonder I seen the enemy. There was a thousand of them and I looked over in the midst of them and there was my comrade. I said I must save my comrade. I got down on my hands and knees and I crawled along through the briers and bushes and beat my way to the center of the enemy. There I looked down and I grabbed my comrade and put him on my shoulder and carried him through the enemy's lines and safe into camp.

What did the general say?

He said "Brave, brave man, Jimmie, but where's his head." I said that was shot off before I got him.

Jimmy, do you know that you are a soldier all the time? When you are a baby and crawling along the floor and your mother takes you up in her arms you are a child in arms. When your wife embraces you you are a man in arms and when your wife presents you with a little responsibility, then you belong to the light infantry. If you keep on improving the way you are you will be carrying the banner some time.

Look out, here comes the rifle ball,

Oh, I'm used to that. I dodge them all the while.

Victor Record 35307

## JIMMY TRIGGER RETURNS FROM WAR

I am my mammy's only son,  
I speak my language with my tongue,  
I sleep up and sleep down hill,  
I never work and I never will.

Hello, Mose, what makes you so happy today?  
Why today Jimmy Trigger returns home from the war.  
Is that the same Jimmy who went away two years ago  
with those soldiers?

The same Jimmy Trigger and the fife and drum corps  
have gone down to the depot to escort him up here. Here  
they come now.

Halt!

Hello, Jimmy, don't you recognize me?

'Course I recognize you.

Welcome back to the city.

Thanks. Here boys, you can all go back to the armory  
'cause I want to talk to my friend now. Right forward face,  
march!

Say, Jimmy, you must have had some awful times down  
in Mexico.

Yes, I had some awful experience down there.

Did you ever do any guard?

'Course I don' guard duty.

Say, Jimmie, suppose you were on guard duty at night  
and two Mexicans would approach your post, then what would  
you do?

I would shoot them.

Suppose four Mexicans approach your post, then what  
would you do?

I'd shoot them.

Suppose a hundred Mexicans would approach your post,  
then what would you do?

I'd lay down my rifle and form a line.

What kind of a line would you form by yourself?

A beeline for camp.

What makes a general?

Why, politics.

What is a furlough?

A furlough is a leave of absence granted to weak-kneed  
officers.

You certainly am a soldier.

One day the general said, "Jimmy, we are short of fresh  
meat. Take your rifle, go over to yonder hill and see if you  
can't fetch some back." I took my rifle and went over to the  
hills and walked about a mile when I came upon six great  
big grizzly bears and they were playing with their cubs.  
The bears looked at me and I looked at them and I said "This  
is no place fer Jimmy." I laid down my rifle and I started

**JIMMY TRIGGER RETURNS FROM THE WAR—Cont'd**

to run and the bears they run after me. I cut a hole in the air. Oh, dem bears got so close to me I could feel their hot breath on the bosom of my pants. I was tearing down the road and the soldiers seen me coming. They said, "Look, here comes Jimmy." I said, "Scatter, disperse! 'Cause I'm fetching the meat home alive!"

Jimmy, you sure are some bear hunter. Do you remember when I was in the Navy?

Sure, I remember that well.

Well, we got orders from Washington to take a big six-mast schooner down to Key West. We was sailing along in about the longitude of eleven and latitude of forty-four.

Oh, that's a crap game.

We was sailing along and all of a sudden the captain spied a great big black cloud. We sailed right under this black cloud and what do you suppose it was? Why, it was a flock of mosquitoes. They lit on that ship and cleaned us out of all the canvas on the ship and all the tar rope we had. They cleaned us clean.

I seen that same flock of mosquitoes down in Vera Cruz.

How do you know?

They had on tar rope suspenders and canvas overalls.

Victor Record 35518

**JOHN ANDERSON MY JO**

Burns

John Anderson, my Jo, John.

When we were first acquent,

Your locks were like the raven,

Your bonnie brow was bent.

But, now your brow is bald, John,

Your locks as like the snaw,

Yet blessings on your frosty pow,

John Anderson, my Jo.

John Anderson, my Jo, John.

We climbed the hill thegither,

And mony a cantie day, John,

We've had wi' ane anither,

Now we may totter doon, John,

But hand in hand we'll go,

And we'll sleep thegither at the foot,

John Anderson, my Jo.

Victor Record 16218

**MAY GOD AND HIS ANGELS GUARD YOU, DEAR**

Keithley

Evening has come to the valley,  
 Stilled are the sounds of the day,  
 Moonbeams now shine on the homestead,  
 And meadows of new mown hay;  
 There all alone sits a mother,  
 Tears dim her sorrowful eyes;  
 She's thinking of one who has roamed far away,  
 With lips all a-tremble she sighs:

Chorus:

I'm longing for you, my boy, tonight,  
 Wondering where you may be;  
 I'm hoping that someone loves you, dear,  
 Just as you're loved by me.  
 I'm dreaming you'll wander home some day,  
 Back to my fondest care,  
 May God and His angels guard you, dear;  
 That is your mother's prayer.

Sleep comes to close eyes so weary,  
 Dreams come of days that are gone,  
 Once more her hair is golden,  
 The world is a world of song;  
 In dreams her boy is a baby,  
 Saying his pray'rs at her knee;  
 Again in her fond arms she sings him to sleep,  
 And lays him to rest tenderly.

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Imperial Record 5214

**MEFISTOFELE**  
**OPENING CHORUS**

Boito

Hail, sovereign Lord of saints and angels holy,  
 Hail, mighty Lord of the angelic hosts!  
 Of the seraphs e'er bending lowly,  
 And of the cherubs with their wings of gold,  
 Hail, all hail, Lord, to Thee!  
 From the harmonies eternal of space unbounded,  
 From azure regions unbounded  
 Ascends a joyful anthem of supremest love,  
 A joyful anthem of love!  
 Up to thy throne through azure depths unbounded  
 Anthems are sounded! Hail, all hail, all hail to Thee.  
 Victor Record 64126

## MEETING OF THE WATER

Moore

There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet,  
 As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet,  
 Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,  
 Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene  
 Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;  
 'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill,  
 Oh! no. It was something more exquisite still!

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were there,  
 Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,  
 And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,  
 When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet Vale of Avoca; how calm could I rest  
 In the bosom of shade with the friends I love best,  
 Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,  
 And our hearts like thy waters be mingled in peace.

Columbia Record 5916

## MEET ME BY MOONLIGHT ALONE

Wade

Meet me by moonlight alone,  
 And then I will tell you a tale,  
 Must be told by the moonlight alone,  
 In the grove at the end of the vale.  
 You must promise to come, for I said,  
 I would show the night flowers their queen;  
 Nay, turn not away thy sweet head,  
 'Tis the loveliest ever was seen!  
 Oh, meet me by moonlight alone,  
 Meet me by moonlight alone!

Daylight may do for the gay,  
 The thoughtless, the heartless and free,  
 But there's something about the moon's ray  
 That is sweeter to you and to me.  
 Oh, remember, be sure to be there,  
 For though dearly a moonlight I prize,  
 I care not for all in the air,  
 If I want the sweet light of your eyes.  
 So, meet me by moonlight alone,  
 Meet me by moonlight alone!

Columbia Record 1491

## MIKADO

Gilbert & Sullivan

Behold the Lord High Executioner  
Behold the Lord High Executioner,  
A personage of noble rank and title,  
A dignified and a patient officer,  
Whose functions are particularly vital;  
Defer, defer, to the Lord High Executioner;  
Defer, defer to the Noble Lord.

Flowers that Bloom in the Spring  
The flowers that bloom in the spring, trala,  
Breathe promise of merry sunshine,  
As we merrily dance and we sing, trala,  
We welcome the hope that they bring, trala,  
Of a summer of roses and wine.  
And that's what we mean when we say that a thing  
Is welcome as a flower that blooms in the spring, trala  
As the flowers that bloom in the spring.

Three Little Maids from School  
Three little maids from school are we,  
Pert as a school girl well can be,  
Filled to the brim with girlish glee,  
Three little maids from school.  
Everything is a source of fun,  
Nobody's safe, for we care for none,  
Life is a joke that's just begun,  
Three little maids from school,  
Three little maids who, all unwary,  
Come from a ladies' seminary,  
Freed from its genius tutelary,  
Three little maids from school,  
Three little maids from school.

### Tit Willow

On a tree by a river a little tom tit  
Sang, Willow, tit willow, tit willow;  
And I said to him, "Dickie bird, why do you sit,  
Singing willow, tit willow, tit willow?"  
"Is it weakness of intellect?" I cried,  
"Or a rather tough worm in your little inside?"  
With a shake of his poor little head he replied,  
"Willow, tit willow, tit willow."

## MIKADO—Continued

## He's Gone and Married Yum Yum

For he's gone and married Yum Yum,  
 Your anger pray bury, for all will be merry;  
 I think you had better succumb,  
 And join in expressions of glee.  
 On this subject I pray you be dumb,  
 Your notions, though many, are not worth a penny,  
 The word for your guidance is "mum."  
 You've got a good bargain in "mum."

## With Joyful Shout

With joyous shout, with joyous shout and ringing cheer,  
 Inaugurate, inaugurate their new career!  
 With joyous shout and ringing cheer!  
 With joyous shout, joyous shout,  
 With laughing song and merry dance,  
 With laughing song and merry dance,  
 With song and dance.

Victor Record 85551 (Part I)

## Gentlemen of Japan

If you want to know who we are,  
 We are gentlemen of Japan;  
 On many a vase and jar—  
 On many a screen and fan  
 We figure in lively paint,  
 Our attitude's queer and quaint,  
 You're wrong if you think it ain't.

## Wandering Minstrel

A wand'ring minstrel, I—  
 A thing of shreds and patches,  
 Of ballads, songs and snatches,  
 And dreamy lullaby—  
 My catalogue is long,  
 Thro' ev'ry passion ranging,  
 And to your humors changing,  
 I tune my supple song!



**MIKADO—Continued****Song of the Sea**

And if you call for a song of the sea,  
 We'll heave the capstan 'round,  
 With a yo, heave ho, for the wind is free,  
 Her anchor's stripped and her helm's alee;  
 Hurrah for the homeward bound.

**Moon Song**

Ah, pray make no mistake,  
 We are not shy;  
 We're very wide awake,  
 The moon and I.

**Emperor of Japan**

Mikado:

From every kind of man obedience I expect,  
 I'm the Emperor of Japan.

Katisha:

And I'm his daughter-in-law!  
 He'll marry his son  
 (He's only got one)  
 To his daughter-in-law elect.  
 Bow, bow to his daughter-in-law elect.

Mikado:

In a fatherly kind of way  
 I govern each tribe and sect;  
 All cheerfully own my sway.

Katisha:

Except his daughter-in-law-elect!  
 As tough as a bone  
 With a will all her own  
 Is his daughter-in-law elect!  
 Bow, bow to his daughter-in-law elect.

**My Object All Sublime**

My object all sublime,  
 I shall achieve in time,  
 To let the punishment fit the crime,  
 The punishment fit the crime.  
 And make each pris'ner sent  
 Unwillingly present  
 A source of merriment,  
 Of innocent merriment.

Victor Record 35551 (Part II)

## MIKADO—Continued

## Madrigal

Brightly dawns our wedding day;  
 Joyous hour, we give thee greeting;  
 Whither, whither, whither art thou fleeting?  
 Fickle moment, prithee stay!  
 What though mortals' joys be hollow,  
 Pleasures come, if sorrows follow;  
 Though the tocsin sound ere long,  
 Yet until the shadows fall,  
 Over one and over all,  
 Sing a merry madrigal,  
 Fa la, tra la, la la.

Columbia Record 5861

## OH, TO BE KEPT FOR JESUS

## Cherry

Oh, to be kept for Jesus, kept by the pow'r of God;  
 Kept from the world unspotted, treading where Jesus trod.

## Chorus:

Oh, to be kept for Jesus, Lord, at Thy feet I fall,  
 I would be nothing, nothing, nothing; Thou shalt be all in all.

Oh, to be kept for Jesus! Oh, to be all His own,  
 Kept to be His forever, kept to be His alone!

Columbia Record 5148

**MINSTREL BOY****Moore**

The minstrel boy to war is gone,  
 In the ranks of death you'll find him,  
 His father's sword he has girded on  
 And his wild harp slung behind him.  
 "Land of song!" said the warrior bard,  
 "Tho' all the world betrays thee,  
 One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,  
 One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The minstrel fell, but the foeman's chain  
 Could not bring his proud soul under;  
 The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,  
 For he tore its chords asunder,  
 And said, "No chains shall sully thee,  
 Thou soul of love and bravery!  
 Thy songs were made for the pure and free;  
 They shall never sound in slavery!"

Columbia Record 1144

**MOLLY BAWN****Lover**

Oh! Molly Bawn, why leave me pining,  
 All lonely waiting here for you,  
 While the stars above are brightly shining,  
 Because they've nothing else to do;  
 The flowers late were open keeping  
 To try a rival blush with you,  
 But their Mother Nature set them sleeping,  
 With their rosy faces wash'd with dew.  
 Oh! Molly Bawn, why leave me pining,  
 All lonely waiting here for you?  
 The stars above are brightly shining,  
 Because they've nothing else to do.  
 Now the pretty flowers were made to bloom, dear,  
 And the pretty stars were made to shine,  
 And the pretty girls were made for the boys, dear,  
 And maybe you were made for mine.  
 The wicked watch dog here is snarling,  
 He takes me for a thief, you see,  
 For he knows I'd steal you, Molly darling,  
 And then transported I should be.  
 Oh! Molly Bawn, etc.

Victor Record 74175

**MOLLIE BRANNIGAN**

..

Ma'am dear, did ye never hear of pretty Mollie Brannigan?  
 In troth, then, she's left me and I'll never be a man again,  
 Not a spot on my hide will a summer's sun e'er tan again,  
 Since Molly dear has left me here alone for to die.

The place where my heart was you'd easy grow a turnip in,  
 'Tis the size of all Dublin and from Dublin to the Devil's glen,  
 If she wish'd to take another, sure she might have left mine  
     back again,  
 And not have left me here all alone for to die.

Ma'am dear, I remember when the milking time was past and  
     gone,  
 We walked through the meadow when she swore I was the  
     only one  
 That ever she could love; but, oh! the base and cruel one,  
 For all that she's left me here alone to die.

Ma'am dear, I remember when coming home the rain began,  
 I wrapt my frieze-coat 'round her, an' ne'er a waistcoat I  
     had on,  
 My shirt was rather fine drawn, but oh, the false and cruel  
     one,  
 For all that she's left me here alone for to die.

The left side of my carcass is as weak as water gruel, ma'am,  
 There's not a pick upon my bones since Molly proved so cruel,  
     ma'am;  
 Oh! if I had a blunder-gun, I'd go an' fight a duel, ma'am,  
 For sure I'd better shoot myself than live here to die.

I'm cool an' determined as any salamander, Ma'am,  
 Won't you come to my wake, when I go the long meander,  
     ma'am?  
 I'll think myself as valiant as the famous Alexander, ma'am,  
 When I hear ye cryin' o'er me, "Arrah, why did ye die?"  
     Victor Record 2216

**SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME**

Songs my mother taught me in the days long vanish'd,  
 Seldom from her eyelids were the teardrops banish'd,  
 Now I teach my children each melodious measure,  
 Oft the tears are flowing, oft they flow from my mem'ry's  
     treasure.

Victor Record 88485

**MONARCH OF THE WOODS****Cherry**

Behold the monarch of the woods!  
 The mighty old oak tree;  
 He braves the raging of the storm  
 On land or rolling sea;  
 He waves his branches deck'd with green,  
 In summer's golden glow,  
 And ivy clothes his leafless form,  
 Thro' winters frost and snow;  
 King Time, the conqueror of all,  
 He boldly doth defy,  
 For green and hearty will he stand  
 When ages have gone by.

How oft the monarch of the woods,  
 Upon a summer's day,  
 Has seen the merry children sport,  
 And 'neath its shadows play;  
 From youth to manhood they spring up,  
 And old age comes at last,  
 Then green grass waves upon their graves,  
 And all life's dreams are past.  
 Yet stronger grows the mighty tree,  
 In hale and hearty prime,  
 And stands the monarch of the woods,  
 Defying age and time.

Victor Record 17326

**MOLLIE DARLING****Hays**

Won't you tell me, Mollie darling,  
 That you love none else but me?  
 For I love you, Mollie darling,  
 You are all the world to me.  
 O tell me, darling, that you love me,  
 Put your little hands in mine;  
 Take my heart, sweet Mollie darling,  
 Say that you will give me thine.

**Chorus:**

Mollie, fairest, sweetest, dearest;  
 Look up, darling, tell me this;  
 Do you love me, Mollie darling?  
 Let your answer be a kiss.  
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Columbia Record 921

**MOONBEAMS BRING LOVE DREAMS**

Night time comes to find me broken hearted,  
 Thinking of the days so long gone by,  
 Just because we quarreled, and we parted,  
 Down beneath old Georgia's sunny sky;  
 Just because we quarreled, and we parted,  
 Just one thing reminds me constantly  
 Of the one I used to call my dearie,  
 Moonbeams always bring you back to me.

**Chorus:**

Moonbeams bring love dreams,  
 And love dreams always bring me you;  
 Moonbeams bring love dreams,  
 Dreams that never will come true.  
 Daytime or night time,  
 There is nothing else to do;  
 Moonbeams bring love dreams,  
 And love dreams always bring me you.

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Pathe Record 10068

**MONA**

Adams

A swift goes my boat like a bird on the billow,  
 The boat of my heart, my trim Ben Machree,  
 But swifter than bird leaps my love from her pillow,  
 The girl of my heart who is waiting for me.  
 And down drops the anchor, the brown sails are falling,  
 And out on the shingle we leap in our glee,  
 But for all the bright eyes, and the laughter and calling,  
 The girl of my heart is all that I see.  
 Mona, my own love; Mona, my true love,  
 Art thou not mine, thro' the long years to be?  
 By the bright stars above thee,  
 I love thee, I love thee,  
 Live for thee, die for thee, only for thee;  
 Oh, Mona, Mona, my own love, art thou not mine thro'  
 the long years to be?

Mona, my own love; Mona, my lost love;  
 Pray for me, pray for me, thro' the long years to be;  
 And the angels above thee,  
 Who pity and love thee,  
 Will plead for me also and bring me to thee.  
 Oh, Mona, Mona, my lost love, pray for me, pray for me  
 thro' the long years to be.

Columbia Record 1522

## MOSQUITO TRUST

Weber-Fields

What's the matter? What are you arguing with me for?  
I got a right to argue.

Why?

I want to know what you investigated my money in.

As a friend I will tell you. I investigated your money in the mosquito trust.

The mosquito trust. By golly, that's the first time I ever knew you could trust a mosquito. What's the idea of it?

The same as any other trusts. To please the public.

And I have investigated my money in mosquitoes—now I know I'm going to get stung. I own ten thousand dollars of mosquitoes. I didn't know that all the mosquitoes in the world was worth that much.

You don't own the mosquitoes; you only have an interest in them.

That's the first time I ever took an interest in them. But where comes the profit?

That's the point. You see, we got a farm in New Jersey with incubators for mosquitoes to lay their eggs in. Every mosquito lays over a million eggs at a time and would you believe it, the last time I was up there I counted over seven million mosquitoes. Now you see how in a short time we will be able to control the market and if anybody wants any mosquitoes, they will have to come to us and pay our price.

But how can we control the mosquitoes?

Our mosquitoes will do anything they are told. You see, they are trained, and besides, an agent goes from house to house and says "Good morning, do you want any nice fresh mosquitoes today?"

Well, do any of them buy them?

Of course not.

Then where comes the business?

If they say so, then we sign a contract for five hundred dollars a year to keep the place clear of mosquitoes.

And yet I don't see it.

Then we give the head mosquitoes the name and address of all those who don't buy and the next day a flock of mosquitoes go up there and give them a nasty bite.

Well, don't we lose some of the mosquitoes who run

**MOSQUITO TRUST—Continued**

away and fly hither and thither as they feel like?

No, why should they? Don't we treat them right and let them eat with the best families?

Oh, it's wonderful. I didn't know before how a mosquito would act. Say, couldn't I pay a little more money and buy a couple of lightning bugs so I could see what the mosquitoes were doing at night?

We don't need no lightning bugs in our business. Besides we cannot afford to put any light on our project. You see, every six months the board of records come up and look it over and if there is any money in it they take it out and come back in six months again.

And then?

Then they do the same thing over again.

Things are looking brighter for me, but how often do they keep it up?

Till they feel the change.

Columbia Record 1168

**MOTHER'S PRAYERS HAVE FOLLOWED ME**

De Armond

I grieved my Lord from day to day,  
I scorned His love so full and free,  
And tho' I wandered far away,  
My mother's prayers have followed me.

Chorus:

I'm coming home, I'm coming home,  
To live my wasted life anew,  
For mother's prayers have followed me,  
Have followed me the whole world through.

O'er desert wild, o'er mountain high,  
A wanderer I chose to be,  
A wretched soul condemned to die,  
Still mother's prayers they followed me.

He turned my darkness into light,  
This blessed Christ of Calvary,  
I'll praise His name both day and night,  
That mother's prayers did follow me.

Columbia Record 2175

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## MOVING PICTURES AT PUNKIN CENTER

Well, sir, last fall about fair time, a lot of fellows came to Punkin Center to make moving pictures and wanted everybody in the village to take part in it. The picture was about Damon and Pythias. Gosh, Jim Lawsen was so tickled over it he drunk two quarts of old cider so he did act natural.

Well, we all went out to Deacon Witherspoon's pasture and they put up a lot of toy houses what they said would be Syracuse in the picture and they got out a lot of clothes for everyone to wear so they would look like Damon and Pythias' folks. Gosh, I never see Punkin Center so undressed in all my life. Rube Hendricks was Damon and Hank Wilson was Pythias, and Joe Innis was king. Gosh, he was the first king I ever seen with a chaw of tobacco. Jim Lawsen was the trumpeter, but I guess he was the first trumpeter ever seen in Syracuse with red whiskers and a fake leg. They had all the gals in Punkin Center dressed up to look like Greek maidens and they wanted Joe Innis' wife, Orrie, to take part, but Orrie said she wouldn't run around in the woods with a night gown on for nobody.

Then there was Steve Taylor; he was a courier, riding on horseback with a red flag on a pole, and I was commander of the army. So we all got ready to take the picture.

First the Greek maidens stand before the king and I never see any king act like Joe Innis did. He forgot he was king and jumped off his throne and wanted to dance with the gals. Gosh, it took me and the whole army to get Joe back on his throne. Then Jim Lawsen blowed a trumpet and Steve Taylor come riding across the pasture with that red flag, and Deacon Witherspoon's bull seen that flag and then things commenced to happen. He chased Steeve Taylor into the creek, he knocked down all the buildings in Syracuse; Jim Lawsen crawled into a hollow log and all you could see of him was his fake leg sticking out; Joe Innis climbed a tree, and he chased the Greek maidens into a blackberry patch and busted the picture machine. I got the army back to Punkin Center, but they ain't never heerd from Damon and Pythias yet. Gosh, it would have been a great picture if they had got it.

Victor Record 17931

# MUSICAL YANKEE

Hey, hold on there; what's the matter with the music?  
Music! Why the music's alright.

Well, what's the matter with the musicians?

They're alright; they're all picked men.

Picked men! Well I guess some of them were picked  
too soon, 'cause they're a little green.

Aw, what do you know about music?

Why I can play on any dern thing from a tin can to a  
church organ.

Well, we're all from Missouri and you have to show us.  
Here, play on these bells.

Well, send those things up here and I will tinker a  
tune on them as easy as a crow picks corn out a cornfield.

(Music.)

Hurrah, hurrah. Well, say, you're alright. Well, I got  
something here that'll stump you.

What's that?

This is a susaphone.

A susaphone. Well, here goes. I will play it or bust  
it, boys.

(Music.)

Say, what do you call that?

That, sir, is a fiddle. But that's not the way to hold it.

How do you do it, then?

Under your chin.

Well, here goes for a little chin music.

(Music.)

Hey, one minute, director; my foot's asleep.

Well, I'll wake it up for you.

Much obliged. Say, I got something here that beats  
anything you fellers got in the whole derned band.

What's that?

This is a sweet potato whistle.

(Music.)

Hurrah, hurrah.

Say, do you call yourself a musician?

Why, I'm a doctor of music.

Doctor, eh; well, maybe you can fix this trombone of  
mine.

Well, what's the matter with it?

Well, I don't know exactly; just listen to it. Guess that  
will hold yer.

Victor Record 35153

**MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE****Mason**

My faith looks up to Thee,  
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
     Saviour Divine!  
 Now hear me while I pray,  
 Take all my guilt away,  
 Oh, let me from this day  
     Be wholly Thine!

May Thy rich grace impart  
 Strength to my fainting heart,  
     My zeal inspire.  
 As Thou hast died for me,  
 Oh, may my love for Thee  
 Pure, warm and changeless be,  
     A living fire!

When ends life's transient dream,  
 When death's cold, sullen stream  
     Shall o'er me roll,  
 Blest Saviour, then in love  
 Fear and distrust remove,  
 Oh, bear me safe above,  
     A ransomed soul!

Columbia Record 2095

**MY FATHER KNOWS**

I know my heavenly Father knows,  
 The storms that would my way oppose;  
 But he can drive the clouds away  
 And turn my darkness into day.

**Chorus:**

He knows, He knows  
 The storms my way oppose;  
 He knows, He knows,  
 And tempers ev'ry wind that blows.

In know my heav'nly Father knows  
 The hour my journey here will close;  
 And may that hour, O faithful Guide,  
 Find me safe sheltered by Thy side.  
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Columbia Record 1366

**MY TRUNDLE BED****Baker**

As I rummaged thro' the attic,  
 Listening to the falling rain,  
 As it pattered on the shingles  
 And against the window pane;  
 Peeping over chests and boxes,  
 Which with dust were thickly spread,  
 Saw I in the farthest corner  
 What was once my trundle bed.

So I drew it from the recess,  
 Where it had remained so long,  
 Hearing all the while the music  
 Of my mother's voice in song,  
 As she sang in sweeter accent  
 That old hymn I've often read:  
 "Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,  
 Holy angels guard thy bed."

Victor Record 16868

**MY WONDERFUL DREAM****Pounds**

There's a dream that I dream of my Saviour divine,  
 And I know that my dream will come true,  
 At the morn, in the night, comes the vision of light,  
 With a promise eternally new.

**Chorus:**

O this wonderful dream is a secret of grace,  
 And I would that this secret you knew;  
 For I dreamed that at last I shall look on His face,  
 And I know that my dream will come true.

There is sweet compensation for heartache and loss,  
 In the hope that is given to me.  
 I shall quickly forget how the road was beset,  
 When the King in His glory I see.

It will still be my stay when the fashions of earth,  
 In the mist are dissolving away;  
 For the passage of death will be only a breath,  
 But a breath, and my dream will be true.

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 Columbia Record 2284

## NANCY LEE

Of all the wives as e'er you know,  
 Yeo ho! Lads, ho! Yeo ho!  
 There's none like Nancy Lee I trow,  
 Yeo ho! Lads, ho! Yeo ho!  
 See, there she stands and waves her hands,  
 Upon the quay,  
 An' ev'ry day when I'm away,  
 She'll watch for me,  
 An' whisper low, when tempest blow,  
 For Jack at sea.

## Chorus:

Yeo ho! Yeo ho! Yeo ho!  
 The sailor's wife, the sailor's star shall be;  
 Yeo ho! We go across the sea.  
 The sailor's wife, the sailor's star shall be.

The harbors pass, the breezes blow,  
 Yeo ho! Lads ho! Yeo ho! Yeo ho!  
 'Tis long e'er we come back, I know,  
 Yeo ho! Yeo ho! Yeo ho!  
 But true and bright from morn till night  
 My home will be,  
 An' all so neat an' snug an' sweet  
 For Jack at sea.  
 An' Nancy's face to bless the place  
 An' welcome me.

The boa's'n pipes the watch below,  
 Yeo ho! Lads ho! Yeo ho! Yeo ho!  
 Then here's a health before we go,  
 Yeo ho! Yeo ho! Yeo ho!  
 A long, long life to my sweet wife  
 And mates at sea,  
 And keep our bones from Davy Jones  
 Where'er we be;  
 And may you meet a mate as sweet  
 As Nancy Lee.

Victor Record 64618

# **MY LOVE FOR YOU GROWS FONDER AS YOUR GOLDEN HAIR TURNS GRAY**

**Davenport**

In a quaint old-fashioned cottage,  
By the seashore, far away,  
Sat an aged gray-haired couple  
On their golden wedding day.  
Tenderly he drew her to him,  
As he kissed her furrowed brow,  
Saying, "You were never dearer,  
Sweetheart mine, than you are now."

**Chorus:**

For my love for you grows fonder  
As your golden hair turns gray,  
And I care to live no longer  
When from me you're called away.  
We have lived and loved together  
In both fair and stormy weather,  
And my love for you grows fonder  
As your golden hair turns gray.

"More than fifty years have pass'd, dear,"  
Lovingly then she replied,  
"Since you courted me in Junetime  
And asked me to be your bride,  
And tho' time has wrought its changes,  
Still our love remains the same,  
As it was long, long ago, dear,  
When I fondly took your name."

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Imperial Record 5157

## **NELLIE BLY**

**Foster**

Heigh Nellie! Ho Nellie!  
Listen lub to me,  
I'll sing for you, play for you  
A dulcet melody.  
Heigh Nellie! Ho Nellie!  
Listen lub to me,  
I'll sing for you, play for you  
A dulcet melody.

Victor Record 35568

**NELLY WAS A LADY**

Foster

Down on de Mississippi floatin',  
 Long time I trabble all de way,  
 All de night de cottonwood toting,  
 Sing for my true love all de day.

Chorus:

Nelly was a lady, last night she died,  
 Toll the bell for lovely Nell, my dark Virginia bride.

Down in de meadow 'mongst the clover,  
 Walk with my Nelly by my side;  
 Now all them happy days am over;  
 Farewell, my dark Virginia bride.

Columbia Record 885

**NOBODY**

Rogers

When life seems full of clouds and rain  
 And I am full of nothin' and pain,  
 Who soothes my bumping, thumping brain?  
 Nobody.

When winter comes with snow and sleet,  
 And me with hunger and cold feet,  
 Who says, "Here's twenty-five cents; go ahead  
 and get something to eat?"  
 Nobody.

Chorus:

I never done nothin' to nobody,  
 I never done nothin' to nobody, nohow,  
 Till I get somethin' from somebody, somehow,  
 I'll never do nothin' for nobody, no suh.

When summer comes, all cool and clear,  
 And my friends see me a-drawin' near,  
 Who says, "Come in and have some beer"?  
 Nobody.

When I was in that railroad wreck,  
 And thought I cashed in my last check,  
 Who took that engine off my neck?  
 Not a soul.

Words by Alex Rogers. Music by Bert Williams,  
 604 Gaiety Theater Building, New York

Columbia Record 1289

## NO NEWS: OR, WHAT KILLED THE DOG Wills

A wealthy man was ordered by his physician to go away to the mountains for a rest. He went home, told the members of his family what the doctor had said, and said: "While I am away I do not wish to be annoyed by letters or telegrams; in fact I do not want to receive any news of any kind." So he went away, was gone about six weeks, returned to the city very much improved in health and very anxious to hear some news from home. He got off at the depot, was met by his colored servant, and the following conversation ensued:

Well, Henry, how is everything at home. Is there any news?

No, suh; there ain't no news, suh. Everything is just about the same as when you all went away, suh.

Nothing happened?

No, suh; there ain't nothing happened.

Well, you know, I am just dying for some news from home, so you can tell me any little thing, no matter how trifling.

No, suh; there ain't nothing to tell you, suh, except just one little matter. Since you been away your dog died.

Oh, my dog, eh. Well, that was too bad. What killed the dog?

Well, suh, the dog eat some burned horse flesh; dat's what killed the dog.

Burnt horse flesh! Where did he get burnt horse flesh?

Well, suh, you know your barn burned down, and after the fire had cooled off, the dog eat some burnt horseflesh, and dat's what killed the dog.

Oh, my barn burned down, eh?

Oh, yes, suh, indeed the barn all burned down.

Well, how did the barn catch fire?

Well, suh, you see, the sparks from the house flew over, caught on the barn, burned up all the cows and horses, and after the fire had cooled off, the dog eat some of the burnt horseflesh, and that's what killed the dog.

Oh, my house burned down, too?

Oh, yes, suh; the house is completely destroyed.

Well, how did the house catch fire?

Well, suh, they had some candles in the house and one of the candles got on the curtain and the curtain got on the roof and the sparks from the roof got on the barn and burned up all the cows and horses and after the fire had



**NO NEWS: OR, WHAT KILLED THE DOG—Continued**

cooled off, the dog ate some of the burnt horse flesh, and that's what killed the dog.

They had candles in the house where I have gas and electricity? I never knew there was one in the house.

Oh, yes, suh; they had candles all around the coffin.

Coffin! Who's dead?

Oh, yes, suh; that's another little thing I forgot to tell you about. Your mother-in-law is dead.

My mother-in-law is dead?

Oh, yes, suh; she's dead alright. You needn't worry about that.

What killed my mother-in-law?

Well, suh, I don't know exactly, but around the neighborhood they say it was the shock of your wife running away with the chauffeur.

Victor Record 17222

**NOBODY LIKE JESUS****Mapes**

Sometimes secret sins creep into my heart,

Nobody sees them but Jesus.

But when I confess, He bids them depart.

Nobody cleanses like Jesus.

**Chorus:**

Nobody cleanses like Jesus,

Nobody cleanses like Jesus,

But when I confess, He bids them depart,

Nobody cleanses like Jesus.

Sometimes I am weak and wander astray,

Nobody strengthens like Jesus.

He patiently leads me back to the way,

Nobody pardons like Jesus.

**Chorus:**

Nobody pardons like Jesus,

Nobody pardons like Jesus,

He patiently leads me back to the way,

Nobody pardons like Jesus.

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Victor Record 17989

**MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME**

Foster

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,  
 'Tis summer, the darkies are gay,  
 The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,  
 While the birds make music all the day.

Chorus:

Weep no more my lady,  
 Oh, weep no more today.  
 We will sing one song for my old Kentucky home,  
 For my old Kentucky home, far away.

The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,  
 All merry, all happy and bright,  
 By'm by hard times comes a-knocking at the door,  
 Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,  
 On the meadow, the hill and the shore;  
 They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,  
 On the bench by the old cabin door.

The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,  
 With sorrow where all was delight,  
 The time has come when the darkies have to part,  
 Then my old Kentucky home, good night.  
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 St., New York City.

Columbia Record 371

**NOW THE DAY IS OVER**

Barnby

Now the day is over, night is drawing nigh,  
 Shadows of the evening steal across the sky.

Jesus give the weary, calm and sweet repose,  
 With Thy tend'rest blessing may our eyelids close.

Grant to little children visions bright of Thee,  
 Guard the sailors tossing o'er the deep blue sea.

Through the long night watches may Thine angels spread  
 Their white wings above me, watching 'round my bed.

When the morning wakens, then may I arise  
 Pure and fresh and sinless in Thy holy eyes.

Columbia Record 1961

### NAZARETH

Tho' poor be the chamber,  
Come here, come and adore,  
Lo, the Lord of Heaven  
Hath to mortals given  
Life evermore.  
Life evermore.

Kings from a far land,  
Draw near, and behold  
Him, lead by the beam  
Whose warning bade ye come.  
Your crowns cast down,  
With robe royal enfold Him,  
Your King descends to earth  
From brighter home.  
Tho' poor be the chamber,  
Come here, come and adore;  
Lo, the Lord of Heaven  
Hath to mortals given  
Life evermore.

Columbia Record 235

### MY LIFE, MY HEART, MY SOUL IS THINE

Thompson

A realm of love is my heart, dear,  
Builded for you alone;  
There you came to live and reign,  
A queen on her faithful throne;  
There live on, dear, and love me,  
Safe while storms 'round us roar,  
Mine shall be your shelt'ring arm,  
Today and forevermore.

My life, my heart, my soul, dear,  
I give them all to thee,  
While high above the star of love  
Burns bright for you and me.  
You're mine while mighty rivers  
Roll onward to the sea.  
My life, my heart, my soul is thine  
For all eternity.

**MY LIFE, MY HEART, MY SOUL—Continued**

My heart in gladness is singing  
 Songs of joy o'er and o'er;  
 Every hour is perfect, dear,  
 A treasure from Loveland's shore;  
 Stars may fall from the heavens,  
 Mountains burst into flame,  
 Flowers may die and worlds grow cold,  
 But my love will be the same.

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Imperial Record 5161

**NOW I'LL RAISE AN ARMY OF MY OWN**

Lewis

The war has started, yes, the war has started,  
 And I've just come from a battle,  
 But I heard no bullets rattle,  
 Still I had to fight, fight with all my might,  
 Keep my arms advancing, advancing, left and right.  
 The enemy was hid behind a fort of golden hair,  
 The war was started by her baby stare.

Chorus:

I've had a battle all of my own,  
 I had to battle for love and for home,  
 Now a treaty's signed,  
 It's a funny kind,  
 Terms of peace are love and kisses,  
 And a "miss" is now a "missus."  
 I laid a siege  
 Right to her heart,  
 But I could not win alone.  
 My allies were the candy shops,  
 My ammunition chocolate drops;  
 Now I'll raise an army of my own.

The war is over; yes, the war is over,  
 And a flag of truce is flying on our home;  
 There's no use denying Cupid lead each fray,  
 Helped me night and day.  
 Soon the girl surrendered and gave her heart away.  
 Our engagement was the kind of which the poets sing,  
 And now she's captive in a golden ring.  
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Victor Record 17659

**O GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST**

Watts

O God, our help in ages past,  
 Our hope for years to come.  
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
 And our eternal home!

Under the shadow of Thy throne  
 Thy saints have dwelt secure;  
 Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
 And our defense is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,  
 Or earth received her frame,  
 From everlasting Thou art God,  
 To endless years the same.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
 Bears all its sons away;  
 They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
 Dies at the opening day.

A thousand ages in Thy sight  
 Are like an evening gone,  
 Short as the watch that ends the night  
 Before the rising sun.

Pathe Record 30313

**OH, THAT WILL BE GLORY**

C. H. Gabriel

When all my labors and trials are o'er,  
 And I am safe on that beautiful shore,  
 Just to be near the dear Lord I adore,  
 Will thro' the ages be glory for me.

Chorus:

Oh, that will be glory for me,  
 Glory for me, glory for me,  
 When by His grace I shall look on His face,  
 That will be glory, be glory for me!

Friends will be there I have loved long ago,  
 Joy like a river around me will flow;  
 Yet just a smile from my Saviour, I know,  
 Will thro' the ages be glory for me.

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Columbia Record 5118

## OH, I'M NOT MYSELF AT ALL

## Lover

Oh, I'm not myself at all,  
 Molly dear, Molly dear,  
 I'm not myself at all.  
 Nothing caring, nothing knowing,  
 'Tis after you I'm going.  
 Faith, your shadow 'tis I'm growing,  
 Molly dear, Molly dear.  
 And I'm not myself at all.  
 The other day I went confessin',  
 And I asked the father's blessin',  
 But says I, "Don't give me one entirely,  
 For I fretted so last year,  
 But the half o' me is here,  
 So give the other half to Molly Brierly,  
 Oh! I'm not myself at all."

Oh, I'm not myself at all,  
 Molly dear, Molly dear.  
 My appetite's so small,  
 I once could pick a goose,  
 But my buttons is no use,  
 Faith! My tightest coat is loose,  
 Molly dear, Molly dear.  
 And I'm not myself at all.  
 If this it is I waste  
 You'd better, dear, make haste,  
 Before your lover's gone away entirely,  
 If you don't soon change your mind,  
 Not a bit o' me you'll find,  
 And what'ud you think o' that, Molly Brierly?  
 Oh! I'm not myself at all.

Oh! My shadow on the wall,  
 Molly dear, Molly dear,  
 Isn't like myself at all,  
 For I've got so very thin,  
 Myself says "Tisn't him,  
 But that purty girl so slim,  
 Molly dear, Molly dear,"  
 Oh! I'm not myself at all.

**OH, I'M NOT MYSELF AT ALL—Continued**

If thus I smaller grew,  
 All fretting, dear, for you,  
 'Tis you should make up the deficiency,  
 So just let Father Taaf  
 Make you my better half,  
 And you will not the worse for the addition be,  
 Oh! I'm not myself at all.

I'll be not myself at all,  
 Molly dear, Molly dear,  
 Till you my own I call;  
 Since a change o'er me there came,  
 Sure you might change your name,  
 And 'twould just come to the same,  
 Molly dear, Molly dear.  
 Oh, 'twould just come to the same,  
 For if you and I were one  
 All confusion would be gone,  
 And 'twould simplify the matter entirely,  
 And 'twould save us so much bother,  
 When we'd both be one another,  
 So listen now to rayson, Molly Brierly,  
 Oh! I'm not myself at all.

Columbia Record 5669

**NORAH, THE PRIDE OF KILDARE**

Burnham

As charming as Flora is beauteous young Norah,  
 The joy of me heart and the pride of Kildare;  
 I ne'er would deceive her, for sure it would grieve her  
 To know that I sighed for another less fair.

Chorus:

Her heart with truth teeming,  
 Her eyes with smiles beaming,  
 What mortal could injure a blossom so rare  
 As Norah, dear Norah, the pride of Kildare.

Where e'er I may be, love, I'll never forget thee, love,  
 Though beauties may smile and try to ensnare,  
 Yet, ah! will I never my heart from thine sever,  
 Dear Norah, sweet Norah, the pride of Kildare.  
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Victor Record 18154

**OH, ITALIA, ITALIA BELOVED**

Oh, Italia, Italia, beloved,  
 Land of beauty of sunlight and song!  
 Tho' afar from thy bright skies removed,  
 Still our fond hearts for thee ever long!  
 Sweet thy blue lakes, thy groves and thy fountains,  
 Oh, thou dear land that gave us our birth,  
 How we long for thy hills and thy mountains,  
 Far the dearest and fairest on earth!  
 Oh, sad fate to wander out in the wide world,  
 Far from home.

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Victor Record 35254

**OH, HUSH THEE, MY BABY**

Whittaker

Oh, hush thee, my baby, thy sire was a knight,  
 Thy mother a lady, thy mother a lady, both gentle and bright.  
 The woods and the glens from the towers which we see,  
 They are all belonging, dear baby, to thee,  
 They are all belonging, dear baby, to thee.

Chorus:

Oh, hush thee, my baby,  
 Oh, hush thee, my baby,  
 Oh, hush thee, my baby.

Oh, fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows;  
 It calls but the warders that guard thy repose, that guard  
 thy repose;  
 Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,  
 Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed,  
 Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.

Oh, hush thee, my baby; the time will soon come  
 When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum; by  
 trumpet and drum.  
 Then hush thee, my darling; take rest while you may,  
 For strife comes with manhood and waking with day,  
 For strife comes with manhood and waking with day.

Pathe Record 30318



**MY MOTHER'S PRAYER****Weeden**

I never can forget the day  
 I heard my mother kindly say,  
 "You're leaving now my tender care;  
 Remember, child, your mother's prayer."  
 I never can forget the voice  
 That always made my heart rejoice,  
 Though I have wandered, God knows where,  
 I still remember mother's prayer.  
 Whene'er I think of her, so dear,  
 I feel as if she still is here,  
 A voice comes floating on the air,  
 Reminding me of mother's prayer.

The years have gone, I can't forget,  
 Those words of love, I hear them yet,  
 I see her by the old armchair,  
 My mother dear, in humble prayer,  
 Whene'er I think of her so dear,  
 I feel as if she still is here,  
 A voice comes floating on the air,  
 Reminding me of mother's prayer.

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Victor Record 16538

**OH, LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM**

Oh, little town of Bethlehem,  
 How still we see thee lie,  
 Above thy deep and dreamless sleep  
 The silent stars go by.  
 Yet in thy dark streets shineth  
 The everlasting light,  
 The hopes and fears of all the years,  
 Are met in thee tonight.

For Christ is born of Mary,  
 And, gathered all above,  
 While mortals sleep the angels keep  
 Their watch of wondering love.  
 O morning stars, together,  
 Proclaim the holy birth!  
 And praises sing to God, the King,  
 And peace to men on earth.

**OH, LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM—Continued**

How silently, how silently  
 The wondrous gift is given!  
 So God imparts to human hearts  
 The blessings of His heaven.  
 No ear may hear His coming;  
 But in this world of sin,  
 Where meek souls will receive Him still,  
 The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem!  
 Descend to us, we pray;  
 Cast out our sin and enter in;  
 Be born in us today.  
 We hear the Christmas angels  
 The great glad tidings tell;  
 Oh, come to us, abide with us,  
 Our Lord, Emmanuel!

Victor Record 35594

**OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT****Moore**

Oft in the stilly night,  
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me;  
 Fond memory brings the light  
 Of other days around me.  
 The smiles, the tears, of boyhood's years,  
 The words of love then spoken,  
 The eyes that shone, now dimmed and gone,  
 The cheerful hearts now broken!

**Chorus:**

Thus in the stilly night,  
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
 Sad memory brings the light  
 Of other days around me.

When I remember all  
 The friends so linked together,  
 I've seen around me fall,  
 Like leaves in wintry weather,  
 I feel like one who treads alone  
 Some banquet hall deserted,  
 Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,  
 And all but he departed!

Columbia Record 5377

**OLD FASHIONED FAITH****McAulay**

I am somewhat old fashioned, I know,  
 When it comes to religion and God;  
 Many think I am painfully slow,  
 Since I walk where my fathers have trod.  
 I believe in repentance from sin,  
 And that Jesus within us must dwell;  
 I believe that if heaven we win,  
 We must flee from the terrors of hell.

**Chorus:**

I'm a little old-fashioned, I know,  
 But God's peace has a home in my soul,  
 And I'll praise Him wherever I go  
 For cleansing and making me whole.

I believe that the Bible is true,  
 Tho' the critics have torn it apart;  
 All its warnings and miracles, too,  
 I do wholly accept with my heart.  
 I am telling the people each day  
 That the sinner forever is lost  
 Who has failed to accept the true way,  
 Which was opened at infinite cost.

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 Victor Record 17455

**OLD TIME RELIGION**

It makes soul and body happy, and  
 It's good enough for me.  
 Makes me love everybody, and  
 It's good enough for me.  
 'Twas the faith of our mothers, and  
 It's good enough for me.  
 Helps me to be a true-yoke fellow, and  
 It's good enough for me.  
 Tells of blood to redeem me, and  
 It's good enough for me.  
 It will do when I'm dying, and  
 It's good enough for me.  
 'Tis the song we'll sing in glory, and  
 It's good enough for me.

Refrain, 'Tis the Old Time Religion  
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 Victor Record 18075

**OLD BLACK JOE**

Foster

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay,  
 Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away,  
 Gone from the earth to a better land, I know,  
 I hear their gentle voices calling "Old Black Joe."

Chorus:

I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low,  
 I hear those gentle voices calling "Old Black Joe."

Why do I weep, when my heart should feel no pain?  
 Why do I sigh that my friends come not again?  
 Grieving for forms now departed long ago,  
 I hear their gentle voices calling "Old Black Joe."

Columbia Record 5678

**NEVER MO'**

Williams-Rogers

Mister Edgar Allan Poe had a raven bird,  
 Just a plain ole crow.  
 He wuz a pet, an' use' to set  
 Above the do' of Mister Poe,  
 An' keep on quothin' "Never Mo."  
 Ob cose, dat wuz a long time ago.

'Cose I is not Mister Poe; I have no do'  
 An' I has no crow;  
 But heah is one thing I do know:  
 If dat ole crow, with his "Never Mo,"  
 Had been thru wut I has, I'm sho'  
 He'd quothed much mo' den "Never Mo;"  
 Yes, if crowie knowed some things I know,  
 Oh! Never mo, and den some mo'.

Mister Poe loved Leono',  
 But she done died, long time ago;  
 'Cose I don't know if Mister Poe  
 Knowed Leono' wuz dead fuh sho'.  
 If he did know an' still cried to go,  
 (Well) Of cose, I is not Mister Poe,  
 An' cryin' to git to Leono',  
 Wid her done dead long, long ago.

**NEVER MO'—Continued**

Now, my wife's name ain't Leono';  
 Her name is Flo',  
 Dat's all, plain Flo'. An' she ain't dead;  
 An' what is mo',  
 To where she lives is just a block or so!  
 But does yer heah me cryin'  
 For dat wife of mine?

Oh! Never mo', an' den some mo'.

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 Columbia Record 1853

**OH, COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL**

**Oakeley**

Oh, come, all ye faithful,  
 Joyful and triumphant,  
 Oh, come ye, oh, come ye to Bethlehem;  
 Come and behold Him, born the King of Angels,  
 Oh, come, let us adore Him,  
 Oh, come, let us adore Him,  
 Oh, come, let us adore Him,  
 Christ, the Lord.

God of God, Light of Light,  
 Lo! He abhors not the virgin's womb,  
 Very God, begotten, not created,  
 Oh, come, let us adore Him,  
 Oh, come, let us adore Him,  
 Oh, come, let us adore Him,  
 Christ, the Lord.

Sing choirs of angels, sing in exultation,  
 Sing all ye citizens of heaven above;  
 Glory to God in the highest,  
 Oh, come, let us adore Him,  
 Oh, come, let us adore Him,  
 Oh, come, let us adore Him,  
 Christ, the Lord.

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning,  
 Jesus, to Thee be glory given;  
 Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing,  
 Oh, come, let us adore Him,  
 Oh, come, let us adore Him,  
 Oh, come, let us adore Him,  
 Christ, the Lord.

Edison Diamond Disc Record 80183

### MY HONOLULU HULA GIRL

All the time in the tropical clime,  
 Where they dance the hula hula dance,  
 I fell in love with a chocolate dove,  
 While learning that funny, funny dance.  
 This poor little kid, why she never did  
 A bit of loving before;  
 So I made up my mind that I struck a find,  
 The only girl I'd dare adore.

#### Chorus:

I love a pretty little Honolulu hula girl;  
 She's the candy kid to wriggle, hula girl;  
 She will surely make you giggle, hula girl,  
 With her naughty little wiggle.  
 Some day I'm going to try  
 To make this hula, hula girlie mine,  
 This girlie mine, 'cause all the while  
 I'm dreaming of her, my Honolulu hula girl.

Out on the beach with you, dear little peach,  
 Where the waves are rolling in so high,  
 Holding her hands while you sit on the sands,  
 You promise you'll win her heart or die.  
 You start in to tease, you give her a squeeze,  
 Her heart is all in a whirl,  
 If you get in a pinch—go to, it's a cinch,  
 When spooning with a hula girl.

Victor Record 65344

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### OLD-DAN TUCKER

I went to town de other night,  
 I hear de noise and see de fight,  
 De watchman was runnin' 'round  
 Crying, "Old Dan Tucker's come to town."

#### Chorus:

Git out de way, ole Dan Tucker,  
 Git out de way, ole Dan Tucker,  
 Git out de way, ole Dan Tucker,  
 You're to late to come to supper.

**OLD DAN TUCKER—Continued**

Ole Dan, he went down to de mill  
 To git some meal to put in de swill,  
 De miller swore by de point ob his knife,  
 Dat he nebber seed such a man in his life. So

Ole Dan and I, we did fall out,  
 And what you tink it was about?  
 He tread on my corn an' I kick him on de shin;  
 Dat's de way dis row begin.

Ole Dan begun in early life  
 To play de banjo and de fife;  
 He play de niggers all to sleep,  
 And den into his bunk he creep.

And now Ole Dan is a gone sucker,  
 And nebber can go home to supper;  
 Ole Dan has had his last ride,  
 And de banjo's buried by his side.

Columbia Record 1999

**NEARER MY GOD TO THEE**

Adams

Nearer my God to Thee, nearer to Thee,  
 E'en tho' it be a cross that raiseth me,  
 Still all my song shall be, nearer my God to Thee,  
 Nearer my God to Thee, nearer to Thee.

Though like a wanderer, weary and lone;  
 Darkness comes over me, my rest a stone,  
 Yet in my dreams I'd be nearer my God to Thee,  
 Nearer my God to Thee, nearer to Thee.

There let my way appear, steps unto heaven,  
 All that Thou sendest me in mercy given;  
 Angels to beckon me nearer my God to Thee,  
 Nearer my God to Thee, nearer to Thee.

Then, with my waking thoughts bright with  
 Thy praise,  
 Out of my stony griefs altars I'll raise,  
 So by my woes to be nearer my God to Thee,  
 Nearer my God to Thee, nearer to Thee.

**NEARER MY GOD TO THEE—Continued**

Or if on joyful wing, cleaving the sky,  
 Sun, moon and stars forgot, upward I fly,  
 Still all my song shall be nearer my God to Thee,  
 Nearer my God to Thee, nearer to Thee.

Amen.

Columbia Record 250

**OH, DEM GOLDEN SLIPPERS**

J. A. Bland

Oh, my golden slippers am a laid away,  
 Kase I don't 'spect to wear 'em 'till my weddin' day,  
 An' my long tail'd coat dat I lov'd so well,  
 I will wear up in de chariot in de morn.  
 An' my long white robe dat I bo't las' June,  
 I'm gwine to 'git chang'd, kase it fits too soon,  
 An' de old gray hoss dat I used to drive,  
 I will hitch him to de chariot in de morn.

Chorus:

Oh, dem golden slippers; oh, dem golden slippers!  
 Golden slippers I'se gwine to wear bekase they look so  
 neat.  
 Oh, dem golden slippers; oh, dem golden slippers!  
 Golden slippers I'se gwine to wear to walk in de golden  
 street.

Oh, my ole banjo hangs on de wall,  
 Kase it ain't been tuned since 'way last fall,  
 But de darkies all say we will hab a good time  
 When we ride up in de chariot in de morn.  
 Dar's ole Brudder Ben and Sister Luce,  
 Dey will telegraph de news to Uncle Bacca Juice,  
 What a great camp-meetin' dere will be dat day,  
 When we ride up in de chariot in de morn.

So it's good bye chillen, I will have to go  
 Whar de rain don't fall or de wind don't blow,  
 An' yer ulster coat, why yer will not need,  
 When yer ride up in de chariot in de morn.  
 But yer golden slippers must be nice and clean,  
 An' yer age must be just sweet sixteen,  
 An' yer white kid gloves yer will have to wear,  
 When yer ride up in de chariot in de morn.

Columbia Record 2116



**MY JESUS, AS THOU WILT****Borthwick**

My Jesus, as Thou wilt,  
 O may Thy will be mine,  
 Into Thy hand of love  
 I would my all resign.  
 Through sorrow and through joy  
 Conduct me as Thine own,  
 And help me still to say  
 "My Lord, Thy will be done."

My Jesus, as Thou wilt,  
 Though seen through many a tear,  
 Let not my star of hope  
 Grow dim or disappear.  
 Since Thou on earth hast wept  
 And sorrowed oft alone,  
 If I must weep with Thee,  
 "My Lord, Thy will be done."

My Jesus, as Thou wilt,  
 All shall be well for me;  
 Each changing future scene  
 I gladly trust with Thee.  
 Straight to my home above  
 I travel calmly on  
 And sing, in life or death,  
 "My Lord, Thy will be done."

Victor Record 17940

**OLD FOLKS AT HOME****Foster**

'Way down upon the Swanee Ribber,  
 Far, far away;  
 Dere's wha ma heart is turning ebber;  
 Dere's whar de old folks stay;  
 All up and down de whole creation  
 Sadly I roam,  
 Still longing for de old plantation,  
 And for de old folks at home.

**Chorus:**

All de world am sad and dreary,  
 Ev'ry whar I roam;  
 Oh, darkies, how my heart grows weary,  
 Far from the old folks at home!

Columbia Record 835

## PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

Longfellow

Listen my children and you shall hear  
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere.  
On the eighteenth of April in seventy-five,  
Hardly a man is now alive  
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march  
By land or sea from the town to-night,  
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch  
Of the North Church tower as a signal light—  
One if by land, and two if by sea;  
And I on the opposite shore will be  
Ready to ride and spread the alarm  
Through every Middlesex village and farm  
For the country folk to be up and arm."

Then he said "Good night" and with muffled oar,  
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,  
Just as the moon rose over the bay,  
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay  
The Somerset, British man-of-war;  
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar  
Across the moon like a prison bar,  
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified  
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile his friend through alley and street,  
Wanders and watches with eager ears,  
Till in the silence around him he hears  
The muster of men at the barrack door,  
The sound of arms and the tramp of feet,  
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,  
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church  
By the wooden stairs with stealthy tread,  
To the belfry chamber overhead,

## PAUL REVERE'S RIDE—Continued

And startled the pigeons from their perch  
 On the sombre rafters that round him made  
 Masses and moving shapes of shade—  
 By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,  
 To the highest window in the wall,  
 Where he paused to listen and look down  
 A moment on the roofs of the town,  
 And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath in the churchyard lay the dead,  
 In their night encampment on the hill,  
 Wrapped in silence so deep and still,  
 That he could hear the sentinel's tread.  
 The watchful night wind, as it went  
 Creeping along from tent to tent,  
 And seeming to whisper "All is well!"  
 A moment only he feels the spell,  
 Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread  
 Of the lonely belfry and the dead;  
 For suddenly all his thoughts are bent  
 On a shadowy something far away,  
 Where the river widens to meet the bay—  
 A line of black that bends and floats  
 On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,  
 Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride,  
 On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.  
 Now he patted his horse's side,  
 Now he gazed at the landscape far and near,  
 Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,  
 And turned and tightened his saddle girth;  
 But mostly, he watched with eager search  
 The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,  
 As it rose above the graves on the hill,  
 Lonely and spectral, and sombre and still.  
 And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height  
 A glimmer and then a gleam of light!  
 He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,  
 But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight  
 A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,  
 A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,  
 And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark  
 Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet;

## PAUL REVERE'S RIDE—Continued

That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light  
The fate of a nation was riding that night;  
And the spark struck out by that steed in his flight  
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted its steep,  
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,  
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;  
And under the alders that skirt its edge,  
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,  
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock  
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town;  
He heard the crowing of the cock,  
And the barking of the farmer's dog,  
And felt the damp of the river fog,  
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock  
When he galloped into Lexington;  
He saw the gilded weathercock  
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,  
And the meetinghouse windows, blank and bare,  
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,  
As if they already stood aghast  
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock  
When he came to the bridge in Concord Town;  
He heard the bleating of the flock,  
And the twitter of birds among the trees,  
And felt the breath of the morning breeze  
Blowing over the meadows brown.  
And one was safe and asleep in his bed  
Who that day would be lying dead,  
Pierced by a British musket ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read  
How the British Regulars fired and fled—  
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,  
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,  
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,  
Then crossing the fields to emerge again  
Under the trees at the turn of the road,  
And only pausing to fire and load.

**PAUL REVERE'S RIDE—Continued**

So through the night rode Paul Revere,  
 And so through the night went his cry of alarm  
 To every Middlesex village and farm—  
 A cry of defiance and not of fear,  
 A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,  
 And a word that shall echo forevermore!  
 For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,  
 Through all our history to the last,  
 In the hour of darkness and peril and need,  
 The people will waken and listen to hear  
 The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed  
 And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

Victor Record 35555

**MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT**

Johnson

I've got the "weary blues" and I don't know what to do;  
 I'm so blue, it's all because I'm dead in love with you;  
 Sometimes I feel so lonesome for you night and day;  
 Sometimes I wonder if my love has gone astray;  
 Oh, baby mine, just write one loving line to me,  
 And say you're coming back with love and sympathy.

Chorus:

Morning, noon and night, I'm thinking 'bout you,  
 Morning, noon and night my heart grows sad,  
 All night long I'm dreaming 'bout you,  
 Come back, dear, and make me glad.  
 Morning, noon and night my thoughts keep turning,  
 Morning, noon and night I don't feel right,  
 My poor heart keeps on a yearning,  
 'Cause Ma wants her little loving Pa, morning, noon  
 and night.

I had a dream last night and I woke with a start,  
 For it seemed that I'd lost you and someone else had won  
 your heart,  
 Ofttimes my heart is sighing for you night and day,  
 Sometimes I'm crying for you in the same old way.  
 Oh, honey, you can make our little home so bright,  
 And be my own true love, yes, honey, morning, noon and  
 night.

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Pathe Record 35024

## PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE

Clifton

I've traveled about a bit in my time,  
And of troubles I've seen a few;  
But found it better in every clime  
To paddle my own canoe.  
My wants they are small—I care not at all  
If my debts are paid when due;  
I drive away strife in the ocean of life,  
While I paddle my own canoe.

Chorus:

Then love your neighbors as yourself  
As the world you go travelling thru;  
And never sit down with a tear or a frown,  
But paddle your own canoe.

Victor Record 35585

## OLD DOG TRAY

Foster

The morn of life is past  
And evening comes at last;  
It brings me a dream of a once happy day,  
Of merry forms I've seen  
Upon the village green,  
Sporting with my old dog Tray.

Chorus:

Old dog Tray's ever faithful,  
Grief cannot drive him away;  
He's gentle, he is kind;  
I'll never, never find  
A better friend than old dog Tray.

The forms I called my own  
Have vanished one by one;  
The loved ones, the dear ones have all passed away.  
Their happy smiles have flown,  
Their gentle voices gone,  
I've nothing left but old dog Tray.

When thoughts recall the past,  
His eyes on me are cast,  
I know he feels what my breaking heart would say,  
Although he cannot speak,  
I know I'll vainly seek  
A better friend than old dog Tray.

Victor Record 16686

## PARADISE BLUES

Hirsch

Down old Mobile way in a cabaret  
 There sits ragtime Lew.  
 He can show you how to blue on that piano,  
 Any night at all Miss Lucinda Hall drifts into the place,  
 With a smile tells him to blue on that piano,  
 Maybe she start to sigh, maybe she start to cry,  
 Pleadingly she'd say:

Chorus:

Oh, honey, don't play me no Op'ra, play me some blue melody,  
 I don't care nothin' 'bout Carmen when you play that har-  
 mony,  
 Oh, that's it, honey Babe,  
 Oh, won't you play that strain again,  
 Oh, pretty papa, oh, pretty papa, it sure to tantalize,  
 Lay right on those piano keys,  
 Feel that feelin' 'way down in my knees,  
 For when you play that blues, I'm right in Paradise.  
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Victor Record 18152

## OLD OAKEN BUCKET

Woodworth

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,  
 When fond recollection presents them to view;  
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild-wood,  
 And every loved spot which my infancy knew;  
 The wide-spreading stream and the mill that stood by it,  
 The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell,  
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
 The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it  
 As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips;  
 Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,  
 Tho' filled with the nectars that Jupiter sips;  
 And now, far removed from the loved habitation,  
 The tear of regret will intrusively swell,  
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
 The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.

Columbia Record 1820

## RAVEN

Edgar Allen Poe

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,

Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—  
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,

As of someone gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.  
"Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—

Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,  
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.

Eagerly I sought the morrow—vainly I had sought to borrow  
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore,

Nameless here forevermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain  
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;

So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,

"Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—

Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—  
This it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,  
"Sir," I said, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore,  
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,

And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,

That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door.

Darkness there and nothing more.



### RAVEN—Continued

Jeep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,  
 Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;  
 But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,  
 And the only word there spoken was the whispered word  
 "Lenore?"  
 This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word  
 "Lenore!"  
 Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,  
 Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.  
 "Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;  
 Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—  
 Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore;  
 'Tis the wind and nothing more.

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter  
 In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore;  
 Not the least obeisance made he, not a minute stopped or stayed he,  
 But with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—  
 Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door.  
 Perched and sat and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,  
 By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,  
 "Tho' thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure  
 no craven,  
 Ghastly, grim and ancient Raven, wandering from the  
 Nightly shore.  
 Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian  
 shore!"  
 Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so  
 plainly,  
 Tho' its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore:  
 For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being

## RAVEN—Continued

Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door,  
 Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,  
 With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only  
 That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did out-pour.  
 Nothing further then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered,  
 'Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before;  
 On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."  
 Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,  
 "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,  
 Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful disaster  
 Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore,  
 Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore  
 Of "Never, nevermore."

But the Raven, still beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,  
 Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door.  
 Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking  
 Fancy into fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore,  
 What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous  
 bird of yore  
 Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing  
 To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;  
 This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining  
 On the cushion'd velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,  
 But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp light gloating o'er  
 She shall press, ah, nevermore!

## RAVEN—Continued

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an  
unseen censor,  
Swung by seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted  
floor.

"Wretch!" I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels  
he hath sent thee

Respite, respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Le-  
nore.

Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost  
Lenore,

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name  
Lenore,

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet," said I, "thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or  
devil!

Whether Tempter sent—or whether tempest tossed thee  
here ashore,

Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted,  
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore,

Is there—is there balm in Gilead? Tell me—tell me, I  
implore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet," said I, "thing of evil! Prophet still if bird or  
devil!

By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both  
adore,

Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Arden,  
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name

Lenore,

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name  
Lenore."

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked,  
upstarting.

"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonic  
shore.

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath  
spoken,

Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my  
door!

Take thy beak from out my heart and take thy form from  
off my door!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

# **RAVEN—Continued**

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,  
 On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door,  
 And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dream-  
 ing,  
 And the lamp light o'er him streaming throws his shadow  
 on the floor,  
 And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the  
 floor  
 Shall be lifted nevermore!

Victor Record 35316

# **OH, THOSE BLUES**

Murphy

You can talk about the tunes you meet down at the  
 Cabaret, cabaret, cabaret,  
 But there's just one kind of music sweet and it has  
 Come to stay, come to stay, come to stay;  
 At a swell cafe last night,  
 Where the music sure was right,  
 There I heard a tune that stole my heart away,  
 (Made me gay, oh, so gay, right away.)

Chorus:

Oh! those blues. (Can't you hear 'em, honey.)  
 Oh! those blues. (Won my heart and money.)  
 Play them, sway them, tho' they may be crazy as the deuce  
 (What's the use, what's the use, what's the use.)  
 Lazy blues (sound so melancholy);  
 Crazy blues (bound to make you jolly);  
 Sneaky, freaky, listen to the music of the blues,  
 (What's the use, what's the use, what's the use.)

When you're feeling blue and want a tune to fill you  
 Full of joy, full of joy, full of joy,  
 Tell you what to do and pretty soon you'll holler  
 "At-a-boy, At-a-boy, At-a-boy."

Take a good old tune of blues  
 And get on your dancing shoes,  
 If that tune don't set you right (there's  
 No excuse, no excuse, no excuse).

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Pathe Record 10073

**OH, WHISTLE AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD****Burns**

Oh, whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,  
 Oh, whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,  
 Tho' father and mither and a' should gae mad,  
 Oh, whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent when ye come to court me,  
 And come na unless the back-yett be a jee;  
 Syne up the back style, and let naeboddy see,  
 And come as ye were na coming to me.  
 Oh, whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,  
 Oh, whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,  
 Tho' father and mither and a' should gae mad,  
 Thy Jeany will venture wi' ye, my lad.

At kirk or at market when e'er ye meet me,  
 Gang by me as tho' ye car'd nae a flee,  
 But steel me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,  
 Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.  
 Oh, whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,  
 Oh, whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,  
 Tho' father and mither and a' should gae mad,  
 Thy Jeany will venture wi' ye, my lad.

Ay, vow and pratest that ye care no for me,  
 And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a wee,  
 But court nae anither, tho' jokin' ye be,  
 For fear she wyle your fancy frae me.  
 Oh, whistle, etc.

Columbia Record 1929

**UNFOLD YE PORTALS****"Redemption"**

Unfold, ye portals everlasting, with welcome to receive  
 Him ascending on high. Behold the King of Glory! He  
 mounts up through the sky. Back to the heavenly mansions  
 hastening. Unfold, for lo, the King comes nigh!

Columbia Record 5712

## PLAIN OLD KITCHEN CHAP

## Day

Mother's furnished up the parlor—got a full new haircloth set,

And there ain't a neater parlor in the county now, I'll bet. .  
 She has been a-hoardin' pennies for a mighty tedious time;  
 She has had the chicken money and she's saved it, every dime,  
 And she's put it out in pictures and in easy chairs and rugs—  
 Got the neighbors all a-sniffin' 'cause we're puttin' on such lugs.

Got up curtains round the winders whiter'n snow and all of lace;

Fixed that parlor till, by gracious, I should never know the place.

And she says as soon's it's settled, she shall give a yaller tea,  
 And invite the whole caboodle of the neighbors in to see.

Can't own up that I approve it; seems too much like fubb and fuss

To a man who's lived as I have—jest a blamed old kitchen cuss.

'Course we've had a front room always; tidy place enough, I guess;

Couldn't tell, I never set there, never opened it unless  
 Parson called or sometimes mother give a party or a bee,  
 When the women come and quilted and the men dropped round  
 to tea.

Now we're goin' to use it common; Mother says it's time to start

If we're any better'n heathen, so's to sweeten life with art.  
 Says I've grubbed too long with plain things, haven't lifted  
 up me soul;

Says I've denned there in the kitchen like a woodchuck in his hole.

It's along with other notions Mother's gettin' from the club;  
 But I've got no growl a-comin'—Mother ain't let up on grub!  
 Still I'm wishin' she would let me have my smoke and take  
 my nap

In the corner 'side the woodbox: I'm a plain old kitchen chap.

I have done my stunt at farmin', folks will tell you I'm no shirk;

There's the callous on them fingers that's the badge of honest work.

And them hours in the corner when I've stumbled home to rest,

# PLAIN OLD KITCHEN CHAP—Continued

Have been earnt by honest labor and they've been my very best.

Land! If I could have a palace, wouldn't ask no better nook Than this corner in the kitchen with my pipe and some good book.

I'm a sort of dull old codger, clear behind the times I s'pose; Stay at home and mind my bus'ness, wear some pretty rusty clothes;

'Druther sit out here'n the kitchen, have for forty years or more,

Till the heel of that old rocker's gouged a holler in the floor. Set my boots behind the cook stove, dry my old blue woolen socks,

Git my knife and plug tobacker from that dented old tin box, Set and smoke and look at Mother clearing up the things from tea:—

Rather tame for city fellers, but that's fun enough for me.

I am proud of Mother's parlor, but I'm feared the thing has put

Curi's notions in her noodle for she says I'm under foot.

Thinks we oughter light the parlor, get a crowd and entertain,

But I ain't no city loafer—I'm a farmer down in Maine.

'Course I can't hurt Mother's feelin's—wouldn't do it for a mint—

Yet that parlor business sticks me, and I guess I'll have to hint

That I ain't no entertainer, and I'll leave that job to son;

I'll set out here in the kitchen while the folks are havin' fun,

And if marm comes out to git me, I will pull her on my lap,

And she'll know—and she'll forgive me, for I'm jest a kitchen chap.

Victor Record 18099

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## HOW MANY HIRED SERVANTS

### "Prodigal Son"

How many hired servants of my father have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger.

I will arise and go to my father and will say unto him: "Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. Make me as one of thy hired servants."

Victor Record 74127

# OLD SEXTON

Russell

Nigh to a grave that was newly made  
 Leaned a sexton old on his earth-worn spade,  
 His work was done, and he paused to wait  
 The funeral train thru the open gate.  
 A relic of bygone days was he,  
 And his locks were white as the foamy sea,  
 And these words came from his lips so thin,  
 "I gather them in, I gather them in."

"I gather them in, and their final rest,  
 Is here, down here in the earth's dark breast!"  
 And the sexton ceased—for the funeral train  
 Wound mutely o'er that solemn plain.  
 And I said to my heart—when time is told,  
 A mightier voice than that sexton's old  
 Will sound o'er the last trump's dreadful din—  
 "I gather them in, I gather them in!"

Victor Record 18025

# BRIDGE

Longfellow

I stood on the bridge at midnight,  
 As the clocks were striking the hour;  
 And the moon rose o'er the city.  
 Behind the dark church tower.

How often, oh, how often,  
 In the days that had gone by,  
 I had stood on that bridge at midnight,  
 And gazed on that wave and sky.

How often, oh, how often,  
 I had wished that that ebbing tide  
 Would bear me away on its bosom,  
 O'er the ocean wild and wide.

Yet, whenever I cross the river,  
 On its bridge with wooden piers,  
 Like the odor of brine from the ocean,  
 Comes the thought of other years.

And forever and forever,  
 As long as the river flows,  
 As long as the heart has passions,  
 As long as life has woes  
 The moon and its broken reflection,  
 And its shadow shall appear,  
 As the symbol of love in heaven,  
 And its wavering image here.

Columbia Record 1751



## ROSE-MARIE

Over the hills and far away,  
 In a village by the sea,  
 A small sweet rose of a maiden dwells,  
 Who is dear, so dear to me.  
 With loving lips and true gray eyes,  
 I call her my Rose-Marie.

Over the hills and far away,  
 Fly, bonny-bird, fly to the sea,  
 Blow soft and kind, O western wind,  
 Speak to my love, my love of me.  
 O western wind, O happy bird,  
 Speak, speak to my love of me,  
 Over the hills and far away,  
 Fly, bonny-bird, to Rose-Marie.

Over the hills and far away,  
 To the village by the sea,  
 I come to bring my bride from the west,  
 To bring home my sweet to me.  
 O leave thy home beside the foam,  
 Come, come, sweet love to me,  
 Over the hills and far away,  
 Come to me, come, my Rose-Marie.

Victor Record 64533

## ROSE OF TRALEE

Glover

The pale moon was rising above the green mountain,  
 The sun was declining beneath the blue sea,  
 When I strayed with my love to the pure crystal fountain,  
 That stands in the beautiful Vale of Tralee.

Chorus:

She was lovely and fair as the rose of the summer,  
 Yet 'twas not her beauty alone that won me,  
 Oh, no; 'twas the truth in her eyes ever dawning,  
 That made me love Mary, the Rose of Tralee.

The cool shades of evening their mantle were spreading,  
 And Mary, all smiling, was list'ning to me;  
 The moon thru the valley her pale rays was shedding,  
 When I won the heart of the Rose of Tralee.

Columbia Record 1409

## PSALM OF LIFE

Longfellow

Tell me not in mournful numbers,  
 Life is but an empty dream!  
 And the soul is dead that slumbers,  
 And things are not what they seem.  
 Life is real! Life is earnest!  
 And the grave is not its goal;  
 Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
 Was not spoken of the soul.  
 Not enjoyment and not sorrow  
 Is our destined end or way;  
 But to act, that each to-morrow  
 Finds us farther than to-day.  
 Art is long and Time is fleeting,  
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
 Still, like muffled drums are beating  
 Funeral marches to the grave.  
 In the world's broad field of battle,  
 In the bivouac of Life,  
 Be not like dumb driven cattle!  
 Be a hero in the strife!  
 Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!  
 Let the dead Past bury its dead!  
 Act—act in the living Present,  
 Heart within and God o'erhead!  
 Lives of great men all remind us  
 We can make our lives sublime,  
 And, departing, leave behind us  
 Footprints in the sands of time:  
 Footprints that perhaps another,  
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
 Seeing, shall take heart again.  
 Let us then be up and doing,  
 With a heart for any fate,  
 Still achieving, still pursuing,  
 Learn to labor and to wait.

Victor Record 18161

## PURPOSTUS

Williams-King

Has you ever met de lady or de interlexical man  
 Dat talks 'bout raisin' chillun on some new outlandish plan?  
 Dey tells you all your chile should have,  
 An' all yo' chile should leave alone,  
 But dese shile wise folks, we notice, mos'ly has no chillun  
 uv dare own.

**PURPOSTUS—Continued**

An' mind you, de folks dey's talkin' to right den,  
 Has 'cumerlated chillun all de way from two to ten—  
 Ain't it absurd? Why, it's putty nigh purpostus!  
 Dere's lots of folks in dis fair lan' says things is "on de  
 hogs"—

Says war is whut we needs or else we's goin' to de dogs.

'Cose as fuh me, I wants no war,

'Tain't zackly 'cause I is skared—But,

I'se ver' much like mah country is,

Mos'ly—somewhut—kinder, unprepared.

An' mind you, dey all kin shout, but believe me, mate,

'Tain't a bit a use in fishin', 'thout you got the proper kind a  
 bait.

Safety first!

It are absurd! It are well-nigh purpostus!

Columbia Record 1858

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 Bldg., New York City.

**SAIL ON**

Upon a wide and stormy sea  
 Thou'rt sailing to eternity,  
 And thy great Admiral orders thee,  
 "Sail on, sail on, sail on."

**Chorus:**

Sail on, sail on,  
 The storms will soon be past,  
 The darkness will not always last!  
 Sail on, sail on!  
 God lives and He commands,  
 Sail on, sail on!

Do snarling waves that craft assail?  
 Art pow'rless, drifting with the gale?  
 Take heart, God's word shall never fail,  
 Sail on, sail on, sail on.

Victor Record 18322

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## PINEVILLE SCHOOL BOARD

Gentlemen, as the school board of Pineville, we've met here to discuss this petition that was presented a couple of weeks ago asking that we throw out the Latin and spend our time learnin' our boys how to grow corn and the gals to cook. Is the investigatin' committee ready to report?

I was appointed to investigate the Latin class so I went over to the school yesterday and took a seat alongside the school marm and jotted down a few points. I will see if I can read what I writ. I should say there was probably about a dozen in the class. John Sullivan's boy got up—a big strappin' feller 'bout sixteen years old, and he recited something like this. Now let me get my glasses on. There. Hold on, I guess I got it upside down. There, that goes better. Well, he begun: "I'm a bo, I'm a ba, I'm a bat, I'm a bimus, I'm a batis, I'm a bamp." Every boy in that class got up and said he was them same things: a bo, a ba, a bat, a bimus, a batis, a bamp. Whatever they be. That's all they said they were to-day. Then some of the girls got up and recited in concert. Kick . . . no, hold on, that's an "h" instead of a "k." Hic, hike, hawk, hugger, hugger, hugger. It all sounds like a mess of nonsense to me, but the last three words may have sort of significance, but they may not mean what they say they do, 'cause this is Latin you understand. I asked my boy Zeak what 'twas all about and he said that it was a piece of poetry they had to-day. Wal, mebbe it 'twas, but I wouldn't put too much dependence on that, gentlemen, because my boy would do anything under the sun if he thought he could play a good joke on his dad. Well, I pass in the report as I took it down.

Gentlemen, you hear the report of the investigating committee. Any more remarks? Squire Huxley, you're a lawyer, and you ought to know all about Latin. Suppose you get up and give us your ideas on the subject.

Ah, gentlemen, it has been some years since I have perused a Latin text book and my knowledge is more of a general than a particular nature. However, maybe the boy is right. There were a great many of the Latin poets. I used to be familiar with some of them. There was John Bunion and Plato. I would not be too sure. I would like to ask the board one question. How many of us here know the meaning of that familiar Latin saying, "E Pluribus Unum"? Not one. Gentlemen, that celebrated quotation was spoken by George Washington at the Battle of Gettysburg if I remember rightly and it means, "Give me liberty or give me death."

### PINEVILLE SCHOOL BOARD—Continued

I am in favor of retaining Latin that our young people may know these things.

Any more remarks? Well, if you want to know what I think about it, what under the sun is the use of our youngsters a-spending their time learning a language that has been dead for a thousand years and ought to be buried? It looks to me like a mess of confounded nonsense from the beginning to the end. When I went to school there was three divisions in grammar and that was enough for me. Any more remarks? Anybody got a motion to make? Motion made by the undertaker that we bury Latin. Any second to it? All in favor make it manifest by saying aye. Contrary no. That's over and I'm glad of it. Now let's go home.

Victor Record 35601

### SALLY IN OUR ALLEY

Carey

Of all the girls that are so smart,  
There's none like pretty Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley;  
There's no lady in the land  
That's half so sweet as Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And lives in our alley.

Of all the days within the week  
I dearly love but one day,  
And that's the day that comes betwixt  
The Saturday and Monday;  
For then I'm dressed all in my best  
To walk abroad with Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And lives in our alley.

My master, and the neighbors all  
Make game of me and Sally;  
And but for her I'd rather be  
A slave and row a galley.  
But when my seven long years are out,  
Oh, then I'll marry Sally,  
And then how happy we'll live,  
But not in our alley.

Victor Record 64501

## SAIL ON SILVERY MOON

## Downs

June night sweethearts in a birch canoe,  
 Floating on a rippling stream in Dixie;  
 Moonlight hiding as they bill and coo,  
 Till the maiden softly whispers "Nixie,  
 Can't you see that Mr. Moon Man's peeping  
 From behind that fleecy cloud he's sneaking."  
 They stop making love, then look above,  
 And sing this serenade:

## Chorus:

Sail on, silvery moon, sail on,  
 Away up in the sky, (Oh, moon man,)   
 Drift on, silvery moon, drift on,  
 And don't you ask me why.  
 Go hide, silvery moon, go hide,  
 Because we want to spoon;  
 We love your beams of silvery light,  
 But please go 'way and hide tonight,  
 Oh, sail on, sail on, sail on, silvery moon.

June winds gently stir the balmy air,  
 All through the trees the silvery stars all glisten  
 Moon shines down upon the loving pair,  
 'Till the maiden softly murmurs, "Listen,  
 Mr. Moon, pretend that you've not seen us,  
 Sail away, and go make love to Venus,  
 Can't you see that two is company?  
 Moon man, hear our plea."

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 Music Company, Chicago, Ill.  
 Edison Blue Amberol Record 1827

## RULE BRITANNIA

## Arne

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,  
 Arose from out the azure main,  
 This was the charter of the land,  
 And guardian angels sang this strain,

## Chorus:

Rule, Britannia! Britannia rule the waves!  
 Britons never will be slaves.

**RULE BRITANNIA—Continued**

The nations not so blest as thou  
 Must in their turn to tyrants fall,  
 While thou shalt flourish, glorious, great and free,  
 The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke,  
 As the loud blast that tears the skies  
 Comes but to root thy native oak.

Thee, haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;  
 All their attempts to bend thee down  
 Will but arouse thy generous flame  
 To work their woe, and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural reign,  
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine,  
 All thine shall be the subject main,  
 And every shore it circles thine.

The muses still with freedom found  
 Shall to thy coasts repair,  
 Blest Isle: with matchless beauty crowned,  
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.

Victor Record 16184

**RESCUE THE PERISHING**

Gates

Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,  
 Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;  
 Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen,  
 Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.

Chorus

Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,  
 Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.  
 Tho' they are slighting Him, still He is waiting,  
 Waiting the penitent child to receive.  
 Plead with them earnestly, plead with them gently,  
 He will forgive if they only believe.

Rescue the perishing, duty demands it;  
 Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide.  
 Back to the narrow way patiently win them,  
 Tell the poor wand'rer a Saviour has died.

Columbia Record 840

## QUEEN OF SHEBA "LEND ME YOUR AID"

Lend me your aid, oh, race divine,  
 Fathers of old to whom I've prayed;  
 Spirits of pow'r, be your help mine,  
 Lend me your aid, Fathers of old  
 To whom I've prayed, oh, lend your aid!  
 Oh, grant that my wild dream be not vain,  
 That future time shall owe to me  
 A work their bards will sing in their strain,  
 Tho' Chaos still an iron seal!

From the caldron the molten wave  
 Soon will flow into its mold of sand,  
 And ye, O sons of Tubal Cain,  
 Fire, oh, fire my soul and guide my hand!  
 Lend me your aid, oh, race divine,  
 Fathers of old to whom I've prayed;  
 Spirits of pow'r, be your help mine,  
 Lend me your aid!

Victor Record 64096

## QUEEN OF THE EARTH

Jaxone

An angel in all but name is she,  
 O'er earth her vigil keeping,  
 Whose wings are spreading o'er each cradle bed,  
 Where the hopes of earth be sleeping;  
 The Heroes that vanquish amid the strife,  
 And write their names on the scroll of Life,  
 Have fought for the fadeless laurels of fame,  
 To lay their crowns on her sacred name.  
 Wide as the world is her kingdom of power,  
 Love is her sceptre, her crown and her dower.  
 In ev'ry heart she has fashion'd her throne,  
 As queen of the earth she reigneth alone.  
 An angel in all but power is she,  
 'Mid scenes of shade and sorrow!  
 She weaves through each night a ladder of light  
 That leads to a bright to-morrow.  
 She launches each life on the sea of time,  
 And guides each helm to the far-off clime;  
 Her pinions of love are spread in each sail,  
 'Til she casts the anchor within the vail.

Edison Blue Amberol Record 23127



### RADIANT MORN

The radiant morn hath passed away,  
 And spent too soon her golden store;  
 The shadows of departing day  
 Creep on once more.  
 Our life is but a fading dawn,  
 Its glorious noon, its noon, how quickly passed?  
 Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone,  
 Safe home at last.  
 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,  
 And evening shadows never fall;  
 Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light,  
 Are Lord of all.

Victor Record 35014

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### QUEEN OF MY HEART

I stand at your threshold sighing,  
 As the cruel hours roll by,  
 And time is slowly dying  
 That once too quickly did fly.  
 Your beauty round my being  
 Has cast a subtle spell,  
 And alas, there is no fleeing  
 From the charms that you wield so well.

#### Chorus

For my heart is wildly beating,  
 As it never beat before.  
 One word! One whispered greeting,  
 In mercy I implore.  
 For from daylight a hint we might borrow  
 And prudence might come with the light.  
 Then why should we wait till to-morrow?  
 You are queen of my heart to-night.  
 From daylight a hint we might borrow,  
 And prudence might come with the light.  
 Then why should we wait till to-morrow?  
 You are queen of my heart to-night.

Victor Record 16289

**SAMMIE BOY****Gay**

Sammie, you're a soldier brave and steady,  
 And ready to go.  
 Sammie, I'm happy 'cause you love me,  
 You love me, I know.  
 When you're over there, doesn't matter where,  
 You will know I really care.

**Chorus:**

Sammie boy, Sammie boy,  
 My heart is breaking, it's aching so,  
 Sammie boy, Sammie boy,  
 But duty calls and you must go.  
 Without you I'll be so lonely  
 And the world will lose all of its joy.  
 Every day I will pray  
 That you'll come back, my Sammie boy.

Sammie, don't forget that there is someone,  
 That someone is true.  
 Sammie, don't forget that she'll be lonesome,  
 So lonesome for you.  
 In the ember's glow, when the fires are low,  
 You will dream of me, I know.

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Emerson Record 7290

**SANCTUS****"Messe Solenelle"****Gounod**

Holy, holy, holy,  
 Lord God Holy,  
 Holy Lord God of Hosts,  
 Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory!  
 Glory and power be Thine forever.  
 Holy!

**Amen.**

Victor Record 35110

**SEEING NELLY HOME**

In the sky the bright stars glittered,  
 On the banks the pale moon shone,  
 And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party  
 I was seeing Nelly home.

Chorus:

I was seeing Nelly home,  
 I was seeing Nelly home,  
 It was from Aunt Dinah's quilting party  
 I was seeing Nelly home.

On my arm a soft hand rested,  
 Rested light as ocean foam,  
 And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party  
 I was seeing Nelly home.

On my lips a whisper trembled,  
 Until it dared to come,  
 And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party  
 I was seeing Nelly home.

On my life new hopes were dawning  
 And those hopes have lived and grown,  
 And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party  
 I was seeing Nelly home.

Columbia Record 921

**WHERE'ER YOU WALK**

"Semele"—Handel

Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,  
 Trees where you sit shall crowd into shade,  
 Where even you tread the blushing flow'rs shall rise,  
 And all things flourish, where'er you turn your eyes.

Edison Diamond Disc Record 80316

**OH, SLEEP, WHY DOST THOU LEAVE ME?**

Semele

Oh, sleep, why dost thou leave me?  
 Why thy visionary joys remove?  
 Oh, sleep, again deceive me,  
 To my arms restore my wand'ring love!

Victor Record 74423

**PUSSY CAT RAG****Daly—Allen**

I've got an old maid sister,  
She's crazy over cats;  
She wears her hair just pasted down  
'Cause she's afraid of rats.  
She's got the neighbors talking,  
And they don't think she's right,  
For you can hear her calling cats  
At any time of night.

**Chorus**

Kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty,  
Kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty,  
Kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty,  
Kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty,  
Here puss, here puss,  
Just a little bit, that's enough of it,  
Kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty,  
Kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty,  
Meow, meow, that's the Pussy Cat rag.

Right underneath my window,  
At twelve o'clock at night,  
They either serenade the moon  
Or else they start a fight.  
Out comes my old maid sister  
And calls each one by name.  
Some day she'll lose her pussy cats  
If she keeps up that game.

Columbia Record 1457

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**SEA SONG****Sailing**

Sailing, sailing, over the bounding main,  
For many a stormy wind shall blow  
Ere Jack comes home again.

# PRETTY GIRL MILKING HER COW

Johnson

'Twas on a bright morning in summer,  
 That I first heard his voice spakin' low;  
 "Who's that purty girl milkin' her cow?"  
 Och, many times often ye met me,  
 And told me that I should be  
 Your darling Acushla, Allanna,  
 Mavourneen, asuilish Machree.  
 I have not the manners or graces  
 Of the girls in the world where ye move;  
 I have not their beautiful faces,  
 But, oh! I've a heart that can love.  
 If it plase ye I'll dress me in satin,  
 And jewels I'll put on my brow;  
 But, och, don't be afther forgettin'  
 Your purty girl milkin' her cow.

Edison Diamond Disc Record 3131

# PALMS

Faure

O'er all the way, green palms and blossoms gay,  
 Are strewn this day in festal preparation;  
 Where Jesus comes to wipe our tears away,  
 E'en now the throng to welcome Him prepare.  
 Join all and sing His name declare,  
 Let every voice resound with acclamation,  
 Hosanna, praised be the Lord,  
 Bless Him who cometh to bring us salvation.

Sing and rejoice, O, blest Jerusalem,  
 Of all thy sons sing the emancipation,  
 Through boundless love, the Christ of Bethlehem,  
 Brings faith and hope to thee forevermore.  
 Join all and sing, His name declare.  
 Let every voice resound with acclamation,  
 Hosanna, praised be the Lord,  
 Bless Him who cometh to bring us salvation.

Columbia Record 5161

## OTHELLO'S APOLOGY

"Othello"

Shakespeare

Most potent, grave and reverend signors,  
 My very noble and approved good masters,  
 That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter  
 It is most true; truly I have married her;  
 The very head and front of my offending,  
 Hath this extent, no more.  
 Rude am I in my speech,  
 And little blest with the soft phrase of peace;  
 For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,  
 'Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd  
 Their dearest action in the tented field;  
 And little of this great world can I speak, more that pertains  
     to feats of broil or battle.  
 And therefore, little shall I grace my cause  
 In speaking for myself.  
 Yet, by your gracious patience, I will a round unvarnish'd  
     tale deliver,  
 Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,  
 What conjuration, and what mighty magic—  
 For such proceeding I am charg'd withal—  
 I won his daughter.  
 Her father lov'd me, oft invited me,  
 Still question'd me the story of my life,  
 From year to year—the battles, sieges, fortunes,  
 That I have passed I ran through even from my boyish days.  
 To the very moment that he bade me tell it.  
 Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,  
 Of moving accidents by flood and field,  
 Of hairbreadth 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach,  
 Of being taken by the insolent foe  
 And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence  
 And portance in my travel's history;  
 Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle  
 Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch heaven,  
 It was my hint to speak—such was the process;  
 And of the Cannibals that each other eat,  
 And Anthropophagi, and men whose heads

# OTHELLO'S APOLOGY—Continued

Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear,  
 Would Desdemona seriously incline;  
 But still the house affairs would draw her thence;  
 Which ever as she could with haste despatch,  
 She's come again, and with greedy ear  
 Devour up my discourse: which I observing  
 Took once a pliant hour and found good means  
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart.  
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,  
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,  
 But not intently, I did consent.  
 And often did beguile her of her tears,  
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke  
 That my youth suffer'd.  
 My story being done  
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:  
 She swore in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange,  
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful,  
 She wished she had not heard it, yet she wish'd  
 That heaven had made her such a man;  
 She thank'd me  
 And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her  
 I should but teach him how to tell my story  
 And that would woo her.  
 Upon this hint I spake,  
 She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,  
 And I lov'd her that she did pity them.  
 This only is the witchcraft I have us'd,  
 Here comes the lady: let her witness it.

Columbia Record 5822

# TELL ME WHERE IS FANCY BRED

"Merchant of Venice"—Shakespeare  
 Tell me where is Fancy bred,  
 In the heart or in the head?  
 How begot, how nourished?  
 Reply, reply!

It is engendered in the eye,  
 By gazing fed, and fancy dies  
 In the cradle where it lies.

Victor Record 55060

## RISING OF '76

Read

Out of the North the wild news came,  
Far flashing on its wings of flame,  
Swift as the boreal light that flies  
At midnight through the startled skies.

And there was tumult in the air,  
The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,  
And through the wide land everywhere  
The answering tread of hurrying feet.  
While the first oath of Freedom's gun  
Came on the blast from Lexington;  
And Concord, roused, no longer tame,  
Forgot her old baptismal name,  
Made bare her patriot arm of power,  
And swelled the discord of the hour.  
The pastor came; his snowy locks  
Hallowed his brow of thought and care,  
And calmly as shepherds lead their flocks,  
He led into the house of prayer.

The pastor rose: the prayer was strong;  
The psalm was warrior David's song;  
The text, a few short words of might—  
"The Lord of Hosts shall arm the right";  
He spoke of wrongs too long endured,  
Or sacred rights to be secured;  
Then from his patriot tongue of flame  
The startling words of Freedom came.  
The stirring sentences he spake  
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,  
And rising on his theme's broad wing,  
And grasping in his nervous hand  
The imaginary battle brand,  
In face of death he dared to fling  
Defiance to a tyrant king.  
Ever as he spoke his frame, renewed,  
In eloquence of attitude,  
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher,  
Then swept his kindling glance of fire  
From startled pew to breathless choir;  
When suddenly his mantle wide  
His hands impatient flung aside,  
And lo! he met their wondering eyes  
Complete in all a warrior's guise.



# **RISEING OF '76—Continued**

"Who dares"—this was the patriot's cry,  
 As striding from his desk he came,  
 "Come out with me in Freedom's name,  
 For her to live, for her to die?"  
 A hundred hands flung up reply,  
 A hundred voices answered "Y!"

Victor Record 35555

## **O, SING TO GOD**

O, sing to God your hymns of gladness,  
 Ye loving hearts, your tribute pay;  
 Your Lord is born this happy day.  
 Then pierce the sky with songs of gladness,  
 Disperse the shades of gloom and sadness,  
 O, sing to God your hymns of gladness;  
 Mark how the Mother lulls to slumber,  
 Her new-born Babe with tenderest love,  
 And guards her treasure from above.  
 O, blessed Child, with her who bore Thee,  
 We, too, will kneel in faith before Thee,  
 O, God Incarnate, we adore Thee.  
 By faith we hear Thine angels sing,  
 Their hymns of praise to Thee their King,  
 We join with them in adoration,  
 We pour to Thee our supplication,  
 That Thou wouldst grant us, Lord, salvation.

Edison Diamond Disc Record 80338

## **O, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST**

O, wert thou in the cauld blast,  
 On yonder lea, on yonder lea,  
 My plaidie to the angry airt,  
 To shelter thee, to shelter thee,  
 Or did misfortune's bitter storms  
 Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,  
 Thy shield should be my bosom,  
 To share it a', to share it a'.  
 Or were I in the wildest waste  
 Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,  
 The desert were a paradise  
 If thou wert there, if thou wert there.  
 Or were I monarch of the globe,  
 With thee to reign, with thee to reign,  
 Was be my queen, was be my queen.  
 The brightest jewel in my crown

Victor Record 5864

**SANTA LUCIA**

Calm o'er the ocean blue,  
 Moonlight is shining,  
 And with its silver light,  
 Stray cloud is lining,  
 While from the blue expanse,  
 Fair stars are gleaming  
 Over the night beneath  
 In sweetness beaming.

**Chorus:**

Come, pretty maiden,  
 Look from thy lattice, love,  
 List to the boatman  
 Chanting and rowing,  
 As o'er the stream we glide,  
 Borne by the rolling tide,  
 Santa Lucia, Santa Lucia.

Sweet thro' the air tonight,  
 Zephyrs fleeting,  
 Thy name floats on the breeze,  
 In gentle greeting.  
 Out from the sky above,  
 Soon fades the moonlight,  
 Night with its jewels  
 Dies with the daylight.

Naples the Ocean Queen,  
 Italy's daughter fair,  
 Winds o'er thy bay of gold  
 Melody seem to bear.  
 Thou dost encircle all  
 My spirit hold so dear.  
 No time so happy  
 As when my love is near.

Victor Record 16882

**SAVIOUR, BREATHE AN EVENING BLESSING**

Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,  
 Ere repose our spirits seal;  
 Sin and want we come confessing,  
 Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.

Though this night be dark and dreary,  
 Darkness cannot hide from Thee;  
 Thou art He who never weary,  
 Watchest where Thy people be.

## SAVIOUR, BREATHE AN EVENING BLESSING

Continued

Though destruction walk around us,  
 Though the arrows near us fly,  
 Angels guards from Thee surround us,  
 We are safe if Thou art nigh.

Though should death in time o'ertake us,  
 And the grave become our doom,  
 May the morn in heaven awake us,  
 Vanish life and death and gloom.

Victor Record 17096

## RESTAURANT SCENE

Weber-Fields

So, so, come along now, don't be so slow.

Aw, I don't want to go any further. I'm tired, and I'm hungry, and I'm sick.

Gracious me, you're always kicking. If you're as sick as you look, you ought to been dead two weeks ago.

I tell you what we do, Myer, let's go to one of those installment hotels, where you can get one of those chile con—con—

Don't work so hard. Take your time. Now what do you say?

Do you understand English?

Yes. Do you speak it?

Sure I do.

Well, then go ahead and say something.

I want to go into a hotel and get something to eat.

Aw, I don't want to go to no hotel. I got seven invitations for dinner this week.

Yeah. Well, what are you going to do with them?

I am going to try to exchange four of these for breakfast.

Oh, that was a party.

Yeah, a party with five hundred guests.

Huh?

I said a party with five hundred guests.

Guess what?

Guests, guests, five hundred guests.

Forty-eight.

No, no, a party with five hundred guests.

Oh, I know what you meant, the people who eat and don't pay for it.

That's why I am goin'.

How is it, Myer, I never get a invitations for dinner?

That's very simplicity. You are not populated, and besides nobody has an appetite to invite you to dinner.

**RESTAURANT SCENE—Continued**

Well, I noticed last night at Mrs. Gaff's ball, you began to order pig's feet, and you not only ordered them but you kept on ordering them until you had sixteen—think of it, Myer, sixteen—eight pairs, four sets.

And I was sorry afterwards; when I got home they just kicked the life out of me.

Now that serves you right. The way you was eatin' with your knife at the Hotel Knickerbocker I thought sure you would cut your mouth.

Over at the Astor Hotel is where they got the sharp knives.

Say, Myer, what kind of pie was that you was eatin' with ice cream all over it?

That was pie a la mode.

Well, then I suppose beef a la mode is beef with ice cream all over it.

Say, Mike, why did you kick so hard at the waiter when he wants to put an oyster in your soup? Don't you know they always put oysters in an oyster soup?

Yeah, I know they generally do, but mine was tomato soup.  
Columbia Record 18555

**REST FOR THE WEARY**

Dadmun

In the Christian's home in glory  
There remains a land of rest;  
There my Saviour's gone before me  
To fulfill my soul's request.  
On the other side of Jordan,  
In the sweet fields of Eden,  
Where the tree of life is blooming,  
There is rest for you.

Chorus

There is rest for the weary,  
There is rest for the weary,  
There is rest for the weary,  
There is rest for you.

He is fitting up my mansion,  
Which eternally shall stand,  
For my stay shall not be transient,  
In that holy, happy land,  
On the other side of Jordan,  
In the sweet fields of Eden,  
Where the tree of life is blooming,  
There is rest for you.

Victor Record 16261

## ON YONDER ROCK RECLINING

"Fra Diavolo"

Auber

On yonder rock reclining,  
 That fierce and swarthy form behold!  
 Fast his hands his carlune hold.  
 'Tis his best friends of old  
 This way his steps inclining.  
 His scarlet plume waves o'er his brow,  
 And his velvet cloak hangs low  
 Playing in graceful flow!  
 Tremble! E'en while the storm is beating,  
 Afar hear echo repeating—  
 Diavolo! Diavolo! Diavolo!

While thus his deeds accusing,  
 Let justice, too, at least be shown,  
 All that's lost here let us own,  
 Is not his prize alone,

Full oft his name abusing.  
 Perchance some young and rustic beau,  
 Whilst his hopes, with conquest glow,  
 At beauty's shrine bows low.  
 Tremble! Each sighing lover dread,  
 For of him more truly may be said,  
 Diavolo! Diavolo! Diavolo!

Altho' his foes waylaying  
 He fights with rage and hate combined,  
 Towards the gentle fair they find  
 He's ever mild and kind.

That maid too heedless straying  
 (For one, we Pietra's daughter know)  
 Home returns full sad and slow,  
 What can have made her so?  
 Tremble! Each one the maiden meeting  
 Is sure to be repeating,  
 Diavolo! Diavolo! Diavolo!

**ONLY HEART BROKEN WAS MINE****Thompson**

Once in the past it was always June,  
 Once in the past, all the birds in tune  
 Made life to seem like a beautiful dream,

But that was long, long ago.  
 Into my heart stole the song of love,  
 Seemed like a gift just from heav'n above;  
 You were my own, dear, yes, mine all alone,  
 But that was long, long ago.

**Chorus:**

Your way led into the sunshine,  
 My way led into the storm,  
 Your path was fragrant with roses,  
 My path was filled with thorns.  
 I gave you a love that was true, dear,  
 A love that to me seemed divine,  
 And tho' you are gone, dear, my love still lives on,  
 The only heart broken was mine.

You told me once that you loved me true,  
 And you know, dear, I believe in you;  
 You made me dream many wonderful dreams,  
 But that was long, long ago.  
 You made life seem like a thing divine,  
 You made my heart sing thro' rain or shine;  
 Our love was young, dear, the world held but joy,  
 But that was long, long ago.

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**Imperial Record 5213****ONLY WAITING****Maeo**

Only waiting—'till the shadows  
 Are a little longer grown;  
 Only waiting—'till the glimmer  
 Of the day's last beam is flown;  
 'Till the light of earth is faded  
 From the hearts once full of day;  
 'Till the stars of heaven are breaking  
 Through the twilight soft and gray.

**ONLY WAITING—Continued**

Only waiting—'till the reapers  
     Have the last sheaf gathered home;  
 For the summertime is faded,  
     And the autumn winds have come;  
 Only waiting—'till the shadows  
     Are a little longer grown,  
 Only waiting—'till the glimmer  
     Of the day's last beam is flown.  
 Then from out the gathered darkness  
     Holy deathless stars shall rise,  
 By whose light my soul shall gladly  
     Tread its pathway to the skies.  
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Victor Record 17889

**ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS**

Sullivan

Onward, Christian soldiers,  
     Marching as to war,  
 With the cross of Jesus  
     Going on before!  
 Christ, the royal Master,  
     Leads against the foe,  
 Forward into battle  
     See His banners go.

Chorus:

Onward, Christian soldiers,  
     Marching as to war,  
 With the cross of Jesus  
     Going on before!

Onward, then, ye people!  
     Join our happy throng!  
 Rend with ours your voices,  
     In the triumph song.  
 Glory, laud and honor  
     Unto Christ the King,  
 This through countless ages  
     Men and women sing.

Columbia Record 2220

### PINEVILLE BAND

We got a brass band started up into town. Had a feller move into town knew how to play on about everything going under the sun so he got most everybody into it of any account and wanted I should join. I told him I guessed I would wait a while and kinder see how the thing panned out. They wanted I should play something called a clainet. Well, I tried the thing but land sakes, it tickled my lips so, I couldn't keep it in my mouth. While I was trying it a little bit easy one day upstairs, Miranda came up bringing me some salt and water. She thought I was sick to my stomach.

Well, when the band was first organized they used to play on the steps of the Methodist Meeting House but the community they kinder got narvous about it; they thought it would give the town a bad reputation, you know, folks driving through, strangers, so they asked them, they got up a petition, and asked them if they wouldn't play where it wasn't so conspicuous, so after that, they played in symphony hall, up over the saw mill and that made it some better.

Well, a while ago, the women got up a kind of a baked beans sociable to raise money to buy a new slide trombone for the town clerk. The band they played a piece to the sociable, and I always supposed it was Bonapart's March they played but Si Haskins he said it was Home Sweet Home. The leader he said 'twas Marching Through Georgia and he ought to know.

Well, you see they're going to give a kind of pageant they call it to raise money to buy a new bass drum for the blacksmith. He hit it so hard whanging away in that Marching Through Georgia the night of the sociable that he bust a hole right through it, so they got to get a new one. I understand they are going to have a new band stand right out in front of the Post Office and play every Saturday night while waiting for the mail so I guess they will have a pretty good time out of it anyway.

They got so they can march a little now and the leader he got John Sullivan the overseer of the poor to be the drum major. They gave him a long gold plated broom stick with a croquet ball on top of it and told him to practice with it. Well, John he took it home and brought it back the next day and said he couldn't find no mouth piece on it. Said he blew all over it but couldn't get no music out of it. Well, the leader told him to swing it to keep time, so he does that and gets along better now. I will show you how one of the pieces goes that the band's been learning. Goes something like this.

Victor Record 17794



## PINAFORE

Gilbert &amp; Sullivan

We Sail the Ocean Blue

We sail the ocean blue,  
 And our saucy ship's a beauty;  
 We're sober men and true,  
 And attentive to our duty.

## Maiden Fair to See

A maiden fair to see,  
 The pearl of minstrelsy,  
 A bud of blushing beauty,  
 Oh, pity, pity me,  
 Our Captain's daughter, she,  
 And I her lowly suitor.

Victor Record 35386

## I Am Monarch of the Sea

I am the monarch of the sea,  
 The ruler of the Queen's Navee,  
 Whose praise Great Britain loudly chants;  
 And we are his sisters and his cousins and his aunts,

When at anchor here we ride,  
 My bosom swells with pride,  
 And I snap my fingers at a foeman's taunts,  
 And so do his sisters and his cousins and his aunts.

But when the breezes blow,  
 I generally go below  
 And seek the seclusion that a cabin grants,  
 And so do his sisters and his cousins and his aunts.

Victor Record 18176

## I'm Called Little Buttercup

I'm called little Buttercup,  
 Dear little Buttercup,  
 Though I could never tell why;  
 But still I'm called little Buttercup,  
 Dear little Buttercup,  
 Sweet little Buttercup, I.

Victor Record 35386

**PINAFORE—Continued****When I Was a Lad**

When I was a lad, I served a term  
 As office boy to an attorney's firm.  
 I cleaned the windows and I swept the floor,  
 And I polished up the handle of the big front door.  
 I polished up that handle so carefuller,  
 That now I am the ruler of the Queen's Navee.

Victor Record 35386

**PINAFORE****FAIR MOON**

Fair moon, to thee I sing,  
 Bright regent of the heavens!  
 Say, why is everything  
 Either at sixes or sevens?  
 I have liv'd hitherto  
 Free from the breath of slander,  
 Belov'd by all my crew,  
 A really popular Commander.  
 But now my kindly crew rebel,  
 My daughter to a tar is partial;  
 Sir Joseph storms and, sad to tell,  
 He threatens a court martial!  
 Fair moon, to thee I sing,  
 Bright regent of the heavens!  
 Say, why is everything  
 Either at sixes or sevens?  
 Fair moon, to thee I sing,  
 Bright regent of the heavens!

Victor Record 60186

**ROBIN SINGS IN THE APPLE TREE**

The robin sings in the apple tree,  
 The blackbird swings on the thorn,  
 The day grows old and silence falls,  
 Leaving my heart forlorn.  
 Night brings rest to many a soul,  
 Yet mine is dark with woe,  
 Can I forget the days gone by  
 When my love I whispered low?  
 O, robin and thou blackbird brave,  
 My songs of love have died,  
 How could you sing as in bygone days,  
 When she was at my side?

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Victor Record 87171

**SCOTS WHA' HAE WI' WALLACE BLED****Burns**

Scots wha' hae wi' Wallace bled,  
 Scots whom Bruce has often led,  
 Welcome to your gory bed,  
     On to victory!  
 Now's the day and now's the hour!  
 See the front of battle low'r,  
 See approach proud Edward's power,  
     Chains and slavery!

Who will be a traitor knave?  
 Who can fill a coward's grave?  
 Who sae base as to a slave?  
     Let him turn and flee!  
 Who for Scotland's King and law,  
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
 Freeman stand or freeman fa'?  
     Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains,  
 By your sons in servile chains,  
 We will drain our dearest veins,  
     But they shall be free!  
 Lay the proud usurpers low,  
 Tyrants fall in ev'ry foe!  
 Liberty's in ev'ry blow!  
     Let us do or dee!

Columbia Record 1876

**ROLL ON, SILVER MOON**

As I stray'd from my cot at the close of the day,  
     'Mid the ravishing beauties of June,  
 'Neath a jessamine shade I espied a fair maid,  
     And she plaintively sighed to the moon.

**Chorus:**

Roll on, silver moon, light the trav'ler on his way  
     As he strolls by the light of the moon;  
 And I never, never more with my true love will I stray,  
     By the sweet silver moon (yodel).

As the hart on the mountain my lover was brave,  
     So noble and manly and clever,  
 So kind and sincere and he loved me so dear,  
     Oh, my Edwin, his equal was never!

Columbia Record 574

**ROLL, JORDAN, ROLL**

Chorus:

Roll Jordan roll, roll Jordan roll,  
 I want to go to Heaven when I die,  
 To hear Jordan roll.

Oh, sisters, you ought t'have been there,  
 Yes, my Lord! A-sitting in the kingdom  
 To hear Jordan roll.

Oh, brothers, you ought t'have been there,  
 Yes, my Lord! A-sitting in the kingdom  
 To hear Jordan roll.

Oh, preachers, you ought t'have been there,  
 Yes, my Lord! A-sitting in the kingdom  
 To hear Jordan roll.

Victor Record 16466

**ON THE DAY YOU SAID GOODBYE**

Strange it may seem, strange as a dream,  
 When you have learned what I now shall confess.  
 Something so new, something that's true,  
 Something I know, dear, you ne'er would guess.  
 A new love, a true love, was born in my heart,  
 When you told me good-bye, and I knew we must part.

Chorus:

I knew I'd soon be learning  
 To long for your returning,  
 I knew I'd soon be yearning,  
 Although I knew not why.  
 I knew my soul was waking,  
 I knew my heart was aching,  
 And I knew 'twould soon be breaking,  
 On the day you said good-bye.

I want you, dear, I want you near,  
 I want you here in my arms to enfold;  
 Now that you know I love you so,  
 Won't you come back with your smile of old,  
 I love you, I love! is all I can say,  
 And I lov'd only you since we parted that day.  
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Pathe Record 10068

## PEACE, PERFECT PEACE

Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin,  
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed,  
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round;  
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?  
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?  
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?  
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,  
And Jesus calls us to heaven's perfect peace.

Pathe Record 40022

## ONE WONDERFUL NIGHT (YOU TOLD ME YOU LOVED ME)

Jones

From afar in the sky stars were gleaming,  
The moon softly shone from above;  
Happy was I in my dreaming,  
Happy in dreams of love.  
In your eyes then the lovelight was beaming,  
Yearning was my heart for thee,  
Clasped in your arms "one wonderful night,"  
You told me you loved me.

Chorus:

Love me, love me again; won't you love me again?  
My heart's yearning; I'm lonely; I love, love you only;  
Dreaming, dreaming of you, always dreaming of you;  
Take me back again, dear, to "one wonderful night."

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Columbia Record 1760

## ON THE BANKS OF LOVELIGHT BAY

Williams

Have you heard the story the good fairies tell,  
Of a haven of sweethearts and swains,  
Where everything's beaming in love's mystic spell,  
Where pleasure for all ever reigns.  
The welcome of Loveland's a-waiting you there,  
Let's start on our journey today;  
'Long the pathway of roses to realms rich and rare,  
To the kingdom where love finds the way.

Chorus:

Where the birds sing love's melody,  
The world seems bright and fair,  
And the rose of sweet simplicity,  
Is blooming over there.  
Where I'll love you and you'll love me,  
'Long silver sands we'll stray,  
'Neath moonlight beams in golden dreams,  
On the banks of Lovelight Bay.

We'll bask in the sunshine there all the day long,  
And at twilight we'll wait for the moon,  
Then whisper sweet nothings and sing the old song,  
Of love's fairyland while we spoon.  
'Tis fairer than Dreamland, at least so I'm told,  
By those who have been there for years,  
And they're all so contented they never grow old,  
Where they've never known sorrow or tears.

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Edison Blue Amberol Record 2332

## RORY O'MORE

Lover

Young Rory O'More courted Kathleen Bawn,  
He was bold as a hawk and she soft as the dawn;  
He wish'd in his heart pretty Kathleen to please  
And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.  
"Now, Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry,  
Reproof on her lips but a smile in her eye,  
"With your tricks I don't know in troth what I'm about,  
Faith, you've teased 'till I've put on my cloak inside out."  
"Oh, jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way  
You've thwarted my heart for this many a day,  
And 'tis plazed that I am, and what not to be sure?  
For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

## RORY O'MORE—Continued

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like  
 For I half gave a promise to soothing Mike,  
 The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound."  
 "Faith," says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground."  
 "Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go,  
 Sure I dream every night that I'm hating you so!"  
 "Oh," says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,  
 For dreams always go by contraries, my dear.  
 Oh, jewel, keep dreaming that same till you die,  
 And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie,  
 And 'tis plazed that I am and why not, to be sure,  
 Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darling, you've teas'd me enough,  
 And I've thrashed for your sake Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff,  
 And I've made myself drinking your health quite a baste,  
 So I think after that I may talk to the priest."  
 Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm 'round her neck,  
 So soft and so white, without freckle or speck,  
 And he looked in her eyes that were beaming with light,  
 And he kissed her sweet lips; don't you think he was right?  
 "Now, Rory, leave off, sir, you'll hug me no more,  
 That's eight times today that you've kissed me before."  
 "Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,  
 For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

Columbia Record 1885

## ONCE AGAIN

I linger 'round the very spot where years ago we met,  
 And wonder when you quite forgot, or if you quite forget,  
 And tender yearnings rise anew for love that used to be,  
 If you could know that I was true, and I, that you were free.

## Chorus:

Ah, Love, once again, meet me once again,  
 Old love is waking, shall it wake in vain?  
 Love, once again, meet me once again,  
 Old love is waking, shall it wake in vain?

Even yet my thoughts incline, and back my mem'ry slips,  
 I feel warm fingers lock'd in mine, I see those quivering lips,  
 Whose murmurs came like music thru, when mine had set  
 them free,  
 That all the world was naught to you, who only wanted me.

Columbia Record 5767

**ROCK ME TO SLEEP**

Backward, turn backward, O time in your flight,  
 Make me a child again, just for tonight;  
 Mother, come back from the echoless shore,  
 Take me again to your heart as of yore,  
 Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,  
 Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair,  
 Over my slumbers your loving watch keep,  
 Rock me to sleep, Mother, rock me to sleep.

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,  
 Mother, O Mother, my heart calls for you;  
 Many a summer the grass has grown green,  
 Blossomed and faded, our faces between,  
 Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain,  
 Long I tonight for your presence again,  
 Come from the silence so long and so deep—  
 Rock me to sleep, Mother, rock me to sleep.

Edison Diamond Disc Record 80320

**O, MORNING LAND**

Phelps

Some day, we say, and turn our eyes  
 Toward the fair hills of Paradise;  
 Some day, some time, a sweet new rest  
 Shall blossom, flowerlike, in each breast;  
 Some time, some day, our eyes shall see  
 The faces kept in memory;  
 Some day their hands shall clasp our hands,  
 Just over in the morning land,  
 O morning land, O morning land.

Some day our ears shall hear the song  
 Of triumph over sin and wrong;  
 Some day, some time; but, oh! not yet;  
 But we will wait and not forget  
 That some day all these things shall be,  
 And rest be given to you and me.  
 So, wait, my friends, though years move slow,  
 The happy time will come, we know,  
 O morning land, O morning land.

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Edison Diamond Disc Record 80115



**ROBIN ADAIR**

What's this dull town to me?

Robin's not here.

He whom I wish'd to see,

He whom I wish'd to hear,

Where's all the joy and mirth,

That made this town a heaven on earth,

Oh! they're all fled with thee,

Robin Adair.

What made the assembly shine?

Robin Adair,

What made the ball so fine?

Robin was there.

What when the play was o'er,

What made my heart so sore,

Oh! It was parting with

Robin Adair.

But now thou'rt cold to me,

Robin Adair.

But now thou'rt cold to me,

Robin Adair.

Yet he I loved so well,

Still in my heart shall dwell,

Oh! I can ne'er forget

Robin Adair.

Columbia Record 5219

**ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP**

Knight

Rocked in the cradle of the deep,

I lay me down in peace to sleep;

Secure I rest upon the wave,

For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save,

I know thou wilt not slight my call,

For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall,

So calm and peaceful is my sleep,

Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

So calm and peaceful is my sleep,

Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

I know Thou wilt not slight my call.

For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall,

So calm and peaceful is my sleep,

Rock'd in the cradle of the deep,

So calm and peaceful is my sleep,

Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

Columbia Record 920

# PIRATES OF PENZANCE

## "How Beautifully Blue the Sky"

How beautifully blue the sky!  
 The glass is rising very high,  
 Continue fine I hope it may,  
 And yet it rained but yesterday.  
 To-morrow it may pour again.  
 Yet people say, I know not why,  
 That we shall have a warm July,  
 Yet people say, I know not why,  
 That we shall have a warm July.

## "When a Felon's Not Engaged in His Employment"

When a felon's not engaged in his employment  
 Or maturing his felonious little plans,  
 His capacity for innocent enjoyment  
 Is just as great as any honest man's.  
 Our feelings we with difficulty smother,  
 When constabulary duty's to be done.  
 Oh, take one consideration with another,  
 A policeman's lot is not a happy one.

## "When Frederick Was a Little Lad"

When Frederick was a little lad,  
 He proved so brave and daring,  
 His father thought he'd 'prentice him  
 To some career seafaring.  
 I was, alas, his nurs'ry maid,  
 And so it fell to my lot  
 To take and bind the promising boy  
 Apprentice to a pilot.  
 A life not bad for a hardy lad,  
 Though surely not a high lot;  
 Though I'm a nurse, you might do worse,  
 Than to make your boy a pilot.

## PIRATES OF PENZANCE

"When the Foeman Bares His Steel"

Ah, when the foeman bares his steel,

Tarantara, tarantara!

We uncomfortable feel,

Tarantara, tarantara!

And we find the wisest thing,

Tarantara, tarantara!

Is to slap our chests and sing,

Tarantara!

For when threatened with emeutes,

Tarantara, tarantara!

And our heart is in our boots,

Tarantara, tarantara!

There is nothing brings it round

Like the trumpet's martial sound,

Like the trumpet's martial sound,

Like the trumpet's martial sound,

Tarantara, tarantara!

Ra! ra! ra! ra! ra! etc.

Edison Blue Amberol Record 80251

## PIRATES OF PENZANCE

"Poor Wandering One"

Poor wand'ring one! Tho' thou hast surely strayed,

Take heart of grace, thy steps retrace,

Poor wand'ring one! Poor wand'ring one!

If such poor love as mine

Can help thee find

True peace of mind—why, take it!

It is thine.

Take heart, no danger lowers.

Take any heart—take ours.

Take heart, fair days will shine;

Take any heart—take mine!

Poor wand'ring one! Tho' thou hast surely strayed,

Take heart of grace,

Thy steps retrace,

Poor wand'ring one,

Ah! Take heart! Take mine!

Ah! Take heart! Take mine!

Columbia Record 1221

## PIRATES OF PENZANCE

"Oh Is There Not One Maiden Breast"  
 Oh, is there not one maiden breast  
 Which does not feel the moral beauty  
 Of making worldly interest  
 Subordinate to sense of duty?  
 Who would not give up willingly  
 All matrimonial ambition  
 To rescue such an one as I  
 From his unfortunate position?  
 From this position,  
 To rescue such an one as I  
 From his unfortunate position?

Edison Blue Amberol Record 1797

## ROCK OF AGES

## Hastings

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in Thee,  
 Let the water and the blood,  
 From Thy riven side which flowed,  
 Be of sin the double cure,  
 Save from wrath and make me pure.

Could my tears forever flow,  
 Could my zeal no languor know,  
 All for sin could not atone,  
 Thou must save and Thou alone.  
 In my hand no price I bring,  
 Simply to Thy cross I cling.

Nothing in my hand I bring,  
 Simply to Thy cross I cling,  
 Naked, come to Thee for dress,  
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace,  
 Foul I to the fountain fly,  
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,  
 When mine eyelids close in death,  
 When I rise to worlds unknown,  
 And behold Thee on Thy throne,  
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

Columbia Record 5097

## NURSERY RHYMES

**Little Miss Muffet**  
 Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet,  
 Eating some curds and whey;  
 There came a great spider  
 And sat down beside her,  
 And frightened Miss Muffet away.

**Little Bo-Peep**  
 Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep  
 And can't tell where to find them;  
 Leave them alone and they'll come home  
 Wagging their tails behind them.

Little Bo-Peep fell fast asleep,  
 And dreamt she heard them bleating;  
 When she awoke 'twas all a joke,  
 Ah, cruel vision so fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,  
 Determined for to find them;  
 What was her joy to behold them nigh  
 Wagging their tails behind them.

## NURSERY RHYMES NO. 2

**Baa! Baa! Black Sheep**  
 Baa! Baa! Black sheep,  
 Have you any wool?  
 Yes, sir; yes, sir;  
 Three backs full:  
 One for my master,  
 One for my dame,  
 But none for the naughty boy  
 That cried in the lane.

**Baby Bunting**  
 Bye Baby Bunting,  
 Daddy's gone a-hunting,  
 To get a little rabbit skin,  
 To wrap his Baby Bunting in.

**Mary, Mary**  
 Mary, Mary, quite contrary,  
 How does your garden grow?  
 With silver bells and cockle shells  
 And pretty girls all in a row.

Victor Record 45082

## NURSERY RHYMES—Continued

## Humpty Dumpty

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,  
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall,  
And all the king's horses and all the king's men,  
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty together again.

## To Market

To market, to market,  
To buy a fat pig.  
Home again, home again,  
Jig, jig, jig.

To market, to market,  
To buy a fat hog.  
Home again, home again,  
Jig, pig, jog.

## Crooked Man

There was a crooked man  
And he walked a crooked mile,  
And he found a crooked sixpence,  
Against a crooked stile.  
He bought a crooked cat,  
Who caught a crooked mouse,  
And they all lived together  
In a crooked little house.

## Tommy Tucker

Little Tommy Tucker  
Sings for his supper.  
What shall he eat?  
Some nice bread and butter.  
How can he eat  
Without any knife?  
And how can he marry  
Without any wife?

**NURSERY RHYMES—Continued****Sing a Song of Sixpence**

Sing a song of sixpence,  
 A pocket full of rye,  
 Four and twenty blackbirds  
 Baked in a pie.  
 When the pie was opened  
 The birds began to sing—  
 Now wasn't that a dainty dish  
 To set before a king.

**Little Pussy**

I love little pussy,  
 Her coat is so warm,  
 And if I don't hurt her,  
 She'll do me no harm.  
 I'll sit by the fire,  
 And give her some food,  
 And pussy will love me  
 Because I am good.

**Georgie Porgie**

Georgie Porgie, puddin' and pie,  
 Kissed the girls and made them cry.  
 When the girls came out to play  
 Georgie Porgie ran away.

**Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat**

Pussy cat, pussy cat,  
 Where have you been?  
 I've been to London to visit the Queen.  
 Pussy cat, pussy cat,  
 What did you there?  
 I saw a little mouse under her chair.

Victor Record 18076

## SING ME THE ROSARY

Lewis

Now in the stillness of evening,  
 Now in the sun's fading glow;  
 Sing me that beautiful song, my dear,  
 The song that I loved long ago.  
 Dear to my heart are the mem'ries,  
 Brought by that tender refrain,  
 So sing to me "The Rosary,"  
 I'm longing to hear it again.

Chorus:

Sing me "The Rosary,"  
 The sweetest song of all,  
 Sing me "The Rosary,"  
 And happy days recall.  
 I drift again to lands of bliss,  
 Where true loves never part,  
 Sing me "The Rosary,"  
 The song that reached my heart.

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Columbia Record 1379

## OLD UNCLE NED

Dar was an old nigger, an' they called him Uncle Ned;  
 He died long ago, long ago!  
 He had no wool on de top of his head,  
 In de place where de wool ought to grow.

Chorus:

Den lay down de shobble and de hoe,  
 Hang up de fiddle and de bow;  
 No more hard work for poor ole Ned,  
 He's gone whar de good niggers go.

His fingers were long, like de cone in de brake,  
 And he had no eyes for to see!  
 He had no teeth for to eat a hoe cake,  
 So he had to let the hoe cake be!

When Uncle Ned died, Massa take it berry bad,  
 And his tears ran down like de rain;  
 Ole Missus cry and she look'd bery sad,  
 Kase she nebber see de ole man again.

Columbia Record 5855



## SING, SWEET BIRD

Thornton

Sing, sweet bird, and chase my sorrow,  
 Let me listen to thy strain,  
 From thy warblings I can borrow  
 That which bids me hope again.  
 Hover still around his dwelling  
 There is pleasure where thou art:  
 While the tale of love thou'rt telling,  
 Say—who can be sad at heart?  
 Sing, sweet bird, let me listen to thy strain.

Morn and noon and dewy eve,  
 Anxious for thee I'll wait;  
 Come thou chorister of Heaven,  
 Cheer a soul disconsolate.  
 So shall time fond thoughts awaken,  
 Joy once more shall live and reign,  
 And the harp so long forsaken  
 Yields its dulcet notes again,  
 While thy tale of love thou'rt telling,  
 Say—who can be sad at heart?  
 Sing, sweet bird, let me listen to thy strain.

Columbia Record 5882

## SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT OF DAY

Softly now the light of day  
 Fades upon my sight away,  
 Free from care, from labor free,  
 Lord, we would commune with Thee.

Thou, whose all pervading eye  
 Naught escapes without, within;  
 Pardon each infirmity,  
 Open fault and secret sin.

Soon for us the light of day  
 Shall forever pass away;  
 Then from sin and sorrow free,  
 Take us Lord to dwell with Thee.

Columbia Record 1584

## TELEPHONE RECONCILIATION

Harwood

Hello, hello, yes, I'm Major Danby; who is this speaking?  
It's me.

Well, I don't know who "me" is. Who is it?

Dick.

I—I don't know you.

Father! Dad! I want so much to speak to you.

I fail to see any reason why you should wish to talk to me. I thought you understood that when we parted three years ago. We parted, as you know, forever. You are no son of mine. I don't know you; ring off.

Dad, dad, just a minute. I want to tell you something. I must, please, dad, please.

Understand, if you want me to give you money, you can save yourself the trouble of speaking.

I don't want money, dad, I want—oh, I cannot tell you what I want. I want mother and you and the grip of your hand.

In fact, you want me to kill the fatted calf. I thought so. I was lazy, dad, and I got in the wrong steps. I wouldn't work and wouldn't listen to you; but I did not do what you thought I had done.

You tried to break your mother's heart.

I never meant to.

Good God! Never meant to! Then why did you forge that check?

I didn't forge that check.

Don't lie. Why, you confessed to me and I met the debt and paid the hush money to keep you out of prison, and now you say you didn't do it. It's preposterous.

I did not forge that check!

Oh, you're wasting my time and I wish never to see you again. I am going back to America on Saturday.

I'm sorry, father.

I'm not your father.

I sometimes wonder.

What do you mean?

Oh, nothing. I just heard that my father was in England

## TELEPHONE RECONCILIATION—Continued

for a few days and I wanted to speak to him just once. I only wanted to say good-bye.

Where are you going—to the devil?

No, to the Dardenelles. But it's the same thing.

Oh, to the Dardenelles. What are you in?

Your old regiment, Third battalion. Only a Tommy, but I may improve. I will try.

My old regiment! Why didn't they give you a commission?

They don't know who I am.

Thank God!

But, father, I did not forge that check. I have a letter here from Bob when he was down to the Bay, and he confesses everything. I knew he'd done it, but—oh, I knew he was engaged to Molly and I was fond of her, and being a scapegoat, I took the blame. I swear it, dad.

My boy, my boy.

Well, good-bye, father.

No, no, don't ring off. I want to speak to you.

Yes, dad; yes, dad!

Dick, can you ever forgive me?

What for?

For believing you were such a scoundrel.

I was a rotter, dad, but I did draw the line at dishonesty.

My boy, I cannot tell you how I feel to hear you say it.

How is mother, is she all right?

Quite. But how did you know she'd been ill?

She wrote me.

She's written you?

Many times.

Then that was her little secret from me. Well, I'm glad.

Tell mother, dad, tell mother dear I'm going to do my duty and I feel at last like a man.

Tell her, you bet I'll tell her. I wish she were here to wish you God speed and a safe return.

And a strong heart?

I will give her that for you. And you have my blessing, Dick. I know you will do the right thing. Fight a good fight, my son, with a steady hand and a stout heart. Remember, the eyes of God are on you. Heed no other.

Thanks, dad, I will remember.

Is there anything you want?

No, dad, I'm leaving Charing Cross in about ten minutes. Good-bye.

Good-bye, be damned. I'm coming around to see you!

Columbia Record 5746

## ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID'S CITY

## Gauntlett

Once in royal David's city,  
 Stood a lowly cattle shed,  
 Where a mother laid her baby  
 In a manger for his bed.  
 Mary was that mother mild,  
 Jesus Christ her little child.

He came down to earth from heaven,  
 Who is God and Lord of All.  
 And His shelter was a stable,  
 And His cradle was a stall.  
 With the poor and mean and lowly  
 Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

And our eyes at last shall see Him,  
 Through His own redeeming love,  
 For that child so dear and gentle  
 Is our Lord in heaven above.  
 And He leads His children on  
 To the place where He has gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable,  
 With the oxen standing by,  
 We shall see Him; but in heaven,  
 Set at God's right hand on high,  
 When like stars His children crowned,  
 All in white shall wait around.

Amen.

Edison Blue Amberol Record 2768

## ONE KISS AND ALL IS O'ER

The twilight shades are falling,  
 While the world has gone to rest,  
 And I've come to say good-bye, sweetheart,  
 But here, tho' fate divides, my dear,  
 Whate'er betides,  
 I'll never forget the day we had to part.  
 Just a lingering caress before I go;  
 Just how much I love you, dear,  
 No one could know.

## ONE KISS AND ALL IS O'ER—Continued

## Chorus:

One look into your eyes,  
 Then I must say good-bye, dear;  
 Just one of those little sighs,  
 You promised not to cry, dear,  
 Faithful forever, then I must say good-bye.

The moon its face is hiding, dear,  
 Behind a murky cloud,  
 For it seems to know I must go away.  
 As roses miss the dew,  
 Just will I miss you.  
 Thro' years your smile  
 Will haunt me day by day.  
 When the golden sun awakes the newborn day  
 You will think of me who then is far away.

Edison Blue Amberol Record 3150  
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## RING OUT, WILD BELLS

## Tennyson

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
 The flying cloud, the frosty light,  
 The year is dying in the night;  
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.  
 Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow,  
 The year is going—let him go.  
 Ring out the false, ring in the true,  
 Ring out the grief that saps the mind  
 For those that here we see no more;  
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
 Ring in redress for all mankind.  
 Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
 The faithless coldness of the times,  
 Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,  
 But ring the fuller minstrel in.  
 Ring out the narrow lust for gold,  
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.  
 Ring in the valiant man and free,  
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand . . .  
 Ring in the Christ. Ring in the Christ,  
 Ring in the Christ that is to be!

Columbia Record 5161

## TALK ON MARRIED LIFE

Well, here I am on the rostrum, whatever that means, and I am going to take for my subject this evening connubial bliss, whatever that means. I was going to talk on married life, but I am afraid to, for I married a red headed woman. Actually my wife's hair is so red that when she goes in the back yard at night the chickens take it for a sun rise and the roosters commence to crow, so I will not talk on married life.

But you have all heard that old joke, it costs ten dollars to get a dog license, while it only costs two dollars to get a marriage license. In other words, it costs more to be a dog than it does to be a married man. Well, this is my advice to the young folks—take a chance and get a marriage license. It's just as good as a dog license and nine times out of ten you will lead a dog's life anyway, and you save eight dollars, and while you are leading a dog's life eight bones come in handy, so I will not talk on married life.

But there's one thing that's dear to married life, and that's the children. The children are dear, they keep us broke, but we all love the babies—the rattling, prattling babies; some are girl babies and some are boy babies. I love the girl babies—all the way from eighteen to forty years of age, so I will not talk on married life.

I married my wife while I was in Africa, raising chickens. I did very well raising chickens in Africa. I have raised as many as twenty-five or thirty chickens in a single night—that is, if it was a dark night. Finally she lost her job and I came to the conclusion that it was impossible for two married people to be happy together, that is, if they are married to each other, so I will not talk on married life.

But when you do get married stick by the anti-race suicide by raising a large family, that is if you have an elevator in the house. Remember, sufficient unto the evil there is and don't as long as you are in your right mind pray for twins. Twins are equal to a permanent riot and there isn't any real difference between triplets and an insurrection but it's all in life.

Life is like a game of cards that each one has to learn, Each shuffles, cuts and draws a hand, each a trump must turn, Some turn a high card to the top, while others turn a low, Some show a hand that's flush with trumps, while others none can show.  
When hearts are trumps, love, ah, love is our right bower,

**TALK ON MARRIED LIFE—Continued**

With diamonds trumps we stake our gold and play for  
 wealth and power,  
 When clubs are trumps look out for war, but now, ah, comes  
 the knave,  
 We find at last the spade turns up that digs each player's  
 grave.  
 Life, life is like a game of cards, we all must play,  
 Life, life, like a game of cards, must end some day.  
 But while at the table we all play around  
 Not respecting our friends, our pards  
 But we find we must all pass in our hand  
 Like a game of cards.  
 I bid you good evening.

Victor Record 16463

**TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND**

Kittredge

We're tenting tonight on the old camp ground,  
 Give us a song to cheer,  
 Our weary hearts a song of home,  
 And friends we love so dear.

Chorus:

Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,  
 Wishing for the war to cease;  
 Many are the hearts that are looking for the right  
 To see the dawn of peace.  
 Tenting tonight, tenting tonight, tenting on the old camp  
 ground.

We've been tenting tonight on the old camp ground  
 Thinking of days gone by,  
 Of loved ones at home that gave us the hand  
 And the tear that said "Good-bye."

We've been fighting today on the old camp ground,  
 Many are lying near,  
 Some are dead and some are dying,  
 Many are in tears.

Columbia Record 1808

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## STOCK IN THE TIE-UP

## Day

I'm working this week in the wood lot; a hearty old job, you  
 can bet,  
 I finish my chores with a lantern and marm has the table  
 all set  
 By the time I git in with the milkin' and after I wash at the  
 sink,  
 And marm sets a saucer o' strainin's for the cat and the  
 kittens to drink,  
 Your uncle is ready for supper with an appetite whet to an  
 edge,  
 That'll cut like a bush-scythe in swale grass and couldn't be  
 dulled on a ledge,  
 And marm she slats open the oven and pulls out a heapin'  
 full tin  
 Of the rippin'est cream-tartar biskits a man ever pushed at  
 his chin.  
 We pile some more wood on the fire and open the damper  
 full blare,  
 And pull up and pitch into supper—and comfort—and taste  
 good—wal there!  
 And the wind swooshes over the chimbly and scrapes at the  
 shingles cross grain,  
 But good double winders and bankin' are mighty good friends  
 here in Maine.  
 I look crost the table to mother, and marm she looks over  
 at me  
 And passes another hot biskit and says, "Won't you have  
 some more tea?"  
 And while I am stirrin' the sugar I relish the sound of the  
 storm,  
 For, thank the good Lord, we are cosy and the stock in the  
 tie-up is warm.

I tell ye the song o' the fire and the chirruring hiss o' the  
 tea,  
 The roar of the wind in the chimbly they sound dreadful  
 cheerful to me.  
 But they'd harrer me, plague me and fret me unless as I set  
 here I knew  
 That the critters are munchin' their fodder and bedded and  
 comf'table, too;  
 These biskits are light as a feather, but, boy, they'd be  
 heavier'n lead,  
 If I thought that my hosses was shiv'ring, if I thought that  
 my cattle wasn't fed.



## STOCK IN THE TIE-UP—Continued

There's men in the neighborhood 'round me who pray som'-  
 w'at louder than me,  
 They wear better clothes, sir, on Sunday—chip in for the  
 heathen Chinees;  
 But the cracks in the sides o' their tie-ups are wide as the  
 door o' their pew,  
 And the winter comes in there a-howlin' with the sleet and  
 the snow peltin' through.  
 Step inside, sir, ary a mornin' and look at their critters!  
 "Twould seem  
 As if they were bilers or engines and all of them chock full  
 o' steam.  
 I've got an old-fashioned religion, that calkulates Sundays  
 for rest,  
 But if there warn't time, sir, on week days to batten a tie-up,  
 I'm blest  
 I'd use up a Sunday or such like and let the durned heathen  
 folk go  
 While I fastened some boards on the lintel to keep out the  
 frost and the snow.  
 I'd stand all the frowns of the parson before I'd have courage  
 to face  
 The dumb holler eyes o' the critters hooked up in a frosty  
 old place,  
 And I'll bet yet that in the Hereafter the men who have  
 stayed on their knees  
 And let some poor fuzzy old cattle stand out in a tie-up and  
 freeze,  
 Will find that the heat of the Hot Place is keyed to an extra  
 degree,  
 For the men who forgot to consider that critters have feelin's  
 same's we.  
 I dasn't go thinkin' o' tie-ups where winter goes whistlin'  
 through,  
 Where cattle are humped at their stanchions with scarcely  
 the gumption to moo,  
 But I'm glad for the sake of hereafter that mine ain't the  
 sin and the guilt,  
 And I tell you I relish my feelin' when I pull up the big  
 patchwork quilt,  
 I can laugh at the pelt o' the snow flakes, and grin at the  
 slat o' the storm,  
 And thank the good Lord I can sleep now, for the stock in  
 the tie-up is warm.

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Victor Record 18099

**THERE IS A FOUNTAIN FILLED WITH BLOOD**

Cowper

There is a fountain filled with blood,  
 Drawn from Emmanuel's veins,  
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood,  
 Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see  
 That fountain in his day,  
 And there may I so vile as he,  
 Wash all my sins away.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
 I'll sing thy powers to save;  
 When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue  
 Lies silent in the grave.

Victor Record 16412

**SIMON THE CELLARER**

Bellamy

Old Simon the Cellarer, keeps a rare store,  
 Of Malsey and Malvoisee and Cyprus,  
 And who can say how many more.  
 For a chary old soul is he.  
 Sack and canary he never doth fail,  
 And all the year 'round there is brewing of ale.  
 Yet he never aileth, he quaintly doth say,  
 While he keeps to his sober six flagons a day.  
 But, ho, ho, ho, his nose doth show  
 How oft the black jack to his lips doth go.  
 But, ho, ho, ho, his nose doth show  
 How oft the black jack to his lips doth go.

Old Simon reclines in his high old back'd chair  
 And oft talks about taking a wife;  
 And Margery is often heard to declare  
 She ought to be settled in life.  
 But Margery has (so the maids say) a tongue  
 And she's not very handsome and not very young,  
 So somehow it ends with a shake of the head,  
 And old Simon he brews him a tankard instead.  
 While ho, ho, ho, he will chuckle and crow:  
 What! Marry old Margery, no, no, no,  
 While ho, ho, ho, he will chuckle and crow:  
 What! Marry old Margery, no, no, no.

Columbia Record 963

**ONAWAY, AWAKE, BELOVED**

Longfellow -

Onaway, awake, beloved,  
 Thou, the wild flower of the forest,  
 Thou, the wild-bird of the prairie!  
 Thou, with eyes so soft and fawn-like,  
 If thou only look'st at me,  
 I am happy.  
 As the lilies of the prairie,  
 When they feel the dew upon them!  
 Sweet thy breath is as the fragrance  
 Of the wild flowers in the morning,  
 As their fragrance is at evening,  
 In the moon when leaves are falling.  
 Does not all the blood within me  
 Leap to meet thee, leap to meet thee,  
 As the springs to meet the sunshine  
 In the moon when nights are brightest?  
 Onaway, my heart sings to thee,  
 Sings with joy when thou art near me,  
 As the sighing, singing branches  
 In the pleasant moon of strawberries;  
 When thou art not pleased, beloved,  
 Then my heart is sad and darkened,  
 As the shining river darkens  
 When the clouds drop shadows on it!  
 I, myself, myself behold me!  
 Blood of my beating heart, behold me!  
 Awake, awake, beloved,  
 Onaway, awake, beloved!

Columbia Record 5863

**SUN OF MY SOUL**

Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,  
 It is not night if Thou be near,  
 Oh, may no earth born cloud arise  
 To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep,  
 My weary eyelids gently steep,  
 Be my last thought how sweet to rest  
 Forever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn 'till eve,  
 For without Thee I cannot live,  
 Abide with me when night is nigh,  
 For without Thee I dare not die.

Columbia Record 1097

**ST. JOHN 14:1-3 SCRIPTURE LESSON**

Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you so. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself that where I am, there ye may be also.

Edison Blue Amberol Record 2306

**ST. LUKE 23:33-38 SCRIPTURE LESSON**

And when they were come to the place which is called Calvary, there they crucified Him, and the malefactors one on the right and the other on the left. Then said Jesus, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." And they parted His raiment and cast lots. And the people stood beholding and the rulers also with them derided Him, saying: "He saved others; let Him save Himself, if He be Christ, the chosen of God." And the soldiers also mocked Him, coming to Him and offering Him vinegar, and saying: "If thou be the King of the Jews, save Thyself." And a superscription also was written over Him in letters of Greek and Latin and Hebrew, THIS IS THE KING OF THE JEWS.

Edison Diamond Disc Record 80192

**ST. MARK 4:35 to 41 SCRIPTURE LESSON**

And the same day when even was come, He said unto them, "Let us pass over unto the other side." And when they had sent away the multitudes they took Him even as He was, in the ship. And there were also with Him other little ships, and there arose a great storm of the wind, and the waves beat into the ship, so that it was now full. And He was in the hinder part of the ship asleep on a pillow; and they awake Him and say unto Him, "Master, carest Thou not that we perish?" And He arose and rebuked the wind and said unto the sea, "Peace be still," and the wind ceased, and there was a great calm. And He said unto them, "Why are ye so fearful? How is it that ye have no faith?" And they feared exceedingly and said one to another, "What manner of man is this that even the wind and sea obey Him?"

Edison Diamond Disc Record 80192

**O GOD HAVE MERCY****"St. Paul"**

O, God, have mercy, have mercy upon me,  
 And blot out my transgressions  
 According to Thy loving kindness,  
 Yea, even for Thy mercy's sake!  
 Deny me not, oh, cast me not away from Thy presence  
 And take not Thy spirit from me, oh, Lord.  
 Lord, a broken heart and a contrite heart is offered before  
 Thee,

O, God, have mercy, have mercy upon me,  
 According to Thy loving kindness,  
 Yea, even for Thy mercy's sake!  
 I will speak of Thy salvation,  
 I will teach transgressors, and sinners  
 Shall be converted unto Thee,  
 Then open Thou my lips, oh, Lord!  
 And my mouth shall show forth Thy glorious praise,  
 O, blot out my transgressions according to Thy loving kind-  
 ness,  
 Lord! for Thy mercy's sake.

Columbia Record 5258

**BUT THE LORD IS MINDFUL****"St. Paul"**

And he journey'd with companions toward Damascus and  
 had authority and command from the High Priest that he  
 might bring them bound, men and women, unto Jerusalem.  
 But the Lord is mindful of His own, He remembers His  
 children. Bow down before Him, ye mighty, for the Lord  
 is near us! Yea, the Lord is mindful of His own; He re-  
 members His children. Bow down before Him, ye mighty,  
 for the Lord is near us!

Victor Record 88191

**CONSUME THEM ALL****"St. Paul"**

Consume them all! Lord Sabaoth!  
 Consume all these Thine enemies!  
 Behold they will not know Thee,  
 Behold they will not know Thee,  
 That Thou art Great Jehovah, art the Lord alone  
 The Highest over all the world.  
 Consume them all! Lord Sabaoth!  
 Consume all these Thine enemies!  
 Pour out Thine indignation and let them feel Thy power!  
 Pathe Record 80083

## ST. PAUL—Continued

## HOW LOVELY ARE THY MESSENGERS

"St. Paul"

How lovely are the messengers that preach us the gospel  
of Peace throughout all the lands their glad tidings.

Victor Record 17208

## SINCE JESUS CAME INTO MY HEART

McDaniel

What a wonderful change in my life has been wrought,  
Since Jesus came into my heart;  
I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,  
Since Jesus came into my heart.

Chorus:

Since Jesus came into my heart, since Jesus came into  
my heart,  
Floods of joy o'er my soul like the sea billows roll,  
Since Jesus came into my heart.

I have ceased from my wand'ring and going astray,  
Since Jesus came into my heart.  
And my sins which were many are all washed away,  
Since Jesus came into my heart.

I'm possessed of a hope that is steadfast and sure,  
Since Jesus came into my heart,  
And no dark clouds of doubt now my patience obscure,  
Since Jesus came into my heart.

There's a light in the valley of death now for me,  
Since Jesus came into my heart.  
And the gates of the City beyond I can see,  
Since Jesus came into my heart.

I shall go there to dwell in that City, I know,  
Since Jesus came into my heart.  
And I'm happy, so happy, as onward I go,  
Since Jesus came into my heart.

Columbia Record 2175

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## TRIAL OF JOSIAH BROWN

## Knight

Habeas Corpus charges against Ed Josiah Brown according to the Constitutional Amendment for selling old cider and being found drunk under the village bandstand.

I'll give you a gallon of old cider if that'll square it.

You're too late, Mr. Brown, by about fifteen minutes. You witnesses stand up. The testimony you give in this case must be the truth.

Yes, I wish you'd let me testify, I want to go home. I'm afraid my soft soap is boiling over.

I object to my wife's testimony. She ain't nothin' but a common, ordinary lunatic and I can prove it, by thunder and lightning.

How can you prove it, Mr. Brown?

Why, she give me fried tripe with molasses on it for my breakfast this morning.

Go ahead, Mrs. Brown.

I know a certain man who has been sellin' hard cider. I won't mention his name, but his initials are Josiah Brown.

You must confine yourself to direct evidence, Mrs. Brown.

You see, Judge, I've been having the gripe and I told Dr. Hyde I feel a great deal worse than I look, and my husband, Josiah Brown, said I wouldn't live over twelve minutes.

Mrs. Brown, are you sure you are telling the truth.

Oh, yes, she is, Judge. I can always tell.

How can you tell?

Because it always makes her sweat.

And is that all, Mrs. Brown?

No, Judge, I told Josiah Brown right then and there he had to choose between me and old cider.

Well, Mr. Brown, what do you say to that?

Gee, Hosaphat, give me the old cider every time.

Mrs. Brown, you'd better go home and 'tend to your soft soap.

Mr. Ritter, take the stand. Did you work for Mr. Brown? I did, but I wouldn't work for him again if I was starving to death.

And did you see him sell hard cider?

I did and it was half water.

What was his price?

Ten cents a gallon on week days and forty cents on Sundays.

### TRIAL OF JOSIAH BROWN—Continued

Mr. Brown, you are guilty and I fine you two dollars. Some day you might bring me up a dozen fresh eggs if you think of it.

Oh, I'll think of it, all right. You'll get them eggs one at a time when you're all dressed up for church, and they won't be fresh ones nother.

Court's adjourned until some dern cuss starts selling old cider again. Clear the court.

Columbia Record 1838

### WEBSTER'S REPLY TO HAYNE

I have not allowed myself to look beyond the Union to see what might be hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion; to see whether with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of the government whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering not how the Union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the conditions of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed. While the Union lasts, we have high exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that, I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies beyond! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in Heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent, on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched it may be, in fraternal blood. Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic now known and honored throughout the earth still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster not as a stripe erased or polluted, nor as a single star obscured bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first, and Union afterwards," but everywhere spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land and in every wind under the whole heavens that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

Victor Record 17371



## VACANT CHAIR

Root

We shall meet but we shall miss him,  
 There will be one vacant chair,  
 We shall linger to caress him,  
 While we breathe our evening prayer,  
 When a year ago we gathered  
 Joy was in his mild blue eye;  
 But a golden cord is severed  
 And our hopes in ruin lie.

Chorus:

We shall meet and we shall miss him,  
 There will be one vacant chair,  
 We shall linger to caress him,  
 While we breathe our evening prayer,

True, they tell us wreaths of glory  
 Ever more will deck his brow;  
 But this soothes the anguish only  
 Sweeping o'er our heartstrings now.  
 Sleep today, oh, early fallen  
 In thy green and narrow bed,  
 Dirges from the pine and cypress  
 Mingle with the tears we shed.

Columbia Record 1808

## THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER ME

Balse

When other lips and other hearts  
 Their tales of love shall tell,  
 In language whose excess imparts  
 The power they feel so well.  
 There may perhaps in such a scene  
 Some recollection be,  
 Of days that have as happy been,  
 And you'll remember me.

When coldness or deceit shall alight  
 The beauty now they prize,  
 And deem it but a faded light,  
 Which beams within your eyes.  
 When hollow hearts shall wear a mask,  
 'Twill break your own to see,  
 In such a moment I but ask  
 That you'll remember me.

Columbia Record 2243

## WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS

In offering to you, my countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend, I dare not hope they will make the strong and lasting impression I could wish; that they will control the usual current of the passions or prevent our nation from running the course which has hitherto marked the destiny of nations. But if I may even flatter myself that they may be productive of some partial benefit, some occasional good, that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit, to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigue, to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism; this hope will be a full recompense for the solicitude of your welfare, by which they have been dictated.

How far in the discharge of my official duties, I have been guided by the principles which have been delineated, the public records and other evidences of my conduct must witness to you and to the world. To myself the assurance of my own conscience is that I have at least believed myself to be guided by them.

Though in reviewing the incidents of administration, I am unconscious of intentional error, I am nevertheless too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence; and that after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself, must soon be, to the mansions of rest.

Relying on its kindness in this as in other things, and actuated by that fervent love toward it, which is so natural to a man who views in it the native soil of himself and his progenitors for several generations, I anticipate with pleasing expectation that retreat, in which I promise myself to realize without alloy, the sweet enjoyment of partaking in the midst of my Fellow Citizens, the benign influence of good laws under a Free Government, the ever favorite object of my heart, and the happy reward as I trust, of our mutual cares, labors and dangers.

Victor Record 17371

## TOO MUCH DOG

## Wills

My wife, Genevive, has five dogs and every day I have to take them out for an airing. If you ever see those dogs you know they need airing; you can tell it without looking at them. Everybody who comes to the house notices those dogs the first thing. Sometimes when the windows are open and Genevive's pa is smoking, you don't notice the dogs so quickly, but as soon as you close the windows the visitors look bewildered for a moment and then they say, "Well, I guess I will be going now."

One of the dogs is white with a whole lot of black spots. He's got those spots to fool you so you can't tell which spot to kick. I kicked him on the wrong spot once and my toe was sore for a week. Genevive says he's a coach dog, but I don't believe it; I think he's a hearse dog, because he's all black and white.

The second dog is a black and tan. I wore two pairs of shoes on him black and tan.

Mary, the third dog, is a dachshund and she's built on the same graceful lines as an alligator. Every time she tries to catch a flea she ties herself in a couple of knots and I have to untangle her. You know that song "So Long, Mary?" Well, the fellow who wrote that song "So Long, Mary," got the idea from this dog. When she comes in the house you got to hold the door open for her, and if it is a cold day you can catch pneumonia, die and be buried before she's all in the house. The fleas that live on her southern exposure ain't never seen her head. Why, a good lively flea would die of old age before he could make the trip. The first time I kicked her it was two days before she knew about it.

The fourth dog's name is Reginald. Genevive named him that for her first husband. Yes, but she treats him much better. He's a greyhound, and run—why, there's some speed to that boy. He can run from one end of the dachshund to the other in a minute and a half.

The fifth one's name is Henry. Yes, a genuine Switzerland chicken hound. Genevive says they use these chicken hounds in the Alps to find the chickens who get lost in the Idlewise. Henry's a bird alright. I call him Hen for short.

**TOO MUCH DOG—Continued**

He sits by the fire all day and in the night I find him laying in my bed.

Genevive makes all of the dogs sleep with me, she says the dogs need company. When I get into the bed the dog Genevive calls the coach dog starts running up and down under the bed like he's following a wagon. The dachshund wraps herself around my neck and the black and tan sits on my chest and scratches himself. The chicken hound lays on my head and the greyhound lies on his side with one foot against me and dreams he's chasing a rabbit and scratches all the skin off my solar plexus. Then they all bark and wake up Genevive, who comes in and kicks me for disturbing her pets. They're five fine hounds all right, but I'm going to buy me a six shooter. Marriage may be all right for some people, but when you got to sleep with a lot of dogs who have a taste for ethomology, marriage vows are all off.

Victor Record 17768

**TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!****Root**

In the prison cell I sit thinking, mother, dear, of you  
And our bright and happy home so far away,  
And the tears they fill my eyes, spite of all that I can do,  
Tho' I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.

**Chorus:**

Tramp! tramp! tramp! the boys are marching,  
Cheer up, comrades, they will come,  
And beneath the starry flag we shall breathe the air again  
Of the freeland in our own beloved home.

In the battle front we stood when their fiercest charge they made,  
And they swept us off a hundred men or more,  
But before we reach'd their lines they were beaten back  
dismay'd,  
And we heard the cry of vict'ry o'er and o'er.

So within the prison cell we are waiting for the day,  
That shall come to open wide the iron door,  
And the hollow eye grows bright and the poor heart almost gay,  
As we think of seeing home and friends once more.

Victor Record 64608

## SWEET AND LOW

Tennyson

Sweet and low, sweet and low,  
 Wind of the western sea,  
 Low, low, breathe and blow,  
 Wind of the western sea.  
 Over the rolling waters go,  
 Come with the dying moon and blow,  
 Blow him again to me,  
 While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,  
 Father will come to thee soon,  
 Rest, rest, on Mother's breast,  
 Father will come to thee soon.  
 Father will come to his babe in the nest,  
 Silver sails all out of the west  
 Under the silver moon, while my little one,  
 While my pretty one sleeps.

Columbia Record 1741

## SOME DAY THE SHADOWS WILL ALL FADE AWAY

Tell me no more we must say good-bye  
 Never to meet again;  
 Tell me no more with a tear and sigh,  
 That we shall hope in vain.

Chorus:

Some day the shadows will all fade away,  
 Some day the skies be blue;  
 Some day the June-tide will come, love, to stay,  
 Bringing the joys we once knew.  
 Somewhere the sunlight is shining, I know,  
 Tho' all the world seems gray;  
 And we'll some day forget,  
 Every pain and regret,  
 When the shadows have faded away.

Tell me the birds will come back again,  
 After the snow has gone;  
 Tell me you'll live in my heart, and then  
 Our love will still reign on.

Pathe Record 10065

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## SHELLS OF OCEAN

## Cherry

One summer eve in pensive thought,  
 I wandered on the seabeat shore,  
 Where oft in heedless infant sport,  
 I gathered shells in days before,  
 I gathered shells in days before.  
 The splashing waves like music fell  
 Responsive to my fancy wild,  
 A dream came o'er me like a spell,  
 I thought I was again a child,  
 A dream came o'er me like a spell,  
 I thought I was again a child.

I stoop'd upon the pebble strand,  
 To cull the toys that round me lay,  
 And as I took them in my hand,  
 I threw them, one by one, away,  
 I threw them, one by one, away.  
 "Ah, thus," I said, "in ev'ry stage,  
 By toys our fancy is beguiled.  
 We gather shells from youth to age,  
 And then we leave them like a child,  
 We gather shells from youth to age,  
 And then we leave them like a child."

Columbia Record 5886

## SOME DAY I'LL WANDER BACK AGAIN

## French

Some day I'll wander back again  
 To where the old home stands,  
 Beneath the old tree down the lane,  
 Afar in other lands.  
 Its humble cot will shelter me  
 From every care and pain,  
 And life be sweet as sweet can be,  
 When I am home again.

## Chorus:

I'll wander back, yes, back again,  
 Where childhood's home may be,  
 For memory in sweet refrain,  
 Still sings its praise to me.  
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Columbia Record 1492

## THOSE QUAIN'T OLD MELODIES

Morrison

Oft in memory I stray,  
 Down an old familiar way,  
 Where the moss and ivy clings to stone and tree,  
 Then in fancy oft I roam,  
 To the dear old "Home, Sweet Home."  
 'Twas the dearest spot in all this world to me,  
 As in a dream again I see  
 Myself a child at mother's knee;  
 While o'er her face the flickering firelight gleamed,  
 And those songs she sang to me  
 Filled my childish heart with glee,  
 As her dear old face with loving kindness beamed.

Chorus:

When the band plays "Annie Laurie,"  
 Then you'll remember me,  
 And the Last Rose of Summer  
 Brings to me fond memories of thee;  
 Oh, believe me, if all those endearing young charms  
 Could from out the faded past come back to me,  
 I'd give the world to be a child  
 Again at mother's knee,  
 While she sang to me those quaint old melodies.

Those old days are gone for aye,  
 And they'll ne'er return again,  
 For in the old churchyard upon the hill  
 They have laid her there to rest,  
 Near the one she loved the best,  
 And they sleep beneath the ground so cold and still.  
 Now in my arms my child I hold,  
 His curly head upon my breast;  
 I sing to him the songs she sang to me.  
 Still I think of mother dear,  
 She's the one I love the best,  
 As I croon again those quaint old melodies.

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 Paroket Record 88

**ONLY A FADED ROSE****Cook**

Once on a beautiful summer morn,  
 When the lark sang sweet above,  
 You gave me a red, red rose of June,  
 An emblem of your love.  
 Roses, you whispered, must fade away,  
 Love will outlast life's years;  
 But all that remains of that summer's day  
 Is a faded rose and tears.

**Chorus:**

Only a faded rose,  
 Only a few brown leaves,  
 Only a tear that, falling,  
 Tells of a heart that grieves.  
 Only a faded rose,  
 Only two lives apart,  
 Only a dream of what might have been,  
 Only a broken heart.

Love was a garden that day in June,  
 With a thousand glowing flowers,  
 But love, like a timid bird, fled soon,  
 And sad are now life's hours.  
 But I have guarded your memory,  
 Still always at twilight's close  
 The fragrance of dear, dead days returns  
 As I clasp a faded rose.

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Edison Blue Amberol Record 23082

**SWING, HONEY, SWING ME****Callaghan**

Everybody's feelin' fine,  
 Can't you see their eyes shine  
 All down the line?  
 Uncle Gabe and Aunt Marie  
 Give society a big jubilee,  
 Every hightoned belle of the ball room,  
 Every gal, large and small, that comes to the ball,  
 When Uncle Gabriel gets his fiddle in his han'  
 Begins a-singin' to her lovin' man!



# SWING HONEY, SWING ME—Continued

## Chorus:

Swing me, honey, swing me more,  
 Swing me high until me feet leave the floor,  
 Swing me 'round the corners,  
 Guide me to the middle.  
 Never was a brass band equal to a fiddle;  
 Swing me, honey, don't you stop,  
 If I faint don't you dare to let me drop,  
 Just keep your arms around me,  
 Keep glidin' 'round the floor,  
 Just swing me, honey, swing me  
 Till I faint away once more.

Now they're playin' tango tunes,  
 See those two spoony coons,  
 Actin' like loons;  
 She's got her head on his shoulder,  
 While the music plays just watch how she sways,  
 See that couple right over yonder,  
 They're a-doin' the glide, just watch how they slide!  
 Just listen to old Aunt Maria sing!

Imperial Record 5155

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## TO MY SON

### Graffin

Do you know, son, that your soul and my soul are such part  
 That you seem to be fibre and core of my heart.  
 None other can shame me as you, son, can do,  
 None other can please me or praise me as you.  
 Remember, the world will be quick with its blame  
 If shadow or shame have darkened your name.  
 "Like mother, like son," is a saying so true,  
 The world will judge largely of mother by you.  
 Be this, then, your task—if task it should be—  
 To force the whole world to do homage to me.  
 Be sure it will say when its verdict you've won,  
 She reaped as she sowed: this man was her son.

Victor Record 17478

## O, STAR OF EVE

"Tannhauser"

Wagner

Like death's foreboding twilight all surrounding,  
 Envelopes hill and vale with sable mantle,  
 The soul that longs to mount on yonder heights,  
 Feels terror at its flight thru dread and night,  
 And thou appear, oh, fairest star of Heaven!  
 Thy gentle light thru space afar thou spreadest,  
 And darkning twilight soften'd by thy ray with cheering  
     light,  
 From the vale shows the way.  
 O, thou sublime sweet evening star,  
 Joyful I greet thee from afar.  
 With flowing heart, that ne'er disclos'd,  
 Greet her when she in thy light reposed,  
 When parting from this vale.  
 A vision she rises to an angel's mission,  
 When parting from this vale,  
 A vision she rises to an angel's mission.

Columbia Record 5471

## SWORD OF BUNKER HILL

He lay upon his dying bed, his eye was growing dim,  
 When with a feeble voice he called his weeping son to him,  
 "Weep not, my boy," the vet'ran said, "I bow to Heav'n's  
     high will,  
 But quickly from yon antlers bring the sword of Bunker  
     Hill."

The sword was brought, the soldier's eye lit with a sudden  
     flame,  
 And as he grasped the ancient blade, he murmured Warren's  
     name.  
 Then said, "My boy, I leave you gold, but what is richer still,  
 I leave you, mark me, mark me now, the sword of Bunker  
     Hill."

"Oh, keep the sword!" his accents broke, a smile and he  
     was dead,  
 But his wrinkled hand still grasped the blade upon that  
     dying bed,  
 The son remains, the sword remains, its glory growing still,  
 And twenty millions bless the sire and sword of Bunker Hill.

Columbia Record 5849

## TRUST SCENE

Weber-Fields

By golly, Mike, this ought to be the proudest moment of your life. Today I have made you a financier. Ain't you proud?

Sure, I'm proud. But what is it I am?

Didn't you hear what my lawyer said?

Ah! that's the trouble, he said so much I didn't know what he was talking about.

That shows what a good lawyer he is.

Oh, lawyers are better when you don't understand them?

Sure, the less you understand them the better lawyer he is.

Well, the next time we go to a bum lawyer.

Why?

So I know what was going on.

So you could know? You go to a lawyer to find out what you don't know.

But, Myer, tell me what that lawyer was doing all the time we were up in his office.

He was organizing our Trust Company.

What is a Trust?

A Trust is a body of men who don't trust nobody, so they get ahold of people to trust them.

By golly, I'm glad I'm a Trust Company, but I didn't like it when your lawyer made me sign all those papers.

Why?

'Cause I didn't know what I was signing.

Of course you didn't. If you did you wouldn't have signed them.

I might have signed my life away.

Might have! You did.

You mean to say that I have not got my life any more?

That's right.

Well, who's got it?

It belongs to the Trust Company.

The lawyer didn't tell me that.

Didn't I tell you what a great lawyer he was. He belongs to the Trust Company.

Then I ain't got nothing left at all?

Not a thing. Everything belongs to the Trust.

But what becomes of my money, the ten thousand dollars?

The Trust has got that.

And my little house.

That belongs to the Trust.

And my wife.

That's the only thing the Trust ain't got.

Say, Myer, couldn't I get the Trust to take her, too?

## TRUST SCENE—Continued

No, this Trust don't need any wives; they got trouble enough.

Well, let me ask you, Myer, what am I investigated in?

You are investigated in the Metropolitan Railroad. Every car that is running in New York today you are investigated in. You own shares in it.

But what you talking about, I got to pay my own fare.

Sure you got to pay fare.

But what am I investigated in?

Wait a minute. When you were standing on the corner this morning, waiting for a car, and when you whistled didn't the car stop?

Sure it did.

Well, it don't do that for everybody.

Well, what's that got to do with me?

Then, again, when you are riding on a car and wanted to go to a street where the car didn't stop, didn't the man give you a transfer, a ticket? That proves you are a stockholder.

Aw, shut up, that proves nothing of the kind. Everybody else got such a transfer.

Then they are all stockholders.

But what you tell me, I must keep them.

Sure, save them up until you get a thousand.

Well, I did save them up and it cost me many a nickel to save them.

Oh, but when you get a thousand then you get promoted.

Promoted?

Yeah.

To what will I get promoted?

Don't you understand? When you get a thousand transfers then you can be your own conductor and give them out yourself.

Columbia Record 1855

## SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER

Bradbury

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer!

That calls me from a world of care;

And bids me at my Father's throne;

Make all my wants and wishes known;

In season of distress and grief,

My soul has often found relief,

And oft escaped the tempter's snare,

By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!

Columbia Record 254

**STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT**

Woodbury

Stars of the summer night,  
 Far in yon azure deep,  
 Hide, hide your golden light,  
 She sleeps, my lady sleeps,  
 She sleeps, she sleeps, my lady sleeps.

Moon of the summer night,  
 Far down yon western steep,  
 Sink, sink, in silver light,  
 She sleeps, my lady sleeps,  
 She sleeps, she sleeps, my lady sleeps.

Columbia Record 1436

**THERE'S A BUNGALOW IN DIXIELAND**

Freeman

There's a pretty little garden down in Dixieland,  
 By the Mississippi shore;  
 There's a pretty little land we can roam hand in hand,  
 I really couldn't ask for any more.  
 There's a girl with dark brown, winking, blinking eyes  
 Shining just like stars in skies of paradise,  
 There's a pretty little bungalow and I surmise  
 That I'm going to take my sweetheart there.

Chorus:

There's a little bungalow in Dixieland  
 Just big enough for two.  
 A cozy little home that I have planned  
 For no one else but you.  
 If you will come I'll make you understand,  
 As hand in hand we go.  
 We'll have a lot of kisses,  
 You'll know just what bliss is,  
 In my Dixie bungalow.

There's a pair of eyes a-shining down in Dixieland,  
 Shining just like stars above;  
 There's a little heart that's pining and I understand  
 It's pining for a little bit of love.  
 There's the fairest, rarest, squarest rose that grows,  
 She knows that I love her from her head to her toes,  
 And I'm goin' to take her far away from all the snows,  
 To my little Dixie bungalow.

Edison Blue Amberol Record 80220

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**SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER****Rice**

Shall we meet beyond the river,  
 Where the surges cease to roll?  
 Where in all the bright forever  
 Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?

**Chorus:**

Shall we meet, shall we meet,  
 Shall we meet beyond the river,  
 Shall we meet beyond the river,  
 Where the surges cease to roll?

Shall we meet in that blest harbor,  
 When our stormy voyage o'er,  
 Shall we meet and cast the anchor,  
 By the fair celestial shore?

**Victor Record 17356****THREE FISHERS****Kingsley**

Three fishers went sailing out into the west,  
 Out into the west as the sun went down;  
 Each tho't of the woman who lov'd him the best,  
 And children stood watching them out of the town—  
 For men must work and women must weep,  
 And there's little to earn and many to keep;  
 Tho' the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tow'r,  
 And they trimm'd the lamps as the sun went down;  
 They look'd at the squall, and they look'd at the show'r  
 And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown—  
 But men must work, and women must weep,  
 Tho' storms be sudden and waters deep;  
 And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the morning sands,  
 In the shining gleam as the tide went down;  
 And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,  
 For those who will never come back to the town.  
 For men must work, and women must weep,  
 And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep;  
 And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

**Victor Record 74458**

## THERE'S A ROSE IN OLD ERIN

Callahan

In that dear little isle o'er the sea,  
 There's a rose that is blooming for me,  
 Just a sweet, fragrant flower,  
 In a shady green bower,  
 I'm yearning to see her each day and each hour.  
 By the lakes of Killarney so blue,  
 She is waiting with heart ever true,  
 The smile so endearin'  
 She always is wearin'  
 Just calls me to Erin as naught else can do.

Chorus:

An Irish rose is blooming,  
 That is just for me,  
 She's the fairest of flowers on that dear isle  
 of green.

My rose of Killarney,  
 My winsome colleen.

"Come back to Erin," she's calling,  
 I can hear her tonight from afar o'er the sea,  
 There's a rose in old Erin that's blooming for me.

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Pathe Record 10029

## SILENT NIGHT

Gruber

Silent night, peaceful night,  
 All things sleep, shepherds keep  
 Watch on Bethlehem's silent hill,  
 And unseen, while all is still,  
 Angels watch above, angels watch above.

Bright the star shines afar,  
 Guiding travelers on their way,  
 Who their gold and incense bring,  
 Offerings to the promised King,  
 Child of David's line, child of David's line.

Light around! joyous sound!  
 Angel voices wake the air;  
 "Glory be to God in heav'n,  
 Peace on earth to you is giv'n,  
 Christ, the Saviour's come; Christ, the Saviour's come."  
 Edison Diamond Disc Record 82040

## SORROWS OF DEATH

### "Hymn of Praise"

The sorrows of death had closed all around me,  
And hell's dark terrors had got hold upon me;  
With trouble and deep heaviness. But, saith the Lord,  
"Come, arise from the dead and awake thou that sleepest,  
I bring thee salvation."

We called through the darkness,  
"Watchman, will the night soon pass?"  
The watchman only said, "Though the morning will come,  
The night will come also. Ask ye, inquire ye,  
Ask if ye will, inquire ye, return again, ask!  
Watchman, will the night soon pass!"

Victor Record 74498

## STICK TO YOUR MOTHER, TOM

How well can I remember, though many years ago,  
I journeyed down to Plymouth with my mother, you must  
know,  
The ships were in the harbor, with flag and banners dressed,  
And weeping wives and children were waiting with the rest.  
My father was a sailor on board a "man of war,"  
Who once again was going to leave us both ashore.  
He kissed us both at parting, as we stood on the quay,  
And as he bade us both good-bye he said these words to me:

### Chorus:

Stick to your mother, Tom,  
When I am gone,  
Don't let her worry, lad,  
Don't let her mourn.  
Remember how she nursed you  
When I was far away,  
So don't leave your mother  
When her hair turns gray.

We watched the fading vessel, then came back home again,  
And scarcely spoke in whispers whilst riding in the train;  
The journey seemed unending and leaden was the sky,  
Until we reached the station to which our home was nigh.  
The cottage seemed so desolate, for vacant was the chair  
In which my father lingered whenever he was there;  
I came and stood by mother, so torn by hopes and fears,  
In silence she embraced me, then whispered thro' her tears.

Edison Blue Amberol Record 2380



## SHERIDAN'S RIDE

## Read

Up from the South at break of day,  
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,  
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,  
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,  
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,  
Telling the battle was on once more.  
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war,  
Thundered along the horizon's bar,  
And louder yet into Winchester rolled,  
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled.  
Making the blood of the listener cold,  
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,  
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,  
A good broad highway leading down;  
And there, through the flush of the morning light  
A steed as black as the steeds of night  
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight,  
As if he knew the terrible need;  
He stretched away with his utmost speed,  
Hills rose and fell, but his heart was gay,  
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering South,  
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth;  
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,  
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.  
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master  
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,  
Impatient to be where the battle field calls,  
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,  
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road  
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,  
And the landscape sped away behind,  
Like an ocean flying before the wind.  
And the steed, like a barque fed with furnace ire,  
Swept on with his wild eye full of fire,  
But, lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;  
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,  
With Sheridan only five miles away.

### SHERIDAN'S RIDE—Continued

The first that the general saw were the groups  
Of stragglers and then the retreating troops.  
What was done? What to do? A glance told him both,  
Then, striking his spurs, with a terrible oath  
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,  
And the wave of retreat checked its course there—because  
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.  
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray,  
By the flash of his eye and the red nostrils play  
He seemed to the whole great army to say,  
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way  
From Winchester, down, to save the day."

Hurrah! Hurrah! for Sheridan!  
Hurrah! Hurrah! for horse and man  
And when their statues are placed on high  
Under the dome of the Union sky,  
The American Soldiers' Temple of Fame,  
There with the glorious general's name,  
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright,  
"Here is the steed that saved the day,  
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,  
From Winchester, twenty miles away"

Victor Record 5970

### SIGHING

Stover

Life seemed to me like one long winter day,  
Joys like the leaves had all withered away.  
Your love, like spring and the summer skies blue,  
Fades autumn's sadness, for love brought me you.

Refrain:

All day I'm sighing, longing for you,  
Life's worth the living since I have met you,  
Each night while dreaming, your face so true,  
Faded and left me, sighing for you.

Morning dawns bright as I start a new day,  
Fortune's against me but fate leads the way,  
Noon the world's gloomy, but night time it seems,  
Brings consolation, for you're in my dreams.

Victor Record 17987

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## WAY DOWN UPON THE SWANEE RIBBER

Foster

Way down upon de Swanee Ribber,  
 Far, far away,  
 Dare's whah my heart am turning ebber,  
 Dar'e whah de ole folks stay;  
 All up and down de whole creation,  
 Sadly I roam,  
 Still longin' for de ole plantation,  
 An' for de ole folks at home.

Chorus:

All de world am sad an' dreary,  
 Everywhar I roam,  
 Oh! darkies, how my heart grows weary,  
 Far from de ole folks at home.  
 One little hut among de bushes,  
 One dat I lub,  
 Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,  
 No matter whar I rove;  
 When will I see de bees a-hummin'  
 All 'round de comb?  
 When will I hear de banjo tummin'  
 Down in my good ole home?

Victor Record 2816

## SHE WANDERED DOWN THE MOUNTAINSIDE

Stephenson

She wandered down the mountainside,  
 With measured tread, with measured tread and slow,  
 She heard the bells at eventide,  
 Down in the vale below, the vale below.  
 A bird was singing its psalm of rest,  
 But she heeded, heeded not its song,  
 For other thoughts filled full her heart,  
 And she sang as she went along.

Chorus:

I shall meet him, where we always meet,  
 He is waiting, waiting for me;  
 My heart is full, I hear it beat,  
 I am coming, my love to thee!  
 My heart is full, I can hear it beat,  
 I am coming, I am coming, oh, my love, to thee!

Columbia Record 1186

## WATER MILL

McCallum

Oh, listen to the water mill thru all the live long day,  
As the clicking of the wheels wears hour by hour away;  
How languidly the autumn wind doth stir the withered leaves,  
As on the field the reapers sing while binding up the sheaves.  
A solemn proverb strikes my mind, and as a spell is cast,  
"The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

The summer winds revive no more leaves strewn o'er earth  
and main,  
The sickle never more will reap the yellow garnered grain;  
The rippling stream flows ever on, aye, tranquil, deep and  
still,  
But never glideth back again to busy water mill.  
The solemn proverb speaks to all with meaning deep and vast,  
"The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

Oh, clasp the proverb to thy soul, dear loving heart and true,  
For golden years are fleeting by and youth is passing, too;  
Ah, learn to make the most of life, nor lose one happy day,  
For time will ne'er return sweet joys neglected thrown away;  
Nor leave one tender word unsaid, thy kindness sow broadcast,  
"The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

Oh, the wasted hours of life that have swiftly drifted by,  
Alas! the good we might have done, all gone without a sigh;  
Love that we might once have saved by a single kindly word;  
Thoughts conceived but ne'er expressed, perishing, unpenned,  
unheard.  
Oh, take the lesson to thy soul, forever clasp it fast,  
"The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

Work on while yet the sun doth shine, thou man of strength  
and will,  
The streamlet ne'er doth useless glide by clicking water-mill,  
Nor wait until tomorrow's light beams brightly on thy way,  
For all that thou canst call thine own lies in the phrase,  
"Today."  
Possession, power, and blooming health must all be lost at  
last,  
"The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

## WATER MILL—Continued

Oh, love thy God and fellow man thyself consider last,  
 For come it will when thou must scan dark errors of the past;  
 Soon will this fight of life be o'er and earth recede from view,  
 And heaven in all its glory shine where all is pure and true.  
 Ah, then, thou'lt see more clearly still the proverb deep and  
     vast,  
 "The mill will never grind again with water that is past."  
 Victor Record 17132

## SHYLOCK'S JUSTIFICATION OF THE JEW

## "Merchant of Venice"

Shakespeare

Let him look to his bond! He was wont to call me usurer;  
 Let him look to his bond! He was wont to lend me money  
     for a Christian courtesy.

Let him look to his bond!

To bait fish withal, if it will feed nothing else

It will feed my revenge.

He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million,  
 Laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my  
     nation,

Thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine  
     enemies,

And what is his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes,  
 Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, sense,  
 Affections, passions? Fed with the same food,  
 Hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases,  
 Healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same  
     winter and summer as a Christian is?

If you prick us, do we not bleed?

If you tickle us, do we not laugh?

If you poison us, do we not die?

And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge?

If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that.

If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility?

Revenge!

If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be  
     by Christian example?

Why, revenge!

The villainy you teach me, I will execute,

And it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

Columbia Record 1587

## TO MY DOG

Here, come here, Nero; where is that dog; oh, here he is. Come away from that cat, what's the matter with you?

Hello, Steve, where did you get that doggone dog?

Why, I raised him.

Has he got a pedigree?

Pedigree, what's that?

I mean is he full blooded.

Shush, not so loud, he thinks he is.

Hey, can he do any tricks?

Sure, watch him. Sit up, Nero. Look at that.

What's his name?

Why, Nero.

Nero! Why, you ought to be ashamed of yourself calling a bum dog like that Nero.

Why?

Why? Don't you know that Nero was a great Roman senator who played the violin while Rome burned.

Well, he ain't got nothing on this Nero. He howled in the back yard when the opera house was on fire.

Ho, ho, that's a good one. He sure is some mutt!

Mutt, nothing! Say, mister, look at his eyes, can't you see the love a-sticking right out of them. Why, some people think dogs ain't got any sense and they don't know what's what, but from the acquaintance I've had with him I found that dogs know a lot. Trouble is folks don't seem to understand what a dog is trying to say. Why, when he wags his tail he means I'm glad to see you, and when he growls he means go away. And when it comes to taking care of himself, why, he knows just what to do. He never eats or sleeps too much, and he don't drink or smoke or chew. Now, you just kind of watch your dog and I'm sure you'll learn a lesson. Be kind to him and you will find his love will be a blessing. He'll stick to you through thick and thin and when you're down and out he'll share your sorrows and wag his tail as if to say "Cheer up, good luck tomorrow." Now, when I die, if I've the luck to reach the golden gate and I see a sign "No dogs allowed," by gosh I'll hesitate. For if my old mutt was standing 'round and he looked me in the face, I think I'd have to take a chance and try the other place. Yes, sir, them's my sentiments regarding a dog. I don't think any man ever lost any money trying to curry favor with a good, sensible flealess dog. Well, I got to get back to work. Come on, Nero, come on. When we get home, little dog, I got a bone for you as big as an elephant's hind leg. Well, good-bye; come on, Nero.

Victor Record 17960

## VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

Moore

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house,  
 Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.  
 The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,  
 In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.  
 The children were nestled all snug in their bed,  
 While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads!  
 And mamma in her kerchief and I in my cap,  
 Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap—  
 When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter  
 I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.  
 Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
 Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash;  
 The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow  
 Gave a lustre of mid-day to objects below;  
 When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,  
 But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer  
 With a little old driver so lively and quick,  
 I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.  
 More rapid than eagles his courses they came,  
 And he whistled and shouted and called them by name:  
 "Now, Dasher! Now, Dancer! Now, Prancer and Vixen!  
 On, Comet! On, Cupid! On, Dunder and Blitzen!  
 To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!  
 Now, dash away, dash away, dash away, all!"  
 As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,  
 When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,  
 So, up to the house-tops the courses they flew,  
 With a sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas, too.  
 And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof,  
 The prancing and pawing of each little hoof,  
 As I drew in my head, and was turning around,  
 Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound!  
 He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,  
 And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;  
 A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,  
 And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack;  
 His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!  
 His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;  
 His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,  
 And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow!  
 The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,  
 And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;  
 He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf,  
 And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.  
 A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,  
 Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;

# VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS—Continued

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,  
And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk  
And, laying his finger aside of his nose,  
And giving a nod, up the chimney he goes.  
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,  
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;  
But I heard him exclaim, 'ere he drew out of sight:  
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night."

Columbia Record 390

## STAR SPANGLED BANNER

### Key

Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming;  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight,  
O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming,  
And the rockets red glare,  
The bombs bursting in air,  
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there!

### Chorus:

Oh, say, does that star spangled banner yet wave,  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,  
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes.  
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep  
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?  
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,  
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream,  
'Tis the star spangled banner, oh, long may it wave,  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh, thus be it ever, when freeman shall stand,  
Between their lov'd homes and wild war's desolation,  
Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n rescued land,  
Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation.  
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust."  
And the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave,  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Columbia Record 326



**SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND**

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps;  
 And lovers around her are sighing.  
 But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,  
 For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,  
 Every note that he loved awaking.  
 Oh! little they think who delight in her strains,  
 How the heart of the minstrel is breaking.

He had lived for his love, for his country he died;  
 They were all that to life had entwined him.  
 Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,  
 Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest;  
 When they promise a glorious morrow,  
 They'll shine o'er her sleep like a smile from the west,  
 From her own loved island of sorrow.

Columbia Record 5801

**TAKE ME BACK TO YOUR HEART**

Summertime I met you,  
 Wintertime you'd flown!  
 Springtime came with April showers,  
 But there came no happy hours—  
 I am still alone.

**Chorus:**

Take me back to your heart,  
 Let me live there once again—  
 Live for the joys of tomorrow—  
 Goodbye forever to sorrow!  
 Just forgive and forget,  
 Don't let me plead in vain!  
 I love you, I miss you, I want you,  
 Take me back to your heart again!

Every rose that grew, dear,  
 Seem'd to blush like you,  
 You're the cause of all my dreams,  
 When your vision comes it seems  
 Paradise for two.

Edison Diamond Disc Record 50259  
 Complete words and music may be had of the publishers, The  
 Lawrence Wright Music Co., 8 Denmark St., Charing Cross  
 Road, London, England.

**'TIS THY WEDDING MORNING****"Rose Maiden"**

'Tis thy wedding morning,  
 Shining in the skies,  
 Bridal bells are ringing,  
 Bridal songs arise,  
 Opening the portals  
 Of Thy Paradise.

'Tis the last fair morning,  
 For thy maiden eyes!

'Tis thy marriage morning,  
 Rise, sweet maid, arise!

Victor Record 35209

**THEY ALL SANG ANNIE LAURIE****Callahan**

Soldiers around the fire were dreaming,  
 Tender dreams of loved ones at home;  
 Of friends that they knew with hearts tried and true,  
 Of sister, brother, sweetheart and mother.  
 "Give us a song," a soldier shouted,  
 He was brushing a tear from his eye,  
 For in the campfire's dim light he saw an image that night,  
 Of one with eyes ever bright, that made him sigh.

**Chorus:**

There was one song of Nora darling,  
 From Tipperary so far away;  
 And there was one song of English Mary,  
 With blue eyes so bright and gay.  
 And then from each throat one song came ringing,  
 That caused the tears from their eyes to start,  
 For they all sang "Annie Laurie,"  
 The song that reaches every heart.

Sweetly they sang, the music ringing,  
 O'er the hills and valley and plain,  
 For it brought to their mind the girl left behind—  
 The one they'd sigh for, the one they'd die for,  
 Knowing perhaps on the morrow,  
 They would answer the bugle's last call;  
 That from the ranks of the brave, who fought their country  
 to save,  
 That some would fill up a grave—that some would fall.  
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Pathe Record 10064

**THROUGH ALL THE CHANGING SCENES OF LIFE**

Thro' all the changing scenes of life,  
 In trouble and in joy,  
 The praises of my God shall still  
 My heart and tongue employ.

Of His deliverance I will boast,  
 Till all who are distrest,  
 From my example comfort take,  
 And charm their griefs to rest.

Oh, make but trial of His love,  
 Experience will decide,  
 How blest are they and only they  
 Who in His truth confide.

Fear him, ye saints, and you will then  
 Have nothing else to fear;  
 Come make His service your delight,  
 He'll make you want His care.

Edison Blue Amberol Record 23823

**SWEET GENEVIEVE**

Tucker

O, Genevieve, I'd give the world  
 To live again the lovely past;  
 The rose of youth was dew impearled  
 But now it withers in the blast.  
 I see thy face in every dream,  
 My waking tho'ts are full of thee,  
 Thy glance is in the starry beam,  
 That falls along the summer sea.

Oh, Genevieve, sweet Genevieve,  
 The day may come, the day may go,  
 But still the hands of mem'ry weave,  
 The blissful dreams of long ago.

Fair Genevieve, my early love,  
 The years but make thee dearer far,  
 My heart shall never, never rove,  
 Thou art my only guiding star.  
 For me the past has no regret,  
 What e'er the years may bring to me,  
 I bless the hour when first we met,  
 The hour that gave you, love, to me.

Columbia Record 2115

**THERE'S A MOTHER BACK IN IRELAND**

Callahan

Tonight as I sit dreaming in the gloaming,  
 My fancy takes its flight across the sea,  
 And once again thro' Ireland's vales I'm roaming,  
 Each picture brings a sacred memory.  
 Each silver star in old Killarney gleaming,  
 It seems to me but breathes a silent prayer,  
 And fills my heart with longing in my dreaming,  
 To see my mother waiting for me there.

Chorus:

In a little cottage nestled 'mid the shamrocks,  
 Where the silvery Kenmare ripples to the sea,  
 With a heart that's just as true as the Irish skies  
     are blue,  
 There's a mother back in Ireland waits for me.

'Twas years ago I left one summer morning,  
 The air was filled with perfume from the flowers,  
 And mother's face framed in the golden dawning,  
 Has followed me thro' all the lonely hours.  
 Today a letter came that says she's yearning,  
 To see her boy from far across the foam,  
 And with the morrow's dawn I'll be returning,  
 To mother who is waiting back at home.  
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     Imperial Record 5157

**THERE'S A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW**

Collin

There's an old fashioned homestead that stands by the sea,  
 And a fond, loving mother full three score and three,  
 Whose sad, tearful eyes wander far o'er the lea,  
 As her lips part to murmur, "Come back, lad, to me."

Each night to the window in silence she strays,  
 Where she places a lamp, and its flickering rays  
 Are intended for him who may never return,  
 But brightly the light in the window shall burn.

Chorus:

There's a light in the window burns brightly for thee,  
 My brave sailor laddie so long gone from me,  
 Your absence and silence makes mama's heart yearn,  
 So brightly the light in the window shall burn.

Columbia Record 1170

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 Pond & Co., 18 W. 37th St., New York.

## TURKEY IN THE STRAW

Say, Jackson, dat certainly am a sweet tune.

Dat certainly am a peach of a song.

I love de old time songs. Dey don't write songs like de old time songs any mo'.

Indeed, dey don't.

Dere's my old Kentucky home. Dat was a good one. And den Home, Sweet Home, dat was a good one.

Yas, sah, dat was a good one, but ah never did have no home.

Talking about de old songs reminds me of about fifteen years ago when I went out to Kansas with my little dog Butch and my jackass to raise up de corn and cabbage and watermelon and buckwheat. Three weeks after I was out there little Butch died and left me on the farm with my jackass. Three months after dat the jackass was out in the clover field and he ate so much clover that he got the colic and laid down on the ground and moaned and moaned and passed away. He left me all alone on de farm. Are you a friend to me?

Ah certainly is.

Please sing me a small stanza of My Old Kentucky Home.

Well, if it will do you any good I will try it. Here goes:

Oh, de sun shines bright

On my old Kentucky home.

Say, coon, are you all making fun of me? Was dat you singing?

Course dat was me singing.

I thought it was an alligator sneezing over in de creek yonder.

Well, I will try it once more.

Oh, de sun shines bright

On my old Kentucky home.

Oh, oh, don't sing no mo'. You make me think of the way my old jackass moaned and moaned when he done died.

Victor Record 16390

## SONS OF OLD BRITANNIA

Colledge

When men at home have belted on their steel,

And the last farewells and Godspeeds have been told,

Our heavy hearts are lightened by the knowledge we all feel,

That our home is helping Britain bold.

So cheer men in red, men in blue, men in brown,

Half a million volunteers fighting for the crown,

Half a million ready, just waiting for the call,

Waiting for the signal that will rouse us one and all.

# **SONS OF OLD BRITANNIA—Continued**

When we meet the foe our hearts are beating high,  
 When we're waiting for the order to advance,  
 We'll make a loyal vow to conquer or to die,  
 Thanking God they have given us the chance.  
 So cheer men in red, men in blue, men in brown,  
 Half a million willing boys out of every town;  
 Thousands more are ready to take the sword and gun—  
 They're the men we count upon when fighting's to be done.

Our battle ships are guarding England's shore,  
 On land we know there's duty to be done,  
 When our country calls for others we will give them more,  
 And fill the ranks 'till every fight is won.  
 So cheer men in red, men in blue, men in brown,  
 Sons of old Britannia salute the King and Crown;  
 Let us cheer their women folk and banish all their tears,  
 God save the King and bless our volunteers.

## **Chorus:**

So cheer men in red, men in blue, men in brown,  
 Volunteers a million strong fighting for the Crown;  
 Raise your voices loud and strong in giving them three cheers—  
 Good luck to them, our glorious volunteers.  
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 Edison Blue Amberol Record 23362

## **TWENTY-THIRD PSALM**

The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want;  
 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;  
 He leadeth me beside the still waters.  
 He restoreth my soul.  
 He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's  
 sake.  
 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of  
 death, I will fear no evil;  
 For Thou art with me,  
 Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.  
 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine  
 enemies;  
 Thou annointest my head with oil;  
 My cup runneth over.  
 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of  
 my life  
 And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Victor Record 16362

## UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES

### Trahem

The sweet magnolias are in bloom,  
 The fields are white as snow;  
 The air is filled with rare perfume,  
 The sky is all aglow;  
 Far o'er the hills the setting sun  
 Is sinking bright and clear,  
 The darkies gather 'round and hum  
 The songs they love to hear;  
 Beneath the shadow of the pines,  
 A lad of seventeen  
 Is swinging in the ivy vines  
 Beside his ideal queen.  
 He whispers to her soft and low,  
 She timidly replies,  
 "I will always love you, dear,  
 Under Southern skies."

### Chorus:

You'll hear the darkies singing  
 The songs they love the best,  
 You'll hear the banjos ringing,  
 While the old folks rest.  
 The pickaninnies dancing,  
 To see who'll win the prize,  
 In the evening by the moonlight  
 Under Southern skies.

The moon shines bright, a happy throng,  
 Is playing on the green;  
 They join the merry games and song,  
 'Tis joyous Hallowe'en.  
 They crowd around the cabin door,  
 And ask old Mammy Kate  
 To tell the maxims old, once more,  
 So they can learn their fate.  
 Each maiden there then finds some way  
 As most all sweethearts do  
 To see if all the games they play  
 Will make her wish come true;  
 When Hallowe'en is past and gone  
 She'll tell you in surprise,  
 Every wish she made came true,  
 Under Southern skies.

**SOLDIER'S FAREWELL****Kinkel**

How can I bear to leave thee,  
 One parting kiss I give thee,  
 And then whate'er befalls me,  
 I go where honor calls me.

**Chorus:**

Farewell, farewell, my own true love,  
 Farewell, farewell, my own true love.

Ne'er more may I behold thee,  
 Or to this heart enfold thee;  
 With spear and pennon, glancing,  
 I see the foe advancing.

I think of thee with longing,  
 Think thou when tears are thronging,  
 That with my last faint sighing,  
 I'll whisper soft while dying.

**Victor Record 16039****SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER**

Shall we gather at the river  
 Where bright angel feet have trod,  
 With its crystal tide forever,  
 Flowing by the throne of God?

**Chorus:**

Yes, we'll gather at the river,  
 The beautiful, the beautiful river,  
 Gather with the saints at the river,  
 That flows by the throne of God.

Ere we reach the shining river,  
 Lay we every burden down,  
 Grace our spirit will deliver,  
 And provide a robe and crown.

Soon we'll reach the silver river,  
 Soon our pilgrimage will cease,  
 Soon our happy hearts will quiver,  
 With the melody of peace.

**Victor Record 16261**



## SERVANT GIRLS

Well, good morning, Miss Maude, yer look awful good today.

Why, good morning, Miss Mandy, how you comin' on?

Oh, mighty fine. Be you workin' all de time now?

Oh, deed I is workin'.

Who yer workin' fer now?

Ise workin' for Judge Gildermahsleeve.

Does dey treat you good?

Oh, they treats me setustious.

Have you got many children to look after?

Oh, 'bout eleven.

Oh, dat's hard work.

Why, you're lookin' mighty well, too.

Why, I'm feelin' splendid.

Who you workin' for now?

I'm workin' fer de banker up on the hill.

Let me see, what's his name?

Mr. Discount Gimme.

Mr. Discount Gimme, ho, ho, ho.

Oh, say, there was a very peculiar incident happened to me.

Why, what was that?

Well, the other day I went over to the depot to meet my mistress and the train was forty minutes late. There was a lady sittin' across from me all dressed in black cryin' as if her poor heart was broken. I went across to her and I said, "Lady, can I do anything for you?" She said, "Oh, no, nobody can do anything for me now." I said, "Can't I get you a glass of water?" She said, "No, thank you." I said, "Well, what are you crying about?" She said, "Oh, I was married when I was eighteen years of age and my first husband only lived six months and I had his body cremated. After being a widow for two years I married my second husband and he only lived ten months and I had his body cremated. I married my third husband and we had only been married three months and he died and I am now taking his body to have it cremated." I went back to my seat and sat down and I started to cry. Oh, you could hear me crying for a mile. The lady that was dressed in mourning saw me crying and she came over to me and says, "Why are you crying?" I said, "I am crying to think that I am thirty-seven years of age and never have been married in my life, while you have husbands to burn."

My, it's awful nice to be married.

Nice to have your own home.

**SERVANT GIRLS—Continued**

I should say it is. Say, can you keep a secret?  
 Oh, yes, I can keep anything.  
 Well, I am going to be married tonight.  
 Well, good luck to you.  
 All right.

Victor Record 17612

**SWEET COOKIE MINE**

When I was young I loved my lollipops,  
 To me they were a treat,  
 I loved my honey jam and chocolate drops,  
 Until I found a sweet more sweet.  
 'Cause you're the sweetest thing I ever knew,  
 And I've looked all around  
 To find a name that's sweet enough for you,  
 And, honey, this is what I found.

**Chorus:**

When I look in your eyes here's what I'm thinking of,  
 Sweet cookie, sweet cookie,  
 If you were only wise you'd know the sweet I love,  
 Sweet cookie mine.  
 Sometimes I feel I could steal as I did long before  
 When I stole Ma's cookies from behind the pantry door,  
 And some day soon I feel that I'll steal just one more sweet  
 cookie,  
 Sweet cookie mine—sweet cookie mine.

I loved sweet cookies since I was a child,  
 And always got my fill,  
 Sweet cookie always sort of makes me wild,  
 And now I know they always will.  
 I've called my beaux some pretty names, that's true,  
 You should have seen them fall,  
 But this is one that I have saved for you  
 'Cause it's the sweetest name of all.

Victor Record 18350

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## SOLDIER REST

"Lady of the Lake"

Scott

Soldier, rest! Thy warfare o'er—  
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,  
 Dream of battle fields no more,  
 Days of danger, nights of waking,  
 In our isles enchanted hall,  
 Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,  
 Fancy strains of music fall,  
 Every sense in slumber dewing.  
 Soldier, rest! Thy warfare o'er,  
 Dream of fighting fields no more.  
 Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking,  
 Morn of toil nor night of waking.

No rude sounds shall reach thine ear,  
 Armour's clang or war steed champing,  
 Trump nor pibroch summon here,  
 Mustering clan or squadron tramping,  
 Yet the lark's shrill fife may come  
 At daybreak from the fallow  
 And the bittern sounds his drum,  
 Booming from the sedgy shallow.  
 Ruder sounds shall not be near,  
 Guards nor warders challenge here.  
 Here's no war steeds' neigh and champing,  
 Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.

Huntsman, rest! the chase is done,  
 While our slumbrous spells assail ye;  
 Dream not with the rising sun,  
 Bugles here shall sound reveille.  
 Sleep! the deer is in his den,  
 Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying,  
 Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen,  
 How thy gallant steed lay dying.  
 Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,  
 Think not of the rising sun;  
 For at dawning to assail ye,  
 Here no bugles sound reveille.

Victor Record 17987

## VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

## Longfellow

Under the spreading chestnut tree  
The village smithy stands;  
The smith, a mighty man is he,  
With large and sinewy hands;  
And the muscles on his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black and long,  
His face is like the tan;  
His brow is wet with honest sweat,  
He earns whate'er he can;  
And looks the whole world in the face,  
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
You can hear his bellows blow;  
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge  
With measured beat and slow,  
Like a sexton ringing the village bell  
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door,  
They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar,  
And watch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to his church  
And sits among his boys,  
He hears the parson pray and preach,  
He hears his daughter's voice,  
Singing in the village choir,  
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,  
Singing in Paradise!  
He needs must think of her once more  
How in the grave she lies;  
And with his hard rough hand he wipes  
A tear out of his eyes.

**VILLAGE BLACKSMITH—Continued**

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,  
 Onward through life he goes;  
 Each morning sees some task begin,  
 Each evening sees it close;  
 Something attempted, something done,  
 Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks, to thee, my worthy friend,  
 For the lesson thou hast taught!  
 Thus at the flaming forge of life  
 Our fortunes must be wrought;  
 Then on its sounding anvil shaped  
 Each burning deed and thought!

Victor Record 18161

**SERENADE**

Schubert

Through the leaves the night winds moving,  
 Murmur low and sweet!  
 To the chamber window roving,  
 Love hath led my feet.  
 Silent prayers of blissful feeling,  
 Link us though apart,  
 On the breath of music stealing,  
 To thy dreaming heart.

Moonlight on the earth is sleeping,  
 Winds are rustling low;  
 Where the darling streams are creeping,  
 Dearest, let us go.  
 All the stars keep watch in heaven,  
 While I sing to thee,  
 And the light for love was given,  
 Dearest, come to me.

Chorus:

Sadly in the forest mourning,  
 Wails the whippoorwill,  
 And the heart for thee is yearning,  
 Bid it, love, be still.

Columbia Record 5799

## VENETIAN SONG

## Tosti

The night wind sighs,  
 Our vessel flies  
     Across the dark lagoon,  
 The city sleeps  
 And well she keeps  
     Her watch, the gentle moon.  
 For with her light  
 She guides our flight,  
     Across the silver sea.  
 We are alone,  
 The world my own  
     Doth hold but you and me.  
     Oh, la! oh, la! la!

Victor Record 16417

## 'TIS BUT A LITTLE FADED FLOWER

## Thomas

'Tis but a little faded flow'r,  
     But, ah! how fondly dear;  
 'Twill bring me back one golden hour,  
     Through many a weary year.  
 I may not to the world impart  
     The secret of its power,  
 But treasur'd in my inmost heart  
     I keep my faded flower.

'Tis but a little faded flow'r,  
     But, ah! how fondly dear,  
 'Twill bring me back one golden hour  
     Through many a weary year.  
 Where is the heart that doth not keep  
     Within its inmost care  
 Some fond remembrance, hidden deep  
     Of days that are no more.  
 Who hath not saved some trifling thing,  
     More prized than jewels rare?  
 A faded flow'r, a broken ring,  
     A tress of golden hair.

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Columbia Record 5846

## WAR SONG MEDLEY

## John Brown's Body

John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,  
 John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,  
 John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,  
 As we go marching on.

## TWO RUBES IN AN EATING HOUSE

## Stanley

Let's sit right down here, Ezry, the cloth looks clean.  
 Yes, and we'll be right next to that air piano, 'cause the  
 sign says music during meals.

Gosh, I'm hungry and here comes the nigger waiter.

Does you want table d'hote, suh?

Yes, we might's well start dinner with that, but don't put  
 no cherry in mine.

Ah mean does you want de course dinnah, suh?

Course, by hokey, no. I didn't get rich just to eat course  
 vittles. Let's have the finest you got in the place.

Well, does you want the charged water, suh?

Confound your impudence, no! Charge nothing! I'm pre-  
 pared to pay cash for every goldarned thing we eat.

Say, deacon, I got a cow up to hum that don't give no milk.

How's that?

We have to take it from her.

Wall, you're so dern smart, maybe you could tell me what  
 makes a chicken lay an egg.

No, I can't.

Well, if it come out the other way it would choke her to  
 death.

Look out, here's a sign that says gents with long whiskers  
 shouldn't butter their green corn.

Don't you be so dern smart. Thunder, hey, waiter, here's  
 a cockroach in my butter.

Well, jes' let him be so he can't get away and I'll 'tend  
 to him when I get back.

Where's all the music, waiter?

Guess he done got full, case he didn't show up.

Come on, let's tune up that air piano and help out.

Hey, don't take them dishes away, we ain't half through  
 eatin' yet.

## WAIT FOR THE WAGON

Will you come with me, my Phillis, dear,  
 To yon blue mountain flee?  
 Where the blossoms smell the sweetest,  
 Come, rove along with me.  
 It's ev'ry Sunday morning,  
 When I am by your side,  
 We'll jump into the wagon  
 And all take a ride.

### Chorus:

Wait for the wagon, wait for the wagon,  
 Wait for the wagon, and we'll all take a ride.

Do you believe, my Phillis, dear,  
 Old Mike with all his wealth,  
 Can make you half so happy  
 As I with youth and health?  
 We'll have a little farm,  
 A horse, a pig and cow,  
 And you will mind the dairy  
 And I will guide the plow.

Victor Record 35585

## VALLEY OF PEACE

### Breck

There's a beautiful valley of peace,  
 Where the heart of the weary may rest;  
 Where tumult of trials may cease,  
 And those who are burdened be blest.

### Chorus:

In the valley of peace, the valley of peace,  
 In the beautiful valley of peace,  
 My Saviour is there every burden to bear,  
 In the beautiful valley of peace.

In the valley of peace let me roam,  
 With Jesus my Staff and my Rod,  
 Till I come to my heavenly home,  
 Whose builder and maker is God.

Victor Record 16853

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**WARRIOR BOLD**

In days of old, when knights were bold,  
 And barons held their sway,  
 A warrior bold, with spurs of gold,  
 Sang merrily his lay:  
 My love is young and fair,  
 My love hath golden hair;  
 And eyes so blue, and heart so true,  
 That none with her compare;  
 So, what care I tho' death be nigh,  
 I'll live for love or die.

Chorus:

So, what care I tho' death be nigh,  
 I'll live for love or die.

So this brave knight in armour bright,  
 Went gaily to the fray;  
 He fought the fight, but 'ere the night  
 His soul had pass'd away.  
 The plighted ring he wore,  
 Was crushed and wet with gore,  
 Yet 'ere he died, he bravely cried,  
 "I've kept the vow I swore,  
 So, what care I tho' death be nigh,  
 I've fought for love and died."

Victor Record 64528

**VOICES OF SPRING**

Watson

Welcome, sweet springtime, we greet thee in song,  
 Murmurs of gladness fall on the ear;  
 Voices long hush'd now their full notes prolong,  
 Echoing far and near.  
 Sunshine now wakes all the flowerets from sleep,  
 Joy giving incense floats on the air,  
 Snowdrops and primrose both timidly peep,  
 Hailing the glad new year.  
 Balmy and life-breathing breezes are blowing,  
 Swiftly to nature vigor bestowing,  
 Ah! how my heart beats with rapture anew,  
 As Earth's fairest beauties again meet my view.

Chorus:

Sing! then, ye birds! raise your voices on high;  
 Flowerets, awake ye! burst into bloom;  
 Springtime is come! and sweet Summer's nigh,  
 Sing, then, ye birds! O, Sing!

Victor Record 17121

## STAR OF BETHLEHEM

Adams

It was the eve of Christmas,  
 The snow lay deep and white;  
 I sat beside my window,  
 And looked into the night.  
 I heard the church bells ringing,  
 I saw the bright stars shine,  
 And childhood came again to me  
 With all its dreams divine.  
 Then, as I listen'd to the bells,  
 And watch'd the skies afar,  
 Out of the East majestic  
 There rose one radiant star;  
 And ev'ry other star grew pale  
 Before that heav'nly glow,  
 It seem'd to bid me follow,  
 And I could not choose but go.  
 It seem'd to bid me follow  
 And I could not choose but go.  
 And then methought earth faded,  
 I rose as borne on wings,  
 Beyond the waste of ruined lives  
 The press of human things.  
 Above the toil and shadow  
 Above the want and woe,  
 My old self and its darkness  
 Seem'd left on earth below.  
 And onward, upward shone the star,  
 Until it seem'd to me,  
 It flashed upon the golden gate,  
 And o'er the crystal sea;  
 And then the gates roll'd backward,  
 I stood where angels trod,  
 It was the star of Bethlehem  
 Had led me up to God.  
 The star had led me up to God.

Columbia Record 5888

## WELCOME TO CALIFORNIA

Putz

Welcome to California, ye nations of the world,  
 Put aside your warfare and the flag of peace unfurl,  
 Yes, come to California, and see our golden shore,  
 When you see our hills and valleys, you will want to fight  
 no more.

## WELCOME TO CALIFORNIA—Continued

Chorus:

Let us go to San Francisco and see the world's big fair;  
While the nations now are fighting, peace and joy you will  
find there.

Let us go to San Francisco to see the city bright and gay,  
Let us go to San Francisco and spend a holiday.

Where the sun shines ever brightest and fertile lands abound,  
Where life is one long summer in no other land is found;  
So come to California, the one grand, glorious state,  
And enjoy our exposition in the city of the Golden Gate.

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Edison Diamond Disc Record 51272

## SOMEONE

Branen

My heart keeps sighing, sighing,

Sighing, but all in vain;

I keep on trying, trying,

Trying to ease its pain.

Nobody knows how lonely

One lonely heart can be;

Oh, if someone would only,

Only make love to me.

Chorus:

Someone, someone,

Most everybody has someone,

Someone to fondle them all the day,

Someone to banish their cares away;

Someone, someone,

Wish I were somebody's someone,

Oh, it must seem like a beautiful dream,

To hear someone call you "dear."

Some have too many, many,

Too many, seems to me;

I haven't any, any,

Any that I can see.

Why is love one-sided?

Why this monopoly?

Can't someone well provided,

Turn over one to me?

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Edison Diamond Disc Record 80166

## TWICKENHAM FERRY

## Marzials

O, Hoi ye Ho! Ho ye Ho! who's for the ferry?  
 The briar's in bud, the sun's going down,  
 And I'll row ye so quick, and I'll row ye so steady,  
 And 'tis but a penny to Twickenham Town.

The ferryman's slim and the ferryman's young,  
 And he's just a soft twang in the turn of his tongue;  
 And he's fresh as a pippin and brown as a berry,  
 And 'tis but a penny to Twickenham Town.  
 Oh, Hoi ye, Ho! Hoi ye, Ho! Ho!

O, Hoi ye, Ho; Hoi ye, Ho! I'm for the ferry,  
 The briar's in bud, the sun's going down,  
 And it's late as it is, and I haven't a penny,  
 And how shall I get me to Twickenham Town?

She'd a rose in her bonnet, and oh! she look'd sweet  
 As the little pink flower that grows in the wheat;  
 With her cheeks like a rose, and her lips like a cherry,  
 "An' shure an' you're welcome to Twickenham Town.  
 Oh, Hoi ye, Ho! Hoi ye, Ho! Ho!

O, Hoi ye Ho! Ho ye Ho! You're too late for the ferry,  
 The briar's in bud, the sun's going down;  
 And he's not rowing quick and he's not rowing steady,  
 You'd think 'twas a journey to Twickenham Town.

O Hoi and O Ho, you may call as you will,  
 The moon is arising on Petersham's Hill,  
 And with love like a rose in the stern of the wherry  
 There's danger in crossing to Twickenham Town.

Columbia Record 5276

## SWEETHEART DREAMS

## Thompson

Dreaming am I of the days gone by  
 Mantle of night steals around me;  
 Wanting you, dear, wishing you here,  
 Heart weary since I lost you.  
 You long ago loved me, I know,  
 'Twas yesterday, dear, it seems,  
 Tho' you are gone, still you live on,  
 Live on in sweetheart dreams.

## SWEETHEART DREAMS—Continued

## Chorus:

Sweetheart dreams, sweetheart dreams,  
 Dreams of our golden love days,  
 Filling my heart, dear, with memories of you,  
 Wanting you near me always.  
 Sweetheart dreams, sweetheart dreams,  
 Bring you to me, it seems,  
 Once more your lips cling to mine with a kiss,  
 In sweetheart dreams.

Memory's chain brings back again  
 Hours that can ne'er be forgotten,  
 When you loved me and I loved you,  
 Just like the rose loves the dew.  
 I wonder, dear, if you were here,  
 Could those old days be lived o'er?  
 Tho' we're apart, deep in my heart,  
 You'll live forevermore.

Imperial Record 5211

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## SWEETHEART OF MINE

## Tyler

I'm like a flower without the sunshine,  
 For you I pine;  
 And there's but one thing to relieve me,  
 You near me;  
 Then I would whisper love's sweet story to you only,  
 I'd be contented, my heartache ended, with just you.

## Chorus:

Sweetheart mine (oh, come to me, my honey bee)  
 For you I'm pining,  
 Your eyes divine (now won't you have some sympathy)  
 In dreams are shining.  
 Where'er I roam (I'm just as lonely as can be)  
 Your vision haunts me,  
 I love you true, and only you,  
 Sweetheart of mine.

## SWEETHEART OF MINE—Continued

My heart could but relate its feeling,  
 Cupid stealing,  
 With bow and arrow while you're sleeping,  
 Dreaming love;  
 Why then a heaven filled with starlight, moonlight,  
 Lovelight,  
 In all its glory would open o'er me from above.  
 Columbia Record 1701  
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## WEARING OF THE GREEN

Boucicault

O, Paddy dear, and did you hear,  
 The news that's going 'round:  
 The shamrock is by law forbid,  
 To grow on Irish ground!  
 Saint Patrick's day no more we'll keep,  
 His colors can't be seen,  
 For there's a bloody law agin  
 The wearin' o' the green!  
 I met with Napper Tandy,  
 And he took me by the hand,  
 And he said, "How's poor auld Ireland  
 And how does she stand?"  
 She's the most distressful country,  
 That ever yet was seen,  
 They're hanging men and women,  
 For the wearin' o' the green.

Then since the color we must wear,  
 Is England's cruel red,  
 Sure Ireland's sons will ne'er forget,  
 The blood that Ireland shed.  
 You may pull the shamrock from your hat,  
 And throw it on the sod,  
 But never fear, 'twill take root there,  
 Though underfoot it's trod.  
 When law can stop the blades of grass,  
 From growing as they grow,  
 And when the leaves in summertime  
 Their verdure dare not show,  
 Then I will change the color, too,  
 I wear in my corbeen,  
 But 'till that day, praise God, I'll stick  
 For the wearin' o' the green.  
 Columbia Record 1676

**WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS****Converse**

What a friend we have in Jesus,  
 All our sins and griefs to bear!  
 What a privilege to carry  
 Everything to God in prayer.  
 O, what peace we often forfeit,  
 O, what needless pain we bear;  
 All because we do not carry  
 Everything to God in prayer.

Have we trials and temptations?  
 Is there trouble anywhere?  
 We should never be discouraged—  
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
 Can we find a friend so faithful,  
 Who will all our sorrows share?  
 Jesus knows our every weakness,  
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy laden,  
 Cumbered with a load of care?  
 Precious Saviour, still our refuge,  
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
 Do thy friends despise, forsake you?  
 Take it to the Lord in prayer;  
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee,  
 Thou wilt find a solace there.

Columbia Record 266

**WHEN OLD SILAS DOES THE TURKEY TROT TO  
TURKEY IN THE STRAW****G. C. Leap**

Old Silas Brown came into town,  
 Swore by Jehosaphat, "I'll do things brown."  
 Went to a ball, a fancy ball,  
 Where there was turkey trottin' 'round the hall.  
 Now some one spied this rustic rube,  
 And then began to hollow, "Hey, pike the boob,"  
 And when the orchestra began to play,  
 Old Si began to prance.  
 He said, "By sassafras and all apple sass,  
 I'll show them how to dance."

**WHEN OLD SILAS DOES THE TURKEY TROT—Continued****Chorus:**

When old Silas did the Turkey Trot to Turkey in the Straw,  
 It made him think of days of Pa and Ma;  
 He grabbed a girl and said, "By Heck,  
 I'll do this dance if I break my neck."  
 Then the leader of the orchestra he began to sway,  
 And started in to fiddle Turkey in the Hay.  
 Now swing your partner and follow your pa,  
 When old Silas does the Turkey Trot to Turkey in the Straw.

Old Silas danced with all his might,  
 He kept the orchestra there all night;  
 He said to them, "By Hickory,  
 I feel as frisky as a colt, by gee."  
 And when he went back to the farm,  
 He told his wife Mirandy that he meant no harm.  
 Said she, "Now Si, don't you dare to lie,  
 For you've been carryin'on."  
 And when he danced for her, my it tickled her,  
 She said, "Wal, I swan."  
 On sale at all dealers or direct from the publisher,  
 Glenn C. Leap, 729 W. 63rd St., Chicago, Ill.  
 Columbia Record 1406

**WHEN LOVE IS KIND****Moore**

When Love is kind, cheerful and free,  
 Love's sure to find welcome from me.

But when Love brings heartache or pain,  
 Tears, and such things—Love may go hang!

If Love can sigh for one alone,  
 Well pleased am I to be that one.

But should I see Love given to rove  
 To two or three—then, good-bye Love!

Love must, in short, keep fond and true,  
 Through good report, and evil, too.

Else, here I swear, young Love may go,  
 For aught I care—to Jericho!

Columbia Record 1472



## WHAT D'YE MEAN, YOU LOST YOUR DOG?

I've got a dog named Rover; here, Rover, come, Rover;  
 He roams around all over, just home three times a day.  
 I'll bet he hears me whistling; see the neighbors listening;  
 What d'ye mean, you lost your dog, I hear the people say?

### Chorus:

Has anybody here seen Rover?  
 I'm lookin' for him now all over;  
 He's a hunter's dog alright, keeps me hunting day and night,  
 This is what I worry over; say, who put the "rove" in Rover?  
 My whistle's getting dry,  
 It seems as if I hear that mongrel whine;  
 I should worry like a tree and have somebody trimming me;  
 Where's that doggone, doggone dog of mine?

I'm looking around all over; here, Rover, come, Rover;  
 I got him up in Dover, one hundred miles away.  
 Wait 'till he comes, I'll chain him, I'll train him, I'll brain him;  
 What d'ye mean, you lost your dog, again I hear them say.

### Chorus:

Has anybody here seen Rover,  
 I'm looking for him now all over;  
 He's a hunter's dog alright, keeps me hunting day and night;  
 This is what I worry over; say, who put the "rove" in Rover?  
 My whistle's getting dry,  
 It seems as if I hear that mongrel whine;  
 I should worry like a hen, scratch all day without a pen;  
 Where's that doggone, doggone dog of mine?

### Chorus (repeat):

Has anybody here seen Rover,  
 I'm looking for him now all over;  
 He's a hunter's dog alright, keeps me hunting day and night;  
 This is what I worry over; say, who put the "rove" in Rover?  
 My whistle's getting dry,  
 It seems as if I hear that mongrel whine;  
 I should worry like a bee, and have somebody stinging me;  
 Where's that doggone, doggone dog of mine?

Columbia Record 1419

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## TAKE BACK THE HEART

Claribel

Take back the heart that thou gavest  
 What is my anguish to thee,  
 Take back the freedom thou cravest,  
 Leaving the fetters to me.  
 Take back the vows thou hast spoken,  
 Fling them aside and be free,  
 Smile o'er each pitiful token,  
 Leaving the sorrow for me.  
 Drink deep of life's fond illusion,  
 Gaze on the storm cloud and flee,  
 Swiftly through strife and confusion,  
 Leaving the burden to me.

Then when at last overtaken,  
 Time flings its fetters o'er thee,  
 Come with a trust still unshaken,  
 Come back a captive to me.  
 Come back in sadness or sorrow,  
 Once more my darling to be,  
 Come as of old, love, to borrow,  
 Glimpses of sunlight from me;  
 Love shall resume her dominion,  
 Striving no more to be free,  
 When on her world weary pinion,  
 Flies back my lost love to me.

Edison Diamond Disc Record 80123

## WHEN IT'S MOONLIGHT ON THE RIO GRANDE

Oh, Mandy Lee, your smiling is haunting me,  
 And in my dreams it always seems,  
 I'm going back to scenes that used to be,  
 When we stood beside the dear old Rio Grande.

Chorus:

When it's moonlight on the Rio Grande,  
 And the stars shine on the gleaming sand,  
 That's the time I'm coming back to see  
 If the moonlight brings you, love to me.  
 When the moonbeams gleam upon the dew,  
 I will tell my love for you;  
 I'll be coming back to claim your hand,  
 When it's moonlight on the Rio Grande.

**WHEN IT'S MOONLIGHT ON THE RIO GRANDE—Cont.**

Oh, Mandy, there's joy for you and me,  
 Beside the stream, where we could dream  
 Of the golden days, the days that used to be,  
 When we strolled beside the dear old Rio Grande.

Pathe Record 10070

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**WHEN I'M GONE YOU'LL SOON FORGET**

E. A. Keith

When I'm gone you'll soon forget me,  
 And 'tis better I should go;  
 You regret the day you met me,  
 You have often told me so.  
 Once your heart was in my keeping—  
 And perchance you love me yet,  
 Far away I'll soon be sleeping,  
 When I'm gone you'll soon forget.

Refrain:

When I'm gone you'll soon forget me,  
 When from you I'm far away—  
 You'll be happy in the old home,  
 That you yearn for day by day.  
 In your heart there'll be no longing,  
 Not one pain or fond regret,  
 I will leave you in life's morning,  
 When I'm gone you'll soon forget.

Once love's light was brightly burning  
 In our quiet little home;  
 In our hearts there was no yearning,  
 We were happy there alone.  
 Golden hours we pass'd together,  
 In those days when first we met,  
 I will leave you now, forever,  
 When I'm gone you'll soon forget.

Edison Blue Amberol Record 2600

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 E. Austin Keith, Onset, Mass.

**WHAT'S THE USE OF LIVING WITHOUT LOVE**

Don't you sometimes ponder  
 There is something that you miss?  
 And don't you fancy and wonder  
 Just to know what that something is?  
 When evening shades are falling,  
 And when the stars appear—  
 Ah! then you know for what you're longing;  
 Then you must think, my dear:

**Chorus:**

What's the use of lips worth kissing,  
 If fond kisses they keep missing?  
 What's the use of living without love?  
 The birds and flowers mingle,  
 There's naught in Nature single;  
 What the use of living without love?  
 Don't you know that life too soon is through?  
 You ought to know the one thing you should do,  
 What's the use of bright eyes beaming,  
 What's the use of fond hearts dreaming,  
 What's the use of living without love?

Pathe Record 10076

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**WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS**

When I survey the wondrous cross  
 On which the Prince of Glory died,  
 My richest gain I count but loss,  
 And poor contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
 Save in the death of Christ, my God,  
 All the vain things that charm me most,  
 I sacrifice them to His blood.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,  
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down.  
 Did ever such love and sorrow meet,  
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of Nature mine,  
 That were a present far too small,  
 Love, so amazing, so divine,  
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Edison Blue Amberol Record 23023

### SOMEBODY CARES

Somebody knows when your heart aches  
 And everything seems to go wrong,  
 Somebody knows when the shadows  
 Need chasing away with song;  
 Somebody knows when you're lonely,  
 Tired, discouraged and blue,  
 Somebody wants you to know Him,  
 And know that He dearly loves you.

Somebody cares when you're tempted,  
 And your mind grows dizzy and dim;  
 Somebody cares when you're weakest,  
 And farthest away from Him.  
 Somebody grieves when you're fallen,  
 You are not lost from His sight,  
 Somebody cares for your coming,  
 And He'll drive the gloom from your night.

Somebody loves you when weary,  
 Somebody loves you when strong;  
 Always is waiting to help you,  
 He watches you—one of the throng.  
 Needing His friendship so holy,  
 Needing his watchcare so true,  
 His name? We call His name Jesus,  
 He loves every one, He loves you.

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 Rodeheaver Co., 440 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.  
 Victor Record 17989

### WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

Lambert

When Johnny comes marching home again,  
 Hurrah! Hurrah!  
 We'll give him a hearty welcome then,  
 Hurrah! Hurrah!  
 The men will cheer, the boys will shout,  
 The ladies they will all turn out.

Chorus:

And we'll all feel gay,  
 When Johnny comes marching home.

**WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME—Continued**

The old church bell will peal with joy,  
 Hurrah! Hurrah!  
 To welcome home our darling boy,  
 Hurrah! Hurrah!  
 The village lads and lassies gay,  
 With roses they will strew the way.

Get ready for the jubilee,  
 Hurrah! Hurrah!  
 We'll give the hero three times three,  
 Hurrah! Hurrah!  
 The laurel wreath is ready now  
 To place upon his loyal brow.

Let love and friendship on that day,  
 Hurrah! Hurrah!  
 Their choicest treasures then display,  
 Hurrah! Hurrah!  
 And let each one perform some part,  
 To fill with joy the warrior's heart.

Victor Record 16984

**WHEN SHADOWS FALL**

Frost

The golden sun sinks in the western sea,  
 'Tis just the hour you went away from me;  
 Alone I dream of days that used to be—  
 And hear you calling 'mid shadows falling.  
 'Tis not when dawn awakes the newborn day,  
 'Tis not while the golden sunbeams 'round me play;  
 But when the shadows fall across my way—  
 At close of day, they seem to say, "I love you."  
 A voice in the night is thrilling me through,  
 The shadows you loved, dear, are calling for you,  
 The shadows falling bid me to start;  
 The voice is the voice of my heart.  
 When shadows fall across the western sea,  
 A shadow falls across my memory;  
 When shadows fall, then you'll come back to me,  
 When shadows fall and night birds call above you,  
 I love you—when shadows fall.

Emerson Record 7132

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**WHEN THE MOON SHINES DOWN IN OLD ALASKA**

Frost

Northern lights are softly gleaming,  
 O'er the silent sea;  
 Northern lights are brightly beaming,  
 Seem to beckon me.  
 They remind me, I left behind me,  
 A girl with heart so true.  
 Northern lights will always find me  
 Dreaming all night through:

Chorus:

When the moon shines down in old Alaska,  
 Then I'll ask her to be mine;  
 There are two blue eyes in old Alaska,  
 Bright as Northern lights that shine.  
 She's a golden nugget up in a Northern clime,  
 And I'll hold and hug it while both our hearts entwine,  
 When the moon shines down in old Alaska,  
 Then I'll ask her to be mine.

Moonlight now is softly glowing,  
 On Alaska shore;  
 Moonlight seems to know I'm going,  
 Back to her once more.  
 For I love her; the stars above her,  
 Help to guide my lonesome way;  
 Moonlight knows I'm dreaming of her  
 And that happy day.

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Starr Record 7582

**WHEN THE ROSES BLOOM**

In the time of roses, hope thou weary heart!  
 Spring a balm discloses, for the keenest smart,  
 Tho' thy grief o'ercome thee,  
 Through the winter's gloom,  
 Thou shalt thrust it from thee, when the roses bloom.

In the time of roses, weary heart rejoice!  
 'Ere the summer closes, comes the long'd for voice;  
 So let not Death appall thee,  
 For beyond the tomb,  
 God Himself shall call thee, when the roses bloom.

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Edison Blue Amberol Record 2497

# WHEN YE GANG AWA', JAMIE?

When ye gang awa', Jamie,  
Far across the sea, laddie?  
When ye gang to Germanie,  
What will ye send to me, laddie?

I'll send ye a braw new gown, Jeanie,  
The brawest in the town, lassie;  
And it shall be o' silk and gawd,  
Wi' Valenciennes set 'round, lassie.

That's nae gift ava', Jamie,  
Silk and gowd an a', laddie;  
There's nae a gown in a' the land,  
I'd like when ye're awa', laddie.

When I come back again, Jeanie,  
Frae a foreign land, lassie,  
I'll bring ev' na a Galland gay,  
To be your an gudeman, lassie.

Be my gudeman yoursel', Jamie,  
Marry me yoursel', laddie,  
And take me over to Germanie,  
Wi' you at hame to dwell, laddie.

I dinna ken how that wad do, Jeanie,  
I dinna see how that could be, lassie,  
For I've a wife an' bairnies three,  
And I'm no sure how ye'd agree, lassie.

Ye should hae telt me that in time, Jamie,  
Ye should hae telt me that lang syne, laddie,  
For had I kent o' your fause heart,  
You ne'er had gotten mine, laddie.

Your e'en were like a spell, Jeanie,  
Mair sweet than I could tell lassie,  
That ilka day bewitch me sae,  
I could nae help mysel', lassie.

Gae back to your wife and hame, Jamie,  
Gae back to your bairnies three, laddie,  
And I will pray they ne'er may thole,  
A broken heart like me, laddie.



**WHEN YE GANG AWA', JAMIE?—Continued**

Dry that tearful e'e, Jeanie,  
 Grieve nae mair for me, lassie,  
 I've neither wife nor bairnies three,  
 And I'll need nane but thee, lassie.

Think weel for fear ye rue, Jamie,  
 Ye'll no get ane mair true, laddie,  
 But I have neither gowd nor lands,  
 To be a match for you, laddie.

Blair in Athol's mine, Jeanie,  
 Fair Dunkeld is mine, lassie,  
 Saint Johnstown's bow'er and Hunting Tow'r,  
 And a' that's mine is thine, lassie.  
 Columbia Record 5636

**SOME DAY**

Conway

I know not when the day shall be,  
 I know not when our eyes may meet,  
 What welcome you may give to me,  
 Or will your words be sad or sweet;  
 It may not be 'till years have passed,  
 'Till eyes are dim and tresses gray;  
 The world is wide, but love, at last,  
 Our hands, our hearts, must meet some day.

Chorus:

Some day, some day, some day I shall meet you,  
 Love, I know not when or how;  
 Love, I know not when or how;  
 Only this, only this, this that once you loved me,  
 Only this, I love you now, I love you now.

I know not are you far or near,  
 Or are you dead or do you live;  
 I know not who the blame should bear,  
 Or who should plead or who forgive;  
 But when we meet some day, some day,  
 Eyes clearer grown the truth may see,  
 And every cloud shall roll away,  
 That darkens, love, 'twixt you and me.

Victor Record 74452

**SWEETER AS THE YEARS GO BY****Morris**

Of Jesus' love that sought me,  
 When I was lost in sin,  
 Of wondrous grace that brought me  
 Back to His fold again;  
 Of heights and depths of mercy  
 Far deeper than the sea,  
 And higher than the heavens  
 My theme shall ever be.

**Chorus:**

Sweeter as the years go by,  
 Sweeter as the years go by,  
 Richer, fuller, deeper,  
 Jesus' love is sweeter,  
 Sweeter as the years go by.

'Twas wondrous love which led Him  
 For us to suffer loss,  
 To bear without a murmur  
 The anguish of the cross;  
 With saints redeemed in glory,  
 Let us our voices raise,  
 'Till heaven and earth re-echo  
 With our Redeemer's praise.

Victor Record 17773

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**WHEN THE GREEN LEAVES TURN TO GOLD****Barnes**

Molly, dear, today's a year since last we parted,  
 Every moment of the day I've thought of you;  
 And I'm wondering if you're thinking of me, too, dear,  
 Or has the love grown cold that one time was so true.  
 But I'm coming back to you, my Molly darling,  
 And I scarcely can await the happy day;  
 Will you greet me with the same sweet smile you used to,  
 That smile that gave me hope the day I went away.

**WHEN THE GREEN LEAVES TURN TO GOLD—Continued****Chorus:**

When the green leaves turn to gold, I will be with you,  
 For my thoughts are ever of you as of old;  
 When we meet again, 'twill be to part no more, dear,  
 I'll be with you when the green leaves turn to gold.

Molly, dear, do you recall, the day we parted,  
 How you clung to me and begg'd me not to go;  
 But my duty called me and I had to leave you,  
 Although my heart was breaking for I love you so.  
 And the love is still as strong, dear, as 'twas ever,  
 Though I think that time has made it stronger still;  
 And in fancy I can hear our wedding bells chime,  
 For when I ask you to be mine I know you will.

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 and music may be obtained.

Edison Blue Amberol Record 2491

**WE'D BETTER BIDE A WEE****Claribel**

The puir auld folk at hame, ye mind,  
 Are frail and failing sair,  
 And weel I ken they'd miss me, lad,  
 Gin I came hame nae mair.  
 The grist is oot, the times are hard,  
 The kine are only three,  
 I canna leave the auld folk noo,  
 We'd better bide a wee;  
 I canna leave the auld folk noo,  
 We'd better bide a wee.

I fear me sair they're failing baith,  
 For when I sit a-part,  
 They'll talk o' Heaven sae earnestly  
 It well nigh breaks me heart.  
 So laddie, dinna urge me mair,  
 It surely winna be,  
 I canna leave the auld folk noo,  
 We'd better bide a wee;  
 I canna leave the auld folk noo,  
 We'd better bide a wee.

Edison Blue Amberol Record

## YOU'RE ALL THE WORLD TO ME

Night time is day time, winter is Maytime,  
 When hearts begin to care.  
 All life is new then, our dreams come true then  
 And all the world seems so fair,  
 There is a secret you ought to know,  
 I'll whisper it sweet and low.

### Chorus:

You're all the world to someone,  
 Someone who loves you dear,  
 You're all the world to someone,  
 Listen and you shall hear.  
 Won't you be all to someone,  
 All that true love can be?  
 Oh, give me, dear, your answer,  
 You're all the world to me.

Pathe Record 10070

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## WAIT TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY

Jenny, my own true loved one,  
 I'm going far from thee;  
 Out on the bounding billows,  
 Out on the dark blue sea.  
 How I will miss you, my darling,  
 There when the storm is raging high,  
 Jenny, my own true lov'd one,  
 Wait 'till the clouds roll by.

### Chorus:

Wait 'till the clouds roll by, Jenny,  
 Wait 'till the clouds roll by;  
 Jenny, my own true loved one,  
 Wait 'till the clouds roll by.

Jenny, I'll keep your image  
 Within my heart so true,  
 Each thought of mine forever,  
 Still, love, shall be of you.  
 Dry, then, your tear drops, my darling,  
 Soon will the night of sorrow fly,  
 Cheer up, and don't be lonely,  
 Wait 'till the clouds roll by.

Victor Record 16928

## ZIP COON

I went down to Sandy Hook de oder arternoon,  
 I went down to Sandy Hook de oder arternoon,  
 I went down to Sandy Hook de oder arternoon,  
 And de fust man I met dar was ole Zip Coon.

Ole Zip Coon is a very learned scholar,  
 Ole Zip Coon is a very learned scholar,  
 Ole Zip Coon is a very learned scholar,  
 And he plays upon de banjo Cooney in de holler.

Victor Record 35568

## WE'LL ALWAYS BE THE SAME SWEETHEARTS

Newman

A youth and maiden wandered  
 In life's sweet golden May,  
 A gentle breeze was sighing,  
 Just at the close of day.  
 He told the old story,  
 Of the love that would not fade,  
 And in the summer twilight  
 She listened while he said:

Chorus:

We'll always be the same sweethearts,  
 Just you and I;  
 We'll always be the same sweethearts,  
 Until we die.  
 Tho' years may come, tho' years may go,  
 With many a tear and smile,  
 We'll always be the same sweethearts,  
 Just you and I.

The years have passed by slowly,  
 They climbed life's rugged hill,  
 The downward turn they're taking,  
 But love each other still.  
 They're getting old and feeble,  
 Their hair is silver gray,  
 But through all joy and sorrow,  
 He still can fondly say:

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Edison Diamond Disc Record 80151

## YOUR DEAR OLD DAD WAS IRISH

Hargreaves

The troop ship was waiting as friends said good-bye,  
 The boys were departing 'midst many a sigh,  
 A young Irish soldier erect in his place,  
 Was eager to fight for the cause of his race.  
 An old Chelsea pensioner crept to his side,  
 His form bent and feeble, his face flushed with pride,  
 Murmured, "My lad, when you're facing the foe,  
 Remember your breeding and let them all know":

Chorus:

Your dear old dad was Irish, your mother came from Wales,  
 Your granddad was a Scotchman from the bonnie hieland  
     dales,  
 So remember when you're fighting when foreign bullets whiz,  
 You've got the blood in you to keep Old England where she is.

Take this bunch of shamrock and guard it with pride,  
 The rose of Old England, keep them side by side;  
 If any one asks what their meaning can be,  
 Just say they're an emblem of sweet liberty.  
 The bugle then sounded, the partings were o'er,  
 And how those boys fought on that far distant shore,  
 An old soldier thought as of victory he read  
 Of the shamrock, the rose, and the words he had said.

Edison Blue Amberol Record 23351

Complete copies, words and music may be had from the publishers, Lawrence Wright Music Co., 8 Denmark St., Charing Cross, London, England.

## WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY

Abt

When the swallows homeward fly,  
 When the roses scattered lie;  
 When from neither hill nor dale,  
 Chants the silv'ry nightingale,  
 In these words my bleeding heart  
 Would to thee its grief depart;  
 When I thus thy image lose,  
 Can I, ah, can I, e'er know repose.

## WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY—Continued

Hush, my heart, why thus complain,  
 Thou must, too, thy woes contain;  
 Though on earth no more we rove,  
 Loudly breathing vows of love.  
 Thou, my heart, must find relief,  
 Yielding to these words belief,  
 I shall see thy form again,  
 Though today we part in pain.

Columbia Record 993

## WHAT WOULD I DO WITHOUT YOU?

Frost

Last night while the stars were gleaming,  
 And robins had gone to rest,  
 Then, dear, their came to my dreaming  
 The things that I loved the best.  
 Tho' love wove its charm about them,  
 The moonlight, the rose, and the dew,  
 It seemed I could live on without them,  
 But what would I do without you?

Chorus:

I could live without night and its stars shining bright,  
 I could live without birds and the bees,  
 I could live without sunshine or shadow,  
 I could live without roses or dew;  
 For I still will live on when the roses are gone,  
 But what would I do without you?

Life has a world of pleasure,  
 And I love them, great and small;  
 Love holds a whole world of treasures,  
 But you are the best of all.  
 You're sweetest of all the roses,  
 And fairer than skies that are blue,  
 But one tho't my fond heart discloses:  
 Oh, what would I do without you?

Pathe Record 30151

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# YOU CAN'T EXPECT KISSES FROM ME

Lewis

Central, hello! Hello! Give me one nine eight o,  
Is this you, Mary, my own?  
Yes, this is I all right,  
What, you'll be up tonight,  
Well, then, I'll not be at home.  
You've not been good to me,  
Not as a boy should be,  
You've got another sweetheart  
I saw you hold her hand,  
Want you to understand,  
We've got good reasons to part.

Chorus:

Take the flowers from the bees and you'll never have honey,  
Hide the sun and you'll never have light;  
With the clouds in the skies it can never be sunny,  
Each day will be gloomy as night;  
Take the water away from the deep rolling ocean  
And the fish couldn't live there, you see,  
If you give all your lovin' to some other girlie  
Then you can't expect kisses from me.

Mary, hello! hello! one word before you go,  
Listen and I will explain,  
Tall girl with me last night,  
Blonde hair and eyes so bright,  
That was my cousin from Maine.  
Billy, don't try to stall,  
'Twasn't last night at all,  
I saw you kissing your pet,  
Monday night after dark,  
I saw you in the park,  
Squeezing a little brunette.

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Victor Record 17188

# YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION

Palmer

Yield not to temptation,  
For yielding is sin;  
Each victory will help you  
Some other to win.



**YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION—Continued**

Fight manfully onward,  
 Dark passions subdue,  
 Look ever to Jesus,  
 He'll carry you through.  
 Ask the Saviour to help you,  
 Comfort, strengthen and keep you,  
 He is willing to aid you,  
 He will carry you through.

Shun evil companions,  
 Bad language disdain,  
 God's name hold in reverence,  
 Nor take it in vain,  
 Be thoughtful and earnest,  
 Kind-hearted and true,  
 Look ever to Jesus,  
 He'll carry you through.  
 Ask the Saviour to help you,  
 Comfort, strengthen and keep you,  
 He is willing to aid you,  
 He will carry you through.

Victor Record 16451

**YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNIE DOON**

Burns

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,  
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?  
 How can ye chaunt ye little birds?  
 And I sae weary and fu' o' care.  
 Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling birds,  
 That wantons through the flow'ry thorn,  
 Thou mind'st me o' departed joys,  
 Departed never to return.

Oft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,  
 To see the rose and woodbine twine,  
 And ilka bird sang o' its love,  
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.  
 Wi' lightsome heart I ku'd a rose,  
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree,  
 But my fause love stole the rose,  
 And, ah!—he left the thorn wi' me.

Columbia Record 5733

**YOU ARE THE IMAGE OF MOTHER**

You ask me why I'm sighing,  
 I'll tell you, Mary, dear,  
 I seem to see my mother,  
 Whenever you are near.  
 She was a grand old lady,  
 Who's now beyond recall,  
 When I see you I see her, too,  
 The sweetest love of all.

**Chorus:**

You are the image of Mother,  
 In your manner, your style, and your grace,  
 And Mary, it's true, she was called "Mary," too,  
 So you'll have to take her place.  
 I thought I could ne'er love another,  
 But you've changed my thought, 'tis true,  
 You are the image of mother,  
 That's why I love you.

Pathe Record 10072

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**WHEN THE CORN IS WAVING, ANNIE DEAR****Blamphin**

When the corn is waving, Annie dear,  
 Oh, meet me by the stile.  
 I hear thy gentle voice again,  
 And greet thy winning smile.  
 The moon will be a full, love,  
 The stars will brightly gleam;  
 Oh, come, my queen of night, love,  
 And grace the beauteous scene.

**Chorus:**

When the corn is waving, Annie dear,  
 Oh, meet me by the stile;  
 That I may hear thy gentle voice again,  
 And greet thy winning smile.

When the corn is waving, Annie dear,  
 Our tales of love we'll tell,  
 Beside the gentle flowing stream,  
 That both our hearts know well.  
 Where wild flowers in their beauty,  
 Shall scent the evening breeze,  
 Oh, haste the stars are peeping,  
 And the moon's behind the trees.

Edison Blue Amberol Record 2138

**WORK FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING**

Work for the night is coming,  
 Work thro' the morning hours;  
 Work while the dew is sparkling,  
 Work 'mid springing flowers.  
 Work when the day grows brighter,  
 Work in the glowing sun,  
 Work, for the night is coming,  
 When man's work is done.

Work, for the night is coming,  
 Work thro' the sunny noon,  
 Fill brightest hours with labor,  
 Rest comes sure and soon.  
 Give every flying minute,  
 Something to keep in store,  
 Work, for the night is coming,  
 When man works no more.

Work, for the night is coming,  
 Under the sunset skies,  
 While their bright tints are glowing,  
 Work, for daylight flies.  
 Work 'till the last beam fadeth,  
 Fadeth to shine no more,  
 Work while the night is dark'ning,  
 When man's work is o'er.

Columbia Record 5037

**STRANGE ADVENTURE****"Yeoman of the Guard"**

Strange Adventure! Maiden wedded to a groom she'd never  
 seen!

Groom about to be beheaded  
 In an hour on Tower Green;  
 Groom in dreary dungeon lying,  
 Groom as good as dead or dying,  
 For a pretty maiden sighing—  
 Pretty maid of seventeen.

Strange Adventure! That we're trolling,  
 Modest maid and gallant groom,  
 While the funeral bell is tolling,  
 Tolling, tolling, bim a boom!  
 Modest maiden will not tarry,  
 Though but sixteen years she carry,  
 She must marry, she must marry,  
 Though the altar be a tomb.

Columbia Record 5861

## WAY DOWN HOME

White

I would give most anything to get back home,  
 To that ever loving gal left all alone,  
 Way down upon the Swanee River.  
 I will make a bet that she's waiting yet,  
 She's just that kind, the girl I left behind,  
 For she promised she'd be mine.

Chorus:

Way down home, way down home,  
 Strolling along, my banjo 'neath my arm,  
 Singing a song, all the day long,  
 Way down home.  
 All among the cotton blossoms I would roam,  
 The days are bright and sunny,  
 For the bees are making honey,  
 Way down home.

Won't you kindly tell me when the next train goes,  
 To that little gal I call my southern rose,  
 Way down upon the Swanee River.  
 She will shout with joy, when she sees her boy,  
 My arms will twine like a honeysuckle vine,  
 Round the gal I left behind.

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 Frank K. Root & Co., Chicago, Ill.  
 Edison Blue Amberol Record 1930

## YEOMAN'S WEDDING SONG

Prince Poniatowski 1816-1873

Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, I love the song,  
 For it is my wedding morning;  
 And the bride so gay in fine array,  
 For the day will be now adorning.  
 Though I've a little wealth, and sovereign health,  
 And am only a yeoman free,  
 When heart joins hand, there's none in the land  
 Can be richer in joys than we.

Chorus:

Ding dong, ding dong, we'll gallop along,  
 All fears and doubting scorning,  
 Ding dong, we'll gallop along,  
 All fears and doubting scorning.  
 Through the valley we'll haste,  
 For we've no time to waste,  
 As this is my wedding morning.

**YEOMAN'S WEDDING SONG—Continued**

Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, my steed hie on,  
 For the church will soon be filling;  
 They must not wait, they must not wait for were we late,  
 They'd deem the groom unwilling.  
 The sun is high in the morning sky,  
 And the lark o'er our heads doth sing  
 A bridal song as we gallop along,  
 Keeping time to the bells as they ring.

Columbia Record 5362

**WE'RE GROWING OLD TOGETHER**

Merrill

We're growing old together,  
 In the sweet, old-fashioned way;  
 Each year is now a treasure,  
 That vanisheth away.  
 I look into your lovely face,  
 What joy I there behold;  
 Our hearts are just as young, dear,  
 Now we are growing old.

Chorus:

We're growing old together,  
 In the sweet, old-fashioned way;  
 Our eyes are growing dimmer,  
 And our hair is turning gray.  
 But our love is just as true, dear,  
 As it was on our wedding day;  
 We're getting old together,  
 In the sweet, old-fashioned way.

Could I have but one wish granted,  
 In this changing world below,  
 I would ask that we together,  
 Hand-in-hand at last could go.  
 Where's there's no hours of parting,  
 All is joy and peace and love;  
 Where all are young together,  
 In that happy world above.

Full words and music for sale, Milburn Music Pub. Co.,  
 Skowhegan, Me.

Columbia Record 1017

**WHEN THE LIGHTS ARE LOW**

Lane

When twilight falls on the dim old walls,  
 And day is past and done;  
 As we sit and dream in the fading gleam,  
 Come memories one by one.  
 Old friends known in the years gone by,  
 In fancy greet us still,  
 And voices dear, that we long to hear,  
 The silence seem to fill.

Chorus:

Just when the day is over,  
 Just when the lights are low;  
 Back to the heart returneth,  
 Life's golden long ago.  
 Far, far away, we wander,  
 Watching the firelight gleams;  
 Far, far away, from the world's shadows gray,  
 Into the land of dreams.

With distant sound in the streets around,  
 The throng goes surging by;  
 But far away in dreams we stray,  
 Where verdant meadows lie.  
 There once more as in days of yore,  
 To roam each well known way,  
 'Till over all night's shadows fall,  
 And dreamland fades away.

Edison Diamond Disc Record 80146

**WELCOME, PRETTY PRIMROSE**

Welcome, pretty primrose flow'r,  
 That comes when sunshine comes,  
 When rainbows arch the silver show'r,  
 Of ev'ry cloud that roams.  
 I joy to see thy promise bloom,  
 That tells of spring's new day,  
 And in my thoughts afar I roam,  
 O'er sunny haunts away!

Chorus:

Welcome, welcome, welcome,  
 Welcome, primrose flow'r,  
 Welcome, pretty primrose flow'r.  
 To me thy coming seems  
 To wake again the springtime hour,  
 With sunshine in its dreams.

**WELCOME, PRETTY PRIMROSE—Continued**

Gazing on thee, early flower,  
 I seem to hear the spring,  
 That calls the sunshine every hour,  
 And tells the bird to sing!  
 And tells the bird to sing!  
 And as I dream, my dream is rife  
 With thought akin to thee,  
 Of glad spring life, a sweet spring life,  
 That's very dear to me.

Victor Record 60058

**WHEN I MET YOU LAST NIGHT IN DREAMLAND**

Whatson

I care not today, if the skies are gray,  
 If it's raining red roses, dear,  
 No longer I pine for the sun to shine,  
 For the star of my life is near.  
 And the world is a wonderful world it seems,  
 Since I met you last night in the land of dreams.

Chorus:

When I met you last night in Dreamland,  
 Where the lovelight outshines the moon;  
 When I met you last night in Dreamland,  
 In the land where the roses bloom.  
 When I whispered, "Sweetheart, I love you,"  
 And you answered, "I love you, too,"  
 When I kissed you last night,  
 In that wonderful light,  
 All my beautiful dreams came true.

You came, dear, it seems, to the land of dreams,  
 As in answer to call of mine;  
 I longed for you so; you were sent, I know,  
 So my heart would no longer pine.  
 And I know by the light in your eyes so blue,  
 I could gather the roses of love with you.

Victor Record 17317

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## YOU SPOTTED SNAKES

"Midsummer Night's Dream"  
Shakespeare

You spotted snakes with double tongue,  
Thorny hedgehogs be not seen,  
Newts and blind worms do no wrong,  
Come not near our fairy queen.  
Philomel with melody,  
Sing in our sweet lullaby,  
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby,  
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,  
Come our lovely lady n'gh.  
So good night with lullaby,  
Weaving spiders, come not here.

Hence, you long legg'd spinners, hence!  
Beetles black, approach not near,  
Worm nor snail do no offense,  
Philomel with melody, etc.

Victor Record 55060

## WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG, MAGGIE

Johnson

I wander'd today to the hill, Maggie,  
To watch the scenes below;  
The creek and the creaking old mill, Maggie,  
As we used to long ago.  
The green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie,  
Where first the daisies sprung,  
The creaking old mill is still, Maggie,  
Since you and I were young.

Chorus:

And now we are aged and gray, Maggie,  
And the trials of life nearly done,  
Let us sing of the days that are gone, Maggie,  
When you and I were young.

They say I am feeble with age, Maggie,  
My steps are less sprightly than then;  
My face is a well written page, Maggie,  
But time alone was the pen.  
They say we are aged and gray, Maggie,  
As the spray by the white breakers flung,  
But to me you're as fair as you were, Maggie,  
When you and I were young.

Victor Record 74490



**WHERE, OH, WHERE, HAS MY LITTLE DOG GONE**

Oh, where, and where, ish mine little dog gone,

Oh, where, and where, can he be?

Mit his ears cut short and his tail cut long,

Oh, where, and where, can he gone out.

Yodel:

Un sassag ish goot and bolonie, of course,

Oh, where, oh where, can he be?

Dey make um mit dog and dey make em mit horse,

I guess dey make um mit he.

Yodel:

Edison Blue Amberol Record 2789

**WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBORO' TOWN**

Hook

'Twas within a mile of Edinboro' Town,

In the rosy time of the year;

Sweet flowers bloom'd and the grass was down,

And each shepherd woo'd his dear.

Bonnie Jockie, blithe and gay,

Kissed young Jennie, making hay,

The lassie blush'd, and frowning, cried,

"Na, na, it winna do; I canna, canna,

Winna, winna, maunna, buckle to."

Jockie was a wag that never wad wed,

Though lang he had follow'd the lass;

Contented she earn'd and ate her brown bread,

And merrily turned up the grass.

Bonnie Jockie, blithe and free,

Won her heart quite merrily;

Yet still she blushed, and frowning, cried,

"Na, na, it winna do, I canna, canna,

Winna, winna, maunna, buckle to."

But when he vowed he wad make her his bride,

Tho' his flocks and herds were not few;

She gi'ed him her hand and a kiss beside,

And vow'd she'd forever be true.

Bonnie Jockie, blithe and gay,

Won her heart right merrily.

At kirk she no more frowning cried,

Na, na, it winna do; I canna, canna,

Winna, winna, maunna, buckle to."

Victor Record 60057

## WHITE SQUALL

Barker

The sea was bright and the bark rode well,  
 The breeze bore the tone of a vesper bell;  
 'Twas a gallant bark, with crew as brave  
 As ever launched on the heaving wave,  
 As ever launched on the heaving wave.  
 She shone in the light of declining day,  
 And each sail was set, and each heart was gay;  
 She shone in the light of declining day,  
 And each sail was set, and each heart was gay.

Chorus:

A white cloud glides thro' the azure sky,  
 What means that wild despairing cry?  
 Farewell, the vision'd scenes of home,  
 Farewell, the vision'd scenes of home.  
 That cry is "Help," where no help can come,  
 That cry is "Help," where no help can come.  
 Farewell, the vision'd scenes of home,  
 Farewell, the vision'd scenes of home,  
 For the white squall rides on the surging wave,  
 And the bark is gulp'd in an ocean's grave,  
 For the white squall rides on the surging wave,  
 And the bark is gulp'd in an ocean's grave,  
 For the white squall rides on the surging wave,  
 And the bark is gulp'd in an ocean's grave,  
 For the white squall rides on the surging wave,  
 And the bark is gulp'd in an ocean's grave.

Columbia Record 1134

## WHO IS SYLVIA?

Shakespeare

Who is Sylvia? What is she,  
 That all our swains commend her?  
 Holy fair and wise is she,  
 The heavens such grace did lend her,  
 That adored she might be.

Is she kind as she is fair?  
 For beauty lives with kindness;  
 To her eyes love doth repair,  
 To help him in his blindness,  
 And being helped, inhabits there.

**WHO IS SYLVIA?—Continued ..**

Then to Sylvia let us sing,  
 That Sylvia is excelling;  
 She excels each mortal thing,  
 Upon the dull earth dwelling;  
 To her garlands let us bring.

Columbia Record 5473

**YANKEE DOODLE**

Father and I went down to camp  
 Along with Captain Good'in,  
 And there we saw the men and boys,  
 As thick as hasty puddin'.

**Chorus:**

Yankee Doodle, keep it up,  
 Yankee Doodle dandy,  
 Mind the music and the step  
 And with the girls be handy.

And there was Captain Washington  
 Upon a slapping stallion,  
 A-giving orders to his men—  
 I guess there was a million.

And there I see a swamping gun  
 Large as a log of maple,  
 Upon a mighty little cart,  
 A load for father's cattle.

And every time they fired it off  
 It took a horn of powder,  
 It made a noise like father's gun,  
 Only a nation louder.

The troopers, too, would gallop up  
 And fire right in our faces,  
 It scared me almost half to death  
 To see them run such races.

It scared me so I hooked it off,  
 Nor stopped, as I remember,  
 Nor turned about till I got home,  
 Locked up in mother's chamber.

Columbia Record 2277

## YEAR'S AT THE SPRING

Browning

The Year's at the Spring,  
And day's at the morn,  
Morning's at seven,  
The hillside's dew pearled,  
The lark's on the wing,  
The snail's on the thorn,  
God's in His heaven,  
All's right with the world.

Victor Record 87026

## WHEN YOU SANG THE PALMS TO ME

Callahan

Flowers of springtime were blooming,  
One Easter morn, long ago,  
Wandering together, 'mid blossoms rare,  
We stood in the dawn's crimson glow.  
Just as the church bells were ringing,  
Sending their music above,  
You sang to me so tenderly,  
A song that I always will love.

Chorus:

"Blossoms and palms," you sang,  
So sweet and low;  
Then while those glad notes rang,  
I loved you so.  
Thrilled by that love divine,  
So full and free,  
I knew that heaven was mine  
When you sang "The Palms" to me.

Long years have passed since that morning,  
There in the dawn's crimson glow,  
Still in my dreams, dear, you come to me,  
Your voice still is tender and low.  
And tho' my heart is so lonely,  
Life loses part of its pain,  
And dreams of you bring hope anew,  
When I hear that tender refrain.

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Imperial Record 5214

## WILL THERE BE ANY STARS IN MY CROWN

Will C. Brown

I am thinking today of that beautiful land,  
I shall reach when the sun goeth down,  
When through wonderful grace by my Saviour I stand,  
Will there be any stars in my crown?

Chorus:

Will there be any stars, any stars in my crown,  
When at ev'ning the sun goeth down;  
When I awake with the blest in the mansions of rest,  
Will there be any stars in my crown?

In the strength of the Lord let me labor and pray,  
Let me watch as a winner of souls;  
That bright stars may be mine in the glorious day,  
When His praise like the sea billows roll.

Oh, what joy it will be when His face I behold,  
Living gems at His feet to lay down,  
It would sweeten my bliss in the city of gold,  
Should there be any stars in my crown.

Columbia Record 5776

Full words and music by Will C. Brown, Frankfort, Kans.

## CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'

Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay,  
Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay,  
I looked down to Bonnie Lockleven,  
And heard three bonnie pipers play.

Chorus:

The Campbells are comin',  
O, ho! Oh, ho!  
The Campbells are comin',  
O, ho! Oh, ho!  
The Campbells are comin', to Bonnie Lockleven  
The Campbells are comin', Oh, ho! Oh, ho!

**CAPTAIN JINKS**

I'm Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines,  
I feed my horse on corn and beans;  
And sport young ladies in their teens,  
Tho' a Captain in the army.  
I teach young ladies how to dance,  
How to dance, how to dance;  
I teach young ladies how to dance,  
For I'm the pet of the army.

**Chorus:**

I'm Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines,  
I feed my horse on corn and beans;  
And often live beyond my means,  
Tho' I'm Captain in the army.

**COME HOME FATHER****Work**

Father, dear father, come home with me now,  
The clock in the steeple strikes one;  
You said you were coming right home from the shop  
As soon as your day's work was done.

**DOWN IN A COAL MINE**

Down in a coal mine, underneath the ground,  
Where a gleam of sunshine never can be found,  
Digging dusky diamonds all the season 'round,  
Down in a coal mine, underneath the ground.

**WHOA! EMMA!**

Whoa! Emma! Whoa! Emma!  
Emma, you put me in such a dilemma;  
Oh! Emma! Oh! Emma!  
That's what I heard from Putney to Kew.  
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## SONG OF THE VIKINGS

## Fanning

The wind is blowing from off the shore,  
 And our sail has felt its force;  
 Our bark bounds forth o'er crested waves,  
 As a wild and restive horse.  
 Our sharp prow cleaves the billows,  
 And breaks them into spray,  
 And they brightly gleam in the glad sunlight  
 As we speed upon our way.  
 Lords of the waves we are,  
 Kings of the seething foam,  
 Warriors bold, from the Norseland cold  
 Far o'er the sea we roam.  
 Lords of the waves we are!

We have left our wives and our sweethearts  
 On the rock encircled strand,  
 To entreat the gods to watch o'er their loves,  
 And to bring them back to land.  
 Each day they'll pray to Heaven,  
 Nor will they pray in vain,  
 For the gods will watch o'er our sturdy bark  
 And will guide her home again.  
 Lords of the waves we are!

To our oars we bend with a right good will,  
 And all sorrow leave behind,  
 As the white wing'd gulls around us skim,  
 We are racing, racing with the wind.  
 And when our foes are vanquished,  
 And we return once more,  
 Oh, the welcome glad they will greet us with  
 As we gain the long'd for shore.

Lords of the waves we are!

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Edison Diamond Disc Record 80298

## PLAYMATES

Playmates were we,  
 Little we thought it then,  
 How we should change  
 When we should all be men.  
 Ah! Sweet boyhood's days,  
 Free from all care and pain,  
 Playmates, playmates,  
 I wish we were boys again.

Victor Record 35550

**DRINK CURE****Wills**

My friends, I am going to tell you what I believe to be an original story and which I think funny enough to bear repetition.

A party of men made up their minds at New Year's to take the pledge and swear off drinking which is funny in itself to begin with. So they all got aboard the acqua chariot or to be more proper and precise, I suppose I should say the water wagon. Every kind of a souse imaginable was on there singing, "Shall we gather at the river"?

They did first rate until they passed a drug store, then they got that aromatic spirits of ammonia feeling, got off, went inside and lined up in front of the soda fountain; each one trying to make the other believe that he knew all about those soft drinks, those Sundays, Mondays and Thursday afternoons. One fellow ordered a strawberry cocktail, another asked for a porous plaster punch.

There was a little nervous man in the party, very highly strung, wore eyeglasses, some one had put him wise what to say in this drug store, because under his breath he kept repeating "Lemon phosphate, lemon phosphate." The clerk was quite a long time getting to him. Finally when he did get to him he said, "What will you have." "Gimme some carbollic acid."

A doctor was standing right next to the little nervous man, went up, tapped him on the shoulder and said, "You'll pardon me, my good man, but I can see you are suffering from effects of alcoholism. Now I'm going to tell you how you can cure yourself of this terrible habit. If, whenever you find the craving for drink coming over you, you will go and eat something instead of drinking you'll find you'll be able to cure yourself. Whenever the desire to drink enters your mind, eat something, don't drink. Just try it.

So the little nervous man did try it, gave it a very hard fight; naturally it would be at first. He stood it just as long as he possibly could and when Nature would endure it



### DRINK CURE (Continued)

no longer, he'd go and eat something and sure enough he cured himself. Just a case of mind over matter, another little example of Christian Science. Cured himself absolutely, getting along fine until one night (sounds familiar, eh?) he was stopping at a hotel and the man in the next room to him committed suicide, blew out the gas, shot himself in the head, and cut his throat from ear to ear. Very thin partition between the rooms and the nervous man heard the body roll off the bed onto the floor. He rushed into the next room, lit the gas, looked down, saw the terrible sight, ran down seven flights of stairs to the office, right up to the clerk and says, "There's a man in the next room to me just committed suicide, blew out the gas, shot himself in the head, cut his throat from ear to ear. Yes, room forty-four, room next to me. Yes, that's right, but say, for God's sake, gimme some ham and eggs and a piece of lemon pie."

Columbia Record 1352

### DRINKING SCENE

Well, Mike, ain't you glad you come to Paris to spend your vaccination?

Oh, it's everything nice here.

Ain't it grand? Got any money?

No, not a cent.

No, you ain't got no money, and I am your guest? Are you thirsty?

No.

Sure?

Sure.

I was lucky for those words. You see, I only got five cents and I am dying for a glass of beer. Now it wouldn't look nice for both of us to walk into the bar here and one of us drink and one ain't, so when we go in, I will say to you, "What are you going to have?" and you say in a careless way, "Oh, I don't care for it." So I will get the bartender to give me a glass of beer and I will drink the beer and we will walk out and he won't know we have got no money. Will you do that for me?

Oh, sure.

## DRINKING SCENE (Continued)

Now I say, "What are you going to have?" Now what do you say?

Now what do you say?

No, you.

Oh, I don't care for it.

Fine! Now we are going to try it. Say, something in my heart tells me you're not going to do this right.

Let us try it on the outside then we know what we are going to do on the inside.

That's a good idea. We will practice it here. Now we will imagine this is the bar here, here is the rail that closes the bar and there free lunch, and here two doors.

Free lunch?

Yes, but don't pay no attention to that. Now remember, here's the bar, the rail, the free lunch and the doors.

And the free lunch.

Yes, the free lunch. Now what are you going to have?

No, I don't want to.

Aw, come on, be a sport.

No, no, no.

Well, I will take a small bottle....

What! A small bottle with my poor five cents?

Well, what did you want to coax me for.

I wasn't coaxing you, I was only making a bluff.

Well, I don't take bluffs. Why don't you say what you want to have and have it.

I will take anything I like and all you say is, "Oh, I don't care for it." Now try it again. Well, what are you going to have?

No, I don't want anything.

Take something.

Well, I will take a cigar.

What, a cigar! Do you want to burn up my five cents?

Have I got to give up smoking, too?

If you don't give up smoking, I will have to give up drinking.

Well, I have to look out for myself.

Mike, please, I beg of you to use your brains. Remember you don't drink nor smoke and you don't eat. Now we go in.... Well, well, and what did you say?

Oh, I don't care if I do.

Yes, and the bartender give you a glass of beer and had to say, "Oh, I don't care for any" and I got a thirst that's indigestible.

Columbia Record 1159

**DO THEY THINK OF ME AT HOME?****Carpenter**

Do they think of me at home,  
 Do they ever think of me?  
 I who shared their every grief,  
 I who mingled in their glee?  
 Have their hearts grown cold and strange,  
 To the one now doom'd to roam,  
 I would give the world to know,  
 Do they think of me at home?  
 I would give the world to know,  
 Do they think of me at home?

Do they think of me at eve,  
 Of the songs I used to sing?  
 Is the harp I struck untouch'd,  
 Does a stranger wake the string?  
 Will no kind forgiving word,  
 Come across the raging foam?  
 Shall I never cease to sigh,  
 Do they think of me at home?  
 Shall I never cease to sigh,  
 Do they think of me at home?

Do they think of how I loved,  
 In my happy early days,  
 Do they think of him who came,  
 But could never win their praise?  
 I am happy by his side,  
 And from mine he'll never roam,  
 Still my heart will sadly ask,  
 Do they think of me at home?  
 Still my heart will sadly ask,  
 Do they think of me at home?

Columbia Record 5435

# **DIVINE SERVICE ON A BATTLE FIELD**

**Halt! Men at ease! We will sing, "Oh, God our help in ages past."**

Oh, God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope in time to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home.

**Amen.**

**Let us pray. Lord have mercy upon us.  
Christ have mercy on us.**

Oh, Lord, our Heavenly Father, Almighty and everlasting God, who has safely brought us to the beginning of this day; defend us in the same with Thy mighty power; and grant that this day we fall into no sin, neither run into any kind of danger, but that all our doings, being ordered by Thy governance, may be righteous in Thy sight, through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

**Let us sing, "Rock of Ages."**

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee,  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy riven side which flowed,  
Be of sin a double cure,  
Save from guilt and make me pure.

**Amen.**

**The Lord bless you and keep you, the Lord make His face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you both now and forever-more.**

**Amen.**

**Victor Record 35479**

# COME THOU ALMIGHTY KING

Wesley

Come Thou almighty King!  
 Help us Thy name to sing,  
     Help us to praise,  
 Father all glorious,  
 O'er all victorious,  
 Come and reign over us,  
     Ancient of days.

Come thou incarnate Word!  
 Gird on Thy mighty sword,  
     Our prayer attend.  
 Come and Thy people bless,  
 And give Thy word success,  
 Spirit of holiness,  
     On us descend.

Come Holy Comforter,  
 Thy sacred witness bear,  
     In this glad hour.  
 Thou, who almighty art,  
 Now rule in every heart,  
 And ne'er from us depart,  
     Spirit of power.

To the Great One in Three,  
 The highest praises be,  
     Hence evermore.  
 His sovereign majesty  
 May we in glory see,  
 And in eternity  
     Love and adore.

Columbia Record 840

**CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE****Tennyson**

Half a league, half a league,  
Half a league onward.  
All in the valley of Death  
Rode the Six Hundred.  
"Forward the Light Brigade!  
Charge for the guns!" he said,  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the Six Hundred.

"Forward the Light Brigade!"  
Was there a man dismay'd?  
Not tho' the soldiers knew  
Someone had blundered.  
Theirs not to make reply,  
Theirs not to reason why,  
Theirs but to do and die;  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the Six Hundred.

Cannon to the right of them,  
Cannon to the left of them,  
Cannon in front of them  
Volleyed and thundered.  
Stormed at with shot and shell,  
Boldly they rode and well,  
Into the jaws of Death,  
Into the mouth of Hell,  
Rode the Six Hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,  
Flashed as they turned in air,  
Sabring the gunners there—  
Charging an army.  
While all the world wondered.  
Plunged in the battery smoke,

**CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE (Continued)**

Right thro' the line they broke;  
Cossack and Russian reeled  
From the sabre stroke,  
Shattered and sundered.  
Then they rode back, but  
Not the Six Hundred.

Cannon to the right of them,  
Cannon to the left of them,  
Cannon behind them  
Volleyed and thundered,  
Stormed at with shot and shell,  
While horse and hero fell,  
They that had fought so well,  
Came thro' the jaws of Death,  
Back from the mouth of Hell,  
All that was left of them  
Left of Six Hundred.

When can their glory fade?  
O, the wild charge they made!  
All the world wondered.  
Honor the charge they made!  
Honor the Light Brigade!  
Noble Six Hundred.

Columbia Record 1371

## CORONACH

Lady of the Lake—Scott

He is gone on the mountain,  
 He is lost to the forest,  
 Like a summer dried fountain  
 When our need was the sorest,  
 The font reappearing,  
 From the raindrops shall borrow,  
 But to us comes no cheering,  
 To Duncan no morrow!  
 The hand of the reaper  
 Takes the ears that are hoary,  
 But the voice of the weeper,  
 Wails manhood in glory.  
 The autumn winds rushing  
 Waft the leaves that are searest,  
 But our flower was in flushing,  
 When blighting was nearest.  
 Fleet foot on the corrie  
 Sage counsel incumber,  
 Red hand in the foray,  
 How sound is thy slumber!  
 Like the dew on the mountain,  
 Like the foam on the river,  
 Like the bubble on the fountain,  
 Thou art gone, and forever!

Victor Record 17937

## COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUDE

Come into the garden, Maude,  
 For the bat black night has flown;  
 Come into the garden, Maude,  
 I am here at the gate alone.  
 I am here at the gate alone,  
 And the woodbines spices are wafted abroad,  
 And the musk of the roses blown,  
 For a breeze of morning moves,  
 And the planet of love is on high,  
 Beginning to faint in the light that she loves,  
 On a bed of daffodil sky,  
 To faint in the light of the sun she loves,  
 To faint in the light and to die!  
 Come, come, come into the garden, Maude,  
 For the black bat night has flown,  
 Come into the garden, Maude,  
 Come my own, my sweet,  
 Come my own, my sweet,  
 Maude, Maude, come, I am here at the gate alone.

Columbia Record 981



**HOLY ART THOU***"Largo"*

Holy art Thou, Lord God Almighty,  
 Who wert and art, and art to come;  
 Holy art Thou, Lord God Almighty,  
 Glory, majesty in heav'n are Thine.  
 Earth lowly bending swells the full harmony,  
 Blessing and glory to the Lamb forevermore,  
 Worthy art Thou; let all nations and kindreds  
 And people give thanks to Thee forevermore.

Victor Record 31749

**HOLY, HOLY, HOLY**

Heber

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,  
 Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee,  
 Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,  
 God in three persons, Blessed Trinity.

Holy, holy, holy, all the saints adore Thee,  
 Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,  
 Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,  
 Which wert and art and ever more shall be.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,  
 All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth and sky  
 and sea,  
 Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,  
 God in three persons, Blessed Trinity.

Victor Record 16966

**HOLY GHOST, WITH LIGHT DIVINE**

Gottschalk

Holy Ghost, with light divine,  
 Shine upon this heart of mine,  
 Chase the shades of night away,  
 Turn my darkness into day.

Holy Ghost, with power divine,  
 Cleanse this guilty heart of mine,  
 Long hath sin, without control,  
 Held dominion o'er my soul.

Holy Spirit, all divine,  
 Dwell within this heart of mine,  
 Cast down every idol throne,  
 Reign supreme and reign alone.

Victor Record 16966

**COHEN TELEPHONES FROM BRIGHTON**

Say, constable, that's enough. That's a fine tune.

That's "Christians, Awake."

Christians, Awake! By golly, that's funny. My name is Cohen. Say, constable, could you tell me, maybe, perhaps where I could find a telephone. I want to call myself up a number.

Yes sir, just step in that cabinet.

O, I see the idea. Yes, I am here. I want four six one four City.

Number engaged, shall I call you?

No, no, thank you, I will stay here. I will call you. Give me please four six one four City.

No smoking in the cabinet.

Shut up! Get away! I'm not smoking.

No smoking in the cabinet.

I am not smoking. What are you trying to do, find out who I am calling up or what? (Band music.) Hey, hey, here, give 'em sixpence.

No smoking in the cabinet.

I said I ain't smoking.

I didn't say you were. Are you calling, sir?

Yes, I am calling four six one four City.

Four six one four City?

Say, you'll know that blame number by heart, ain't it? Yes, four six one four City. Now we all agree.

Put the tuppence in the box.

Alright.

Well?

Pretty well, how are you?

I am waiting for you to put the tuppence in.

I just put the money in.

Please don't argue; put the tuppence in the box and

**COHEN TELEPHONES FROM BRIGHTON—Continued**

turn the handle to the right.

Oh, alright, more trouble.

And the other penny in, please.

I just put the money in. Say, what do you think I am, the Bank of England or something?

I am not here to argue with you. Will you put the other penny in, please.

Oh, alright, what's the use.

Certainly, old chap, yes.

Hello.

Hello. As I was saying, what does it matter if it does cost a bob or two more. I am not putting any more money in.

It is not a question of money, is it?

Yes, it is. I already put in more than a shilling, including the band.

I say, who the deuce are you?

Who the—maybe I am the war office, you want to have a fight or something?

Aw, get off the line, you nosey thing.

Hey, hey.

Is your line working alright?

Oh, yes, it's working fine. It sounds like a menagerie.

Did you gave me the wrong number?

What number did you want?

I want four six one four City. Hurry up, I ain't expected to live long.

Did I hear you say you wanted four six one four City?

I don't know whether you heard me say it, but I am sure everybody around here for miles knows what number I want.

I am very sorry, but that number has been disconnected.

Columbia Record 2192

**COHEN TELEPHONES THE HEALTH DEPARTMENT**

Hello, hello, Central, for the sixtieth time. I am asking you, will you please give me one o nine o City? What, they're busy? Well, they're lucky. Say, try 'em again, maybe business got dull again, eh? Hello. Is that the Health Department? I say, are you the Health Department? Yes, Board of Health. What? Oh, I didn't tell you to go no place. I said Board of Health. What? I should speak more distinctly. Well, I will write it out for you if you like. Board, a piece of wood with a b and a h-e-l-l-t-h,

**COHEN TELEPHONES THE HEALTH DEPARTMENT**  
Continued

health. Now are you the Board of Health.

Well, my name is Cohen of Fluckman and Cohen. I want you should send me down a doctor to my place to fix up my office boy. What's the matter with him? Well, he just swallowed a half a dollar on us. Swallowed it? Yes, eat it. A half a dollar, cash. I want you should send down a doctor, yes, a doctor, not a lawyer, we don't want to sue him for the money. You know before we could get judgment against him the boy might die of stomach trouble.

I want you should send down a doctor——. What do you say? If the boy swallowed a half a dollar it won't do him no harm? Well, it ain't drawing any interest there, is it? I want you should send down a doctor to look the boy over. What do you say? Give him hot water and mustard? I did give him mustard, nearly a hat full, and that's enough mustard to invest for a half dollar. No, he didn't come across with a penny even. What? Tickle his throat with a feather? Listen, Mr. Health Department, this ain't no tickling matter. Something terrible might happen to that boy before he digests so much money.

Say, I want you should send down a doctor. What? I should get a doctor for the boy? Listen, Mr. Health Department, I don't need your advice in the matter. I should pay a whole dollar to get a doctor to take out a half a dollar from a boy? By golly, you got a great head for business, Mr. Health Department, I don't think. Besides, why should I get a doctor at my expense? You know this is an office boy and not a relation. I'll send him down to you, and say, whatever you get out of the boy you can keep. Come on, be a sport and take a chance. Maybe the boy swallowed other money on us that we ain't missed yet. Maybe it's a habit with him. How do you know he swallowed money. Well, I don't know. He ain't exactly a cash register. He don't ring a bell every time he takes in money. Whatever is in him you are welcome to. I don't care if it's diamonds, even. What do you say? The boy needs a safe blower instead of a doctor? That's enough, Mr. Health Department. I don't need money so bad as all that. I wouldn't injure that boy for the sake of a half a dollar. Money ain't everything with me. Mr. Health Department, I got a heart. I will try him with another hatful of mustard, and if he don't come up with that half a dollar I will take it out of his wages. I'll teach that young loafer a lesson. Good-bye, Mr. Health Department.

Columbia Record 2192

## CASEY AS A DOCTOR

Mary Ann, if anybody calls you say I am in the Library.

Yes sir.

Can't you say anything else but yes sir?

No sir.

That's right.

Yes sir.

I am in the Library and I am reading the life of George Washington, the father of his country.

Yes sir.

Oh, dear, oh, dear.

Good morning, is the doctor in?

Yes, sir, he's in the library and he's taking the life of some man who's getting his washing done for the father of his country.

Could I see him?

Yes, sir, what's your name?

Mr. Greene, please.

Doctor, doctor, there's a man here and his name is Mr. Greene Peas and he wants to see you.

Good morning, sir.

Good morning, doctor.

How are ye, me boy.

Very bad.

That's good.

What?

I mean very bad for you and very good for me. What is the matter with you?

I have very severe pains in my head.

What size hat do you wear?

Six and seven-eighths.

Oh, you should wear eight, nine, ten. You have a severe rushing of brains to your head. Make a face at me till I see your tongue. Your tongue is over-coated and you have an ulcerated sore throat, coming to you. Give me your hand till I feel your pulse. One-two-six-eight—you have a complication of diseases. You have a little inflammation of the esophagus and your—hm—is gone wrong.

My what?

Your hm.

What's that?

**CASEY AS A DOCTOR—Continued**

I don't know what it is but it's gone wrong and your nerves are all tied up in a knot.

Any scarlet fever?

No, but you have scarlet runners all over you. You have brown kittens in your throat and a little influenza, too. Now do you feel tired when you sleep?

Not exactly.

Does water taste wet in your mouth?

Well, yes.

Ah, ah. Do you eat onions?

No.

Does your brother eat 'em?

Well, I have no brother.

Would he eat 'em if you had one?

I do not know.

My boy, you want to get two pounds of chloride of lime and stick your head in it every thirty minutes and keep it there for half an hour. Come back in three weeks if you're still alive. Three dollars, please.

But, doctor, it's not worth it.

I know it, but I need the money.

Columbia Record 1886

**CONTRACT SCENE**

Weber and Fields

Now, here, Mike, the idea is simply a matter of business, if possible, to put the mechanical doll which you made upon the market.

Well, well.

Now, as I understand it, you want me to be sort of a syndicate to furnish money to put the doll before the public?

This is conclusiveness. Now, tell me, where is all this money I hear so much about, but to see nix.

Now, don't be worrying. The money is alright here in the syndicate's pocket.

That is the trouble. You have it in the pocket and I get it in the neck.

That is not so. Now, here is the disagreement papers, the contract.

I see you are a business man.

Oh, yes, now before I read this contract to you, I want to tell you that I am the party of the first part and you are

## CONTRACT SCENE—Continued

the party of the second. See you are lower than me.

Say, please let us do business without speaking of my family.

As you wish it. Now, I won't read the commencing of this contract to you because there are a few things I want to write in after you sign your name to it. Now we begin here on clause fourteen. It is hereby misunderstood and mutually disagreed that if the doll is as I do not want it, that is, if the money comes not in as I would like to have it, then it says here that the party of the first part is got the privilege to send back the doll to the party of the second part and the party of the second part swears and agrees to accept the doll for an additional amount of money that may be asked for by the party of the first part.

Is that so? Say, how much do I owe you?

How much have you got?

That is personal. Say, will you permit me to read the contract while I still have my life left?

As you wish it. If you do not eat it.

Where you claim in the clause that I bind myself over to give you required satisfaction to all concerned you know to me that looks perfectly legitimate.

I believe you.

Where you claim in the clause in the second clause that is the ticklishness business. You cannot in justice to myself sign that article where it says if the doll does not come up to required expectations why hold me responsible for the money what is uncertain. You see, you cannot do it. It can't be did.

Well, cut it out then, cut it out.

You see, I got to get sixty per cent of the grocery receipts.

Of what?

Of the forthcoming money, the grocery receipts.

Permit me to say you are not in your grocery store now. What you mean to say is I get sixty per cent of the receipts and you get sixty per cent of the receipts and what is left we divide between us.

Well, what I want to know is when we take this doll over to Paris who's going to pay transportation?

That's simple enough. We will divide it. Why, you furnish the ships and I'll furnish the ocean.

Columbia Record 1219

## BLUE AND THE GRAY

## Finch

By the flow of the inland river  
 Whence the fleets of iron have fled,  
 Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,  
 Asleep are the ranks of the dead:—  
     Under the sod and the dew,  
     Waiting the Judgment Day,  
 Under the one, the Blue,  
     Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,  
 Those in the gloom of defeat,  
 All with the battle-blood gory,  
 In the dusk of eternity meet;  
     Under the sod and the dew,  
     Waiting the Judgment Day,  
 Under the laurel, the Blue,  
     Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours,  
 The desolate mourners go,  
 Lovingly laden with flowers,  
 Alike for friend and foe;  
     Under the sod and the dew,  
     Waiting the Judgment Day,  
 Under the roses, the Blue,  
     Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,  
 The morning sun rays fall,  
 With a touch impartially tender,  
 On the blossoms blooming for all.  
     Under the sod and the dew,  
     Waiting the Judgment Day,  
 Brodered with gold, the Blue,  
     Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,  
 On forest and field of grain,  
 With an equal murmur falleth,  
 The cooling drip of the rain;  
     Under the sod and the dew,  
     Waiting the Judgment Day,  
 Wet with the rain, the Blue,  
     Wet with the rain, the Gray.



**BLUE AND THE GRAY—Continued**

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,  
 The generous deed was done,  
 In the storms of the years that are fading,  
 No braver battle was won;  
     Under the sod and the dew,  
     Waiting the Judgment Day,  
     Under the blossoms, the Blue,  
     Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,  
 Or the winding rivers be red,  
 They banish our anger forever,  
     When they laurel the graves of our dead!  
     Under the sod and the dew,  
     Waiting the Judgment Day,  
     Love and tears for the Blue,  
     Tears and love for the Gray.  
Victor Record 17310

**HEINIE AT COLLEGE****Weber-Fields**

Mike, Yale College is certainly a beautiful city.

Yale College ain't a city. It's a hotel, ain't it?

A college is sort of a factory for brains. When a rich man's son ain't got no sense, then his father sends him to college and when he is stuffed full of useless inflammation, then he is turned out into the cold world to look for work.

But the college could get a job.

Of course, the fellow who couldn't afford to buy his education has a store by now and he must have someone to drive the truck.

No, my Heinie ain't goin' to be no truck. He's going to desecrate his life to medication. He's going to be a surgeon.

A sturgeon! Why don't you tell him to be an aquarium?

No, my Heinie ain't going to be a fish.

No; one fish in the family is enough.

My Heinie's going to be a medicular, a medicine.

**HEINIE AT COLLEGE (Continued)**

Oh, he's going to be a doctor. Well, if he gets a good job he can make a lot of money selling postage stamps.

No, my gracious, my Heinie's going to be a college doctor.

Oh, a doctor; well, that's a good idea to have a doctor in the family. You can get sick whenever you feel like it and it don't cost you nothing.

Well, ain't it a good idea for a boy to have a good education?

Only if he's going to be a literature, like a bookmaker or a burglar.

Well, ain't it a good idea for a doctor or a lawyer to have a good graduation?

Why must we have more doctors and lawyers? Haven't we enough troubles now? I read in the papers last week that one college turned out fifty-two civil engineers. Do we need any more civil engineers? No. What we need is more civil conductors.

I made up my mind about Heinie. I'm going to have him so well educated that when he speaks nobody will understand him.

Then why not keep him home and give him lessons yourself? Say, do you want your son to get a diploma?

What?

I say, do you want your son to get a diploma?

No, I don't want him to be a plumber.

I didn't say plumber. I said diploma.

What's that, diploma?

That is a paper that is handed to your son when he gets through college; then he frames it and hangs it up in the parlor, and if anybody comes up to your house and calls your son Heinie a fool, then you show them the paper and that settles it.

I got a letter from Heinie and he says he is training to be a foot baller.

Oh, he is, is he? What is he, a half-back, full-back or quarter-back?

I think he is a draw back.

Well, it's a good idea to have your son a foot-baller. If there is anything in him the foot-ballers will kick it out of him.

Columbia Record 1168

## HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED

The subject of my discourse this evening is entitled "Do Married Men Make the Best Husbands?". I feel that I am in a position to talk convincingly on this subject because I happen to be a married man myself, unfortunately. Of course, I'm not bragging about it and I don't want to say anything against marriage. I don't use that kind of language. Furthermore, I am really very, very happy. Why I am married now, well it's four years, and I'm so happy it doesn't seem like more than twelve. And I'll tell you why. It's because we get along so beautifully, my wife and I. Why, only two nights ago we were sitting in the parlor and I held her hand for three hours. If I'd a let go she'd a killed me.

It's a funny thing, the way I came to meet my wife; one of those seaside romances. I was introduced to her by a scoundrel to whom I owed three dollars. He knew I'd never pay him back while I was conscious, so in order to get even with me, he introduced me to this female dreadnaught. We got to be very friendly. Every day we'd go in bathing together and here is where the romance comes in. This is what started the whole thing. One day she got out a little too far. Of course, I don't want to pose as a hero, but if I hadn't been there at the critical moment to jump in after her, she'd have perished miserably. It's a funny thing; my father saved my mother from drowning, and I think I know now why he never wanted me to take swimming lessons. Of course, you understand, it wasn't that I didn't love this girl. I did love her. I loved every hair on her bureau. I loved her because she came from a very aristocrooked family, one of her uncles being a retired bank president. The judge retired him for eight years; and she loved me because I was always so good to her. I spent an awful lot of money on her. Why, I remember taking her out one evening and spending a dollar and a half on her freely. I would have spent more, but that is all she had.

So I said to myself, having saved this woman's life, I will propose to her and get married. I was out of work anyway. So I picked out a nice evening for the dirty work and when I rang the bell she met me at the door with a smile spread all over her beautiful map. I had a bouquet of flowers in my hand—some heliotropes—and I gave her this bouquet and with my voice choking with emotion and love and beer, I said to her like this: "Kitten"—I called her kitten till we were married nine days and then she got her eyes opened. I said, "Kitten, will you marry me?" She

**HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED—Continued**

said, "Yes, I don't care what becomes of me." So I took her over to the minister's and we were united in the holy bunk of matrimoney. Then we started off on our funnymoon and my wife, being a sensitive woman, didn't want any one to know that we had just been married, so I let her carry the valise.

Columbia Record 1516

**BARBARA FRIETCHIE**

Whittier

Up from the meadows rich with corn,  
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand,  
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,  
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as the garden of the Lord,  
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall  
When Lee marched over the mountain wall;

Over the mountains winding down  
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,  
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind; the sun  
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,  
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten,

Bravest of all in Frederick town,  
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,  
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,  
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right  
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

**BARBARA FRIETCHIE (Continued)**  
"Halt"—the dust brown ranks stood fast,  
"Fire"—outblazed the rifle blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash,  
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick as it fell from the broken staff,  
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf,

She leaned far out on the window-sill,  
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot if you must this old gray head,  
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame  
Over the face of the leader came;

A nobler nature within him stirred  
To life at that woman's deed and word;

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head  
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street,  
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that free flag tost,  
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell  
On the loyal winds that loved it well,

And through the hill-tops sunset light  
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er  
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear  
Fall for her sake on Stonewall's bier,

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave  
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw,  
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down  
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

Columbia Record 1871

**HAIL TO THE CHIEF****"Lady of the Lake"****Scott**

Hail to the chief who in triumph advances,  
 Honored and blest be the evergreen Pine.  
 Long may the tree in his banner that glances,  
 Flourish the shelter and grace of our line.  
     Heaven send it happy dew,  
     Earth lend it sap anew.  
 Gaily to bourgeon and broadly to grow  
     While every highland glen  
     Sends our shout back again  
 Roderick Vich Alpine Dhu, ho ieroe!

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands;  
 Stretch to your oars, for the evergreen Pine.  
 O that the rosebud that graces yon islands  
     Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine.  
     O that some seedling gem,  
     Worthy such noble stem,  
 Honored and blessed in their shadow might grow!  
     Loud should Clan Alpine then  
     Ring from her deepest glen,  
 Roderick Vich Alpine Dhu, ho ieroe!

Victor Record 55052

**HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS****Moore**

The harp that once thro' Tara's halls  
 The soul of music shed,  
 Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls  
     As if that soul were fled;  
 So sleeps the pride of former days,  
     So glory's thrill is o'er,  
 And hearts that once beat high for praise  
     Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright  
 The harp of Tara swells,  
 The chord alone that breaks at night  
     Its tale of ruin tells;  
 Thus freedom now so seldom wakes,  
     The only throb she gives  
 Is when some heart indignant breaks,  
     To show that she still lives.

Columbia Record 1230

**HEAR DEM BELLS**

We goes to church in de early morn,  
 When de birds am a-singin' on de trees,  
 Sometimes dese close am werry much worn,  
 But we wears dem out at the knees.  
 At night when de moon am shining bright,  
 An' de clouds hab passed away,  
 Dem bells keep a-ringin' for de Gospel fight,  
 Dat will last 'til de Judgment Day.

**Chorus:**

Hear dem bells, don't you hear dem bells,  
 Deys a-ringin' out de glory ob de Lamb.  
 Hear dem bells, don't you hear dem bells,  
 Deys a-ringin' out de glory ob de Lamb.

De church am old and de benches worn,  
 De Bible am a-gittin' hard to read,  
 But de Spirit am dare, as sure as you're born,  
 Which is all de comfort we need.  
 We sing and shout wid all our might  
 To keep away de cold,  
 Dem bells keep a-ringin' out de Gospel light,  
 Till de story ob de Lamb is told.

All day we work in de cotton and de corn,  
 Wid feet and hands so sore;  
 A-prayin' for Gabriel to blow his horn,  
 So we don't have to work any more.  
 I hear dem chariots comin' dis way,  
 An' I know dey's comin' for me,  
 So ring dem bells till de judgment day,  
 And de land dat Ise gwine for to see.  
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 Victor Record 16686

**HONOR AND ARMS****"Samson"****Handel**

Honor and arms scorn such a foe,  
 Tho' I could end thee at a blow,  
 Poor victory, to conquer thee  
 Or glory in thine overthrow.  
 Vanquish a slave that is half slain,  
 So mean a triumph I disdain,  
 So mean a triumph I disdain.

Columbia Record 5332

**ANGELS FROM THE REALM OF GLORY**

Angels from the realm of glory,  
 Wing your flight o'er all the earth,  
 Ye who sang creation's story  
 Now proclaim Messiah's birth!  
 Come and worship, come and worship,  
 Worship Christ, the new born King!

Shepherds in the field abiding,  
 Watching o'er your flocks by night,  
 God with man is now residing,  
 Yonder shines the infant light.  
 Come and worship, come and worship,  
 Worship Christ, the new born King!

Sages leave your contemplations,  
 Brighter visions beam afar,  
 Seek the great Desire of Nations,  
 Ye have seen His natal star.  
 Come and worship, come and worship,  
 Worship Christ, the new born King!

Saints before the altar bending,  
 Watching long in hope and fear,  
 Suddenly the Lord, descending,  
 In His temple shall appear.  
 Come and worship, come and worship,  
 Worship Christ, the new born King!

Victor Record 35594

**ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT**

Boulton

Sleep, my love, and peace attend thee,  
 All through the night,  
 Guardian angels God will lend thee,  
 All through the night.  
 Soft the drowsy hours are creeping,  
 Hill and vale in slumber steeping,  
 Love alone his watch is keeping,  
 All through the night.

Though I roam a minstrel lonely,  
 All through the night,  
 My true harp shall praise thee only,  
 All through the night.  
 Love's young dream, alas! is over,  
 Yet my strains of love shall hover,  
 Near the presence of my lover,  
 All through the night.

Columbia Record 1718



**ANNABEL LEE**

Poe

It was many and many a year ago,  
In this kingdom by the sea,  
That a maiden there lived whom you may know  
By the name of Annabel Lee—  
And this maiden she lived with no other thought  
Than to love and be loved by me.

She was a child and I was a child  
In this kingdom by the sea,  
But we loved with a love that was more than love  
I and my Annabel Lee—  
With a love that the winged seraphs of Heaven  
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason, that long ago,  
In this kingdom by the sea,  
A wind blew out of a cloud by night  
Chilling my Annabel Lee—  
So that her high-born kinsman came  
And bore her away from me.  
To shut her up in a sepulchre  
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in Heaven  
Went envying her and me—  
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know  
In this kingdom by the sea)  
That the wind came out of the clouds, chilling  
And killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love  
Of those who were older than we—  
Of many far wiser than we—  
And neither the angels in Heaven above  
Nor the demons under the sea,  
Can ever dissever my Soul from the Soul  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee—  
And the stars never rise but I see the bright eyes  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side  
Of my darling, my darling, my life and my bride  
In her sepulchre there by the sea—  
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

Victor Record 16989

## ARE WE DOWNHEARTED . . . NO!

Mister Pat Malone upon the continong  
 Was fighting with the Irish Fusiliers.  
 One night in the camp he rose to sing a song,  
 And all the Tommies greeted him with cheers.  
 Said Pat, "I'll sing a song about our gallant fighting men  
 Although we've had a tussle with the Germans, now and  
 then.

## CHORUS:

Are we downhearted? No!  
 Then let your voices ring  
 And all together sing  
 Are we downhearted? No!  
 Not while Britannia rules the waves  
 While we have Jack upon the sea  
 And Tommy on the land we need not fret,  
 It's a long, long way to Tipperary (not likely)  
 But we're not downhearted yet!

With a Frenchy girl Pat toddled out one night,  
 And arm in arm they stroll'd you may depend,  
 Till a dozen pals all sang out with delight,  
 "Hello, hello there, who's your lady friend?"  
 Said Patrick, "I don't know her name,  
 But listen here, old pal,  
 If this is what they give us with the Entente Cordial:

Fore I leave the stage a word I'd like to say,  
 To ev'ry British son and daughter here,  
 Reverses we *must have*, we can't win *all* the way,  
 But while we've Jack and Tommy, never fear,  
 Don't listen to the rumors that the Germans spread about,  
 When people try to scare you, do the same as me and  
 shout:

Complete copies, words and music may be had of the Pub-  
 lisher, The LAWRENCE WRIGHT MUSIC CO., 8 DEN-  
 MARK ST., LONDON, ENG. (Charing Cross Road.)  
 Edison Blue Amberol Record 2774

## RED AND THE BLUE (PENNSYLVANIA)

Hurrah! Hurrah! for Pennsylvania  
 Hurrah for the Red and the Blue.  
 Hurrah for the Red and the Blue!  
 Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

**ALL NIGHT LONG****Brooks**

My sweetheart went away last night,  
 I don't know what to do,  
 Everytime he goes away  
 I always feel so blue;  
 All night long, all night long,  
 He knows I love no one but him,  
 That's why he is unkind,  
 'Cause all the time, that he's away,  
 He's ever on my mind.  
 All night long, all night long.

**Chorus:**

All night long, I am a-dreaming,  
 Dreaming of my honey boy,  
 All night long to love lights beaming,  
 Longing just to see my pride and joy;  
 When I hear that he's returning,  
 My poor heart will then grow strong,  
 Then I know I'll cease my yearning,  
 All night long, all night long.

I have a photo of my gal,  
 I always keep it near,  
 Everytime I look at it,  
 It brings a sigh or tear,  
 All night long, all night long.  
 I've got so nervous from the strain,  
 That I can sleep no more,  
 I get to thinking of my boy  
 'Till I oft walk the floor  
 All night long, all night long.

(Copyright 1912 by Will Rossiter, Chicago, Ill.)

Victor Record 17278

**AH, LOVE, BUT A DAY**

Ah, Love, but a day and the world has changed!  
 The sun's away, and the birds estranged,  
 The wind has dropped and the sky's deranged;  
 Summer has stopped.

Look in my eyes! Wilt thou change, too?  
 Should I fear surprise? Shall I find aught new  
 In the old and dear, in the good and true,  
 With the changing year?

Victor Record 64327

## AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee,  
 Sweet land of liberty  
     Of thee I sing.  
 Land where my fathers died,  
 Land of the pilgrim's pride,  
 From every mountainside,  
     Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee.  
 Land of the noble free,  
     Thy name I love.  
 I love thy rocks and rills,  
 Thy woods and templed hills,  
 My heart with rapture thrills,  
     Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,  
 And ring from all the trees,  
     Sweet Freedom's song.  
 Let mortal tongues awake.  
 Let all that breathe partake,  
 Let rocks their silence break,  
     The sound prolong.

Our Father's God, to Thee,  
 Author of Liberty,  
     To Thee we sing.  
 Long may our land be bright,  
 With Freedom's holy light,  
 Protect us with Thy might,  
     Great God our King!

Columbia Record 5949

## ARRIVAL OF THE BRITISH TROOPS IN FRANCE

"Shut up, you chaps, here's the Colonel going to speak."  
 "My lads, before we set foot in the land of France, I want to say that we are now going to show the world what we are made of. We may have a tough fight but you know as well as I do that we shall come out on top. We shall fight well, shoot straight, never look behind, for the most painful wound for anyone of you is a bullet in the back. Lord Kitchener has told you what he expects of you. You are British soldiers and may be trusted. Now good luck to you and remember my words."

## AS WE PARTED AT THE GATE

Keith

On a clear September's night, while the moon was shining  
bright,

I stood chatting with a maiden most divine.

As we watch'd the stars above, I reveal'd to her my love,

And she quickly drew her little hand from mine.

All the world grew dark to me, when she said it ne'er could  
be,

"Alas, Jack, you have told me this too late,"

So we spoke our last good-bye, and a tear stole from her eye,

For she lov'd me as we parted at the gate.

Chorus:

As we parted at the gate, I thought my heart would break,

Often now I seem to hear her last good-bye,

And the stars that shone that night, will never shine so  
bright,

As they did before we parted at the gate.

Many years have pass'd and gone since I went away one  
morn,

Leaving far behind the girl I lov'd so well;

But I've wander'd back once more, and today I pass'd the  
door,

Of the cottage where my sweetheart used to dwell.

Oh! the roses bloom as fair, but a face is missing there,

I hear a voice repeating, "you're too late,"

And I think of days gone by when a tear stole from her eye

On the evening as we parted at the gate.

Copyright 1906—Full words and music from E. Austin Keith,  
Onset, Mass.

Edison Diamond Disc Record 50043

## AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF THE WATERS

Moore

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow

While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,

So the cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,

Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws

Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,

To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,

For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting.

Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,

Like a dead, leafless branch in the summer's bright ray;

The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain,

It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again.

Victor Record 64415

**ALICE OF OLD VINCENNES**

Of I wander back again in the land of dreams,  
 To the valley where the Wabash flows,  
 And again I seem to roam with the girl I love,  
 As we did in the long ago.  
 Then I hear the call of the whippoorwill  
 To his mate from the cherry tree,  
 It seems as his song rings o'er the hill,  
 You call from afar to me.

Chorus:

Alice of old Vincennes, I love you,  
 Dear little girl of mine,  
 For you I'm sighing, for you I'm crying,  
 Longing for you all the time.  
 To my old home in Indiana I'm coming back and then, dear,  
 I'll never leave you, I'll never grieve you,  
 Alice of old Vincennes.

Victor Record 17590

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 Frank K. Root & Co., Chicago, Ill.

**ALL HAIL EMMANUEL**

All hail to Thee, Emmanuel,  
 We cast our crowns before Thee;  
 Let every heart obey Thy will,  
 And every voice adore Thee.  
 In praise to Thee, our Saviour King,  
 The vibrant chords of heaven ring;  
 And echo back the mighty strain,  
 All hail, all hail,  
 All hail, all hail, Emmanuel.

Chorus:

Hail, Emmanuel, Emmanuel,  
 Hail, Emmanuel, Emmanuel,  
 Glory and honor and majesty  
 Wisdom and power be unto Thee,  
 Now and evermore!

All hail to Thee, Emmanuel,  
 The ransomed hosts surround Thee;  
 And earthly monarchs clamour forth,  
 Their Sovereign King to crown Thee.  
 While those redeemed in ages gone,  
 Assembled round the great white throne,  
 Break forth into immortal song,  
 All hail, all hail,  
 All hail, all hail, Emmanuel.

(Copyright 1910 by E. O. Excell)

Columbia Record 1365

## AMONG THE LILIES

### Czibulks

Among the lilies stray'd they twain,  
 Forgetting all the dance and the glow,  
 While star by star the violet night was setting,  
 And the lamps burnt dim and low!  
 The air was heavy with the breath of roses,  
 And the silv't fount rang clear,  
 While murmur fitful thro' the candenc'd closes  
 Love vows fell on raptur'd ear.

### CHORUS:

Very, very low were his love fraught sighs,  
 Where the passion flowers bent their gracious heads,  
 Very, very low were her sweet replies,  
 But the telltale blush said all was left unsaid!  
 "Ever, ever thine! Hear my vow, dear maiden,  
 Never chance nor change will alter what I swear!"  
 Odorous and sweet swept the wind flow'r laden  
 Scattering the blossoms round the pathway of the fair!

Ah, me! the fleeting hours of joy that vanish,  
 Like the starlight and the flow'rs,  
 Alas! for her who never more may banish  
 Hope and dream of bygone hours!  
 For leaf by leaf the roses now are dying,  
 And the passion flower is shed,  
 No music to the crystal fount replying,  
 And the faithless lover dead.  
 The dream is o'er and hope no more!

Columbia Record 1744

## ARROW AND THE SONG

### Longfellow

I shot an arrow into the air,  
 It fell to earth, I know not where;  
     For so swiftly it flew, the sight could not follow it  
 In its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,  
 It fell to earth, I know not where;  
     For who has sight so keen and strong,  
 That can follow the flight of a song.

Long, long afterwards in an oak,  
 I found the arrow still unbroke,  
     And the song from beginning to end,  
 I found again, in the heart of a friend.

Columbia Record 5437

**AFTERWARDS****Mullen**

After the day has sung its song of sorrow,  
 And one by one the golden stars appear;  
 I linger yet, where once we met beloved,  
 And seem to feel thy spirit is still near.  
 The flow'rs have fled that blossom'd in the spring-tide,  
 The birds are mute that sang their songs above;  
 And tho' the years have drifted us asunder,  
 Time cannot break the golden chain of love.  
 Still we can love, altho' the shadows gather,  
 Still we can hope until the clouds be past,  
 Come to my heart, and whisper thro' the silence,  
 Hope on, dear heart, our lives shall meet at last.

**Victor Record 17175****AH! 'TIS A DREAM****Lassen**

My native land again once meets mine eye,  
 The old oaks raise their boughs on high,  
 The violets greeting seem. Ah! 'tis a dream.

I feel the kiss that was in youth so dear,  
 The words I love fall on my ear,  
 I see the eyes soft beam. Ah! 'tis a dream.

And now when far in distant lands I roam,  
 My heart will wander to my home,  
 But while these fancies teem. Ah! 'tis a dream.

**Edison Blue Amberol Record 2546****ABIDE WITH ME**

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide,  
 The darkness deepens, Lord with me abide,  
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
 Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,  
 Shine thru the gloom and point me to the skies,  
 Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee  
 In life, in death, oh Lord, abide with me.

**Columbia Record 236**



**ALICE, WHERE ART THOU****Gurnsey**

The birds sleeping gently,  
 Sweet Lyra gleameth bright;  
 Her rays tinge the forest,  
 And all seems glad tonight.  
 The winds sighing by me,  
 Cooling my fevered brow,  
 The stream flows as ever,  
 Yet Alice where art thou?

One year back this even,  
 And thou wert by my side,  
 Vowing to love me  
 Whate'er might betide.

The silver rain falling,  
 Just as it falleth now,  
 And all things slept gently,  
 Ah, Alice, where art thou?  
 I've sought thee by lakelet,  
 I've sought thee on the hill,  
 And in the pleasant wildwood,  
 When winds blew cold and chill.

I've sought thee in forest,  
 I'm looking heavenward now,  
 Ah, there amid the star shine,  
 Alice, I know art thou!

Columbia Record 1476 .

**ALLAH****Longfellow**

Allah gives light in darkness,  
 Allah gives rest in pain,  
 Cheeks that are white with weeping  
 Allah paints red again.

The flowers and the blossoms wither,  
 Years vanish with flying feet,  
 But my heart will live on forever,  
 That here in sadness beat.

Gladly to Allah's dwelling  
 Yonder would I take flight,  
 There will the darkness vanish,  
 There will my eyes have sight.

Victor Record 87172

**ABOU BEN ADHEM****Hunt**

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)  
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,  
 And saw within the moonlight in his room,  
 Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,  
 An angel writing in a book of gold;  
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,  
 And to the presence in the room, he said:  
 "What writest thou?" The vision raised its head  
 And, with a look made all of sweet accord,  
 Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord,"  
 "And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"  
 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low  
 But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee, then,  
 Write me as one that loves his fellowmen."  
 The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night  
 It came again with a greater awakening light,  
 And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,  
 And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

Victor Record 16989

**AMERICA FIRST****Callaghan**

America will always hold a welcome hand  
 To those who come across the sea from ev'ry land,  
 She offers them the sacred rights of liberty,  
 Beneath the starry emblem of the brave and free.  
 She bids them say "Whate'er befall,  
 America is first of all."

**Chorus:**

The star-spangled banner  
 We always will defend,  
 The standard of freedom  
 Until all time shall end.  
 No power shall o'er throw it  
 While God reigns high above,  
 "America first" is our battle cry,  
 'Tis the land we love!

America will always be a land of peace,  
 Americans will always pray that war shall cease,  
 But if the time should ever come to stand for right,  
 Americans will not be found afraid to fight.  
 But ringing clear o'er land and sea,  
 Will sound this song of liberty.

Pathe Record 10073

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**FRANK K. ROOT & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.**

## ANTHONY'S ADDRESS

"Julius Caesar"—Shakespeare

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears,  
 I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.  
 The evil that men do lives after them  
 The good is oft interred with their bones.  
 So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus  
 Hath told you Caesar was ambitious.  
 If it were so, it was grievous fault,  
 And grievously hath Caesar answered it.  
 Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,  
 For Brutus is an honorable man,  
 So are they all, all honorable men—  
 Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.  
 He was my friend, faithful and just to me,  
 But Brutus says he was ambitious,  
 And Brutus is an honorable man.  
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome  
 Whose ransom did the general coffers fill;  
 Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?  
 When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept.  
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff,  
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,  
 And Brutus is an honorable man.  
 You all did see that on the Lupercal  
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?  
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;  
 And, sure, he is an honorable man.  
 But yesterday the word of Caesar might  
 Have stood against the world, now lies he there,  
 And none so poor to do him reverence.  
 O masters! If I were dispos'd to stir  
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
 I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,  
 Who, you all know, are honorable men.  
 If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.  
 You all do know this mantle; I remember  
 The first time ever Caesar put it on;  
 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,  
 That day he overcame the Nevii.  
 Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through.  
 See what a rent the envious Casca made;  
 Thru this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd,  
 And as he plucked his cursed steel away,  
 Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it,  
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd  
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no,  
 For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel;

**ANTHONY'S ADDRESS—Continued**

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar lov'd him!  
 This was the most unkindest cut of all,  
 For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,  
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms  
 Quite vanquish'd him, then burst his mighty heart;  
 And in his mantle muffling up his face,  
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue  
 Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.  
 O what a fall was there, my countrymen!  
 Then I and you and all of us fell down,  
 While bloody treason flourish'd over us.  
 O now you weep, and I perceive you feel  
 The dint of pity! These are gracious drops  
 Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold  
 Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here  
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors,  
 Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up  
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

Victor Record 5822

**ANGELS ROLL THE ROCK AWAY**

Angels roll the rock away!  
 Death yield up the mighty Prey!  
 See the Saviour quits the tomb,  
 Glowing with immortal bloom.  
 Allelulia! Allelulia!  
 Christ the Lord is risen today.

Shout ye seraphs, angels raise  
 Your eternal song of praise,  
 Let the earth's remotest bound  
 Echo to the blissful sound.  
 Allelulia! Allelulia!  
 Christ the Lord is risen today.

Holy Father, Holy Son,  
 Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
 Glory as of old to Thee  
 Now and evermore shall be.  
 Allelulia! Allelulia!  
 Christ the Lord is risen today.

Edison Diamond Disc Record 50405

## AUNT SHAW'S PET JUG

## Day

Now there was Uncle Elnathan Shaw,  
—Most regular man you ever saw!  
Just half-past four in the afternoon  
He'd start and whistle that old jig tune,  
Take the big blue jug from the but'ry shelf  
And trot down cellar, to draw himself  
Old cider enough to last him through  
The winter ev'nin'. Two quarts would do.  
—Just as regular as half-past four  
Come round, he'd tackle that cellar door,  
As he had for thirty years or more.

And as regular, too, as he took that jug,  
Aunt Shaw would yap through her cross old mug  
"Now, Nathan, for goodness' sake take care!  
You allus trip on the second stair;  
It seems 'as though you were just possessed  
To break that jug. It's the very best  
There is in town and you know it, too.  
And 'twas left to me by my great-aunt Suo.  
For goodness' sake, why don't yer lug  
A tin dish down, for ye'll break that jug?  
Allus the same, suh, for thirty years,  
Allus the same old twits and jeers  
Slammed for the nineteenth thousand time  
And still we wonder, my friend, at crime.

But Nathan took it meek's a pup,  
And the worst he said was "Please shut up."  
You know what the Good Book says befell  
The pitcher that went to the old-time well;  
Wall, whether 'twas that or his time had come,  
Or his stiff old limbs got weak and numb  
Or whether his nerves at last giv' in  
To Aunt Shaw's everlasting chin—  
One day he slipped on the second stair,  
Whirled round and grabbed at the empty air  
And clean to the foot of them stairs ker-smack  
He bumped on the bulge of his humped old back  
And he'd hardly finished the final bump  
When old Aunt Shaw she giv' a jump  
And screamed downstairs as mad's a bug  
"Dod-rot your hide, did ye break my jug?"

## AUNT SHAW'S PET JUG—Continued

Poor Uncle Nathan lay there flat  
 Knocked in the shape of an old cocked hat,  
 But he rubbed his legs, brushed off the dirt,  
 And found after all, that he warn't much hurt,  
 And he'd saved the jug, for his last wild thought  
 Had been of that; he might have caught  
 At the cellar shelves and saved his fall,  
 But he kept his hands on the jug through all  
 And now as he loosed his jealous hug  
 His wife just screamed, "Did ye break my jug?"  
 Not a single word for his poor old bones  
 Nor a word when she heard his awful groans  
 But the blamed old hard-shelled turtle just  
 Wanted to know if that jug was bust.  
 Old Uncle Nathan he let one roar  
 And he shook his fist at the cellar door  
 "Did ye break my jug?" she was yellin' still,  
 "No, durn yer pelt, but I swow I will,"  
 And you'd thought that the house was a-goin' to fall  
 When the old jug smashed on the cellar wall.

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Victor Record 16831

## AULD LANG SYNE

Burns

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 And never brought to mind,  
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 And days o' auld lang syne?  
 For auld lang syne, my dear  
 For auld lang syne,  
 We'll tak' o' cup o' kindness yet,  
 For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,  
 And pu'd the gowans fine;  
 But we've wandered mony a weary foot,  
 Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty frien'  
 And gie's a hand o' thine,  
 And we'll tak' a right gude willy-waught  
 For auld lang syne.

Columbia Record 1238

**BAY OF BISCAY****Cherry**

Loud roar'd the dreadful thunder,  
 The rain a deluge show'rs,  
 The clouds were rent asunder,  
 By lightning's vivid pow'rs,  
 The night was drear and dark,  
 Our poor devoted bark,  
 'Till next day, there she lay  
 In the Bay of Biscay, O!

At length the wish'd for morrow  
 Broke thro' the hazy sky,  
 Absorb'd in silent sorrow,  
 Each heav'd a bitter sigh;  
 The dismal wreck to view,  
 Struck horror to the crew,  
 As she lay on that day  
 In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Her yielding timbers sever,  
 Her pitchy seams are rent,  
 When Heav'n all bounteous ever,  
 Its boundless mercy sent,  
 A sail in sight appears,  
 We hail her with three cheers,  
 Now we sail with the gale,  
 From the Bay of Biscay, O!

Victor Record 16083

**BEAUTIFUL ISLE OF SOMEWHERE**

Somewhere the sun is shining,  
 Somewhere the song birds dwell,  
 Hush, then thy sad repining,  
 God lives, and all is well.

**CHORUS:**

Somewhere, somewhere,  
 Beautiful Isle of Somewhere,  
 Land of the true, where we live anew,  
 Beautiful Isle of Somewhere,

Somewhere the day is longer,  
 Somewhere the task is done;  
 Somewhere the heart is stronger,  
 Somewhere the guerdon won.

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Columbia Record 2048

**BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC**

Howe

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,  
 He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath  
     are stored;  
 He has loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift word,  
 His truth is marching on.

CHORUS:

Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah!  
 Glory, glory, hallelujah! His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred circling  
     camps,  
 They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and  
     damps;  
 I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring  
     lamps,  
 His day is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call re-  
     treat,  
 He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment  
     seat;  
 O be swift my soul, to answer Him, be jubilant my feet,  
 Our God is marching on.

Columbia Record 2012

**BID ME TO LOVE**

Bingham

I do not ask for the heart of thy heart,  
 I do not bid thee remain or depart,  
 Let me but love thee, and I will not plead,  
 Aught save to follow where e'er thou dost lead,  
 All that I ask for is all that may be  
 All that thou carest to give unto me,  
 I am content to be this unto thee,  
 To love thee forever, love thee forever and ever!

Let me but live in the light of thy face,  
 Find in thy heart and thy being a place,  
 Tho' it be low at thy feet be there  
 I can my homage more fitly declare, my homage declare,  
 Then as the sunflower looks up to the light  
 Sad in its absence and glad in its sight,  
 I can look up to thee morning and night,  
 And love thee forever, love thee forever and ever!

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Edison Diamond Disc Record 80235



### BAVARIAN YODEL

Down a mountainside  
Doth a streamlet glide,  
Tra la la la la,  
In the sunniest spot,  
Stands a little cot,  
Tra la la la la,  
In the garden there  
Sits my sweetheart fair,  
Tra la la la la,  
Gives me many a kiss,  
That she'll never miss,  
Tra la la la la.

There where water sweeps,  
And the chamois leaps,  
Tra la la la la,  
Where the birdlings sing,  
And the yoddlings ring,  
Tra la la la la,  
With my sweetheart kind  
Is my heart and mind,  
Tra la la la la,  
By my darling's side  
Let me e'er abide,  
Tra la la la la.

Victor Record 16120

### BRAES O' BALQUHIDDER

Let us gang lassie, gang to the braes o' Balquhiddier,  
Where the blaeberries grow; 'mang the bonnie bloomin'  
heather,

Where the deer and the roe, lightly bounding together,  
Sport the lang simmer day; 'mang the braes o' Balquhiddier.

Chorus:

Will ye gang, lassie, gang to the braes o' Balquhiddier,  
Where the blaeberries grow, 'mang the bonnie bloomin'  
heather?

I will twine thee a bower, by the clear siller fountain,  
And I'll cover it o'er wi' the flowers o' the mountain,  
I will range through the wilds, and the deep glen sae dreary,  
And return wi' the spoils to the bower o' my dearie.  
Now the simmer is in prime, wi' the flowers richly blooming,  
And the wild mountain thyme a' the moorlands perfuming,  
To our dear native scenes let us journey together,  
Where glad innocence reigns, 'mang the braes o' Balquhiddier.

Victor Record 64416

## BROOK

Tennyson

With many a curve my banks I fret,  
 By many a field and fallow;  
 And many a fairy foreland set,  
 With willow weed and mallow,  
 I slip, I slide, I gleam, I glide,  
 Among my skimming swallows,  
 I make the netted sunbeams dance  
 Against my shady shallows;  
 I chatter, chatter, as I flow,  
 To join the brimming river,  
 For men may come, and men may go,  
 But I go on forever, ever,  
 I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,  
 With here a blossom sailing,  
 And here and there a lusty trout,  
 And here and there a grayling.  
 And here and there a snowy flake,  
 Upon me as I travel,  
 With many a silver water break  
 Above the golden gravel.  
 And draw them all along, and flow  
 To join the brimming river,  
 For men may come, and men may go,  
 But I go on forever, ever,  
 I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,  
 I slide by hazel covers;  
 I move the sweet forget-me-nots,  
 That bloom for happy lovers.  
 I murmur under moon and stars,  
 In brambly wildernesses,  
 I linger by my shingly bars,  
 I loiter round my cresses.  
 And out again I curve and flow,  
 To join the brimming river,  
 For men may come, and men may go,  
 But I go on forever, ever,  
 I go on forever.

Columbia Record 5264

## COLORED SOCIAL CLUB

Wills

At one of the best hotels in one of the largest cities in Canada they employed colored waiters. They are a very important and pompous lot of gentlemen. Just before the time for the dining room to open, for meals, they stand around, one at each table, dressed in evening dress clothes and immaculate white shirts. That is, the front of them is white.

Stopping in the hotel at the time I speak of, was a typical Southerner, a Georgia planter, a man with a lot of money. He walked into the dining room one evening about five minutes before meal time, pushed open the door, walked in and called over the principal waiter, a big tall darky about six foot two. He called him over and said, "Look yeah, I want to find out who is the head nigger heah." The big fellow said, "Nigger, suh, you're mistaken, they ain't no niggers heah. You're up heah in Canada now under the English flag. You ain't down south. Do you see all dem men standin' 'round by de tables. Well, dem is all colored gentlemen, no niggers. Besides you is in de dining room too early anyhow. Dinner ain't ready yet. When it is ready, I'll call you." The man went down in his pocket, pulled out a big roll of money, took off a twenty dollar note and said, "Well, I'm going to be heah for a week and I wanted to find out who the head nigger was 'cause I wanted to give him this to take care of me while I am here." The big fellow said, "I'm the head nigger, boss, yes suh, I'm the head nigger, and if you don't believe me, you ask any of dem niggers standin' around over there and they'll tell you I am."

The president of the colored social club addressed the members as follows: Brethren, we are to be visited by some very important gentlemen and I make a move that we kinder have the clubhouse furnished up a little bit. Clean it up, you know, and renovate it." In the rear of the room was an ignorant darky who didn't understand anything that the president was saying and all he could answer was "Heah, heah." So the president said, "Now we will put in some new curtains (heah, heah). We will have the woodwork varnished up a little (heah, heah). We will kinder have the whole place renovated. You know we want to make a respectable showing when these two gentlemen come here (heah, heah) and I might also make a move that we get two new cuspidors." The darky in the rear of the room said, "May I have the floor just a second." "Brothern, you may." "Well, I make a move that we appoint Brothers Smith and Jones for the two cuspidors."

Columbia Record 1765

### BARBARA ALLEN

In Scarlet Town where I was born,  
 There was a fair maid dwellin',  
 Made ev'ry youth cry "Well a day,"  
 Her name was Barb'ra Allen.  
 All in the merry month of May,  
 When green buds they were swellin',  
 Young Jemmy Green on his death bed lay,  
 For love of Barb'ra Allen.

And death is printed on his face,  
 And o'er his heart is stealin',  
 Then haste away to comfort him,  
 Oh, lovely Barb'ra Allen.  
 So slowly, slowly she came up,  
 And slowly she came nigh him,  
 And all she said when there she came,  
 "Young man, I think you're dying."

When he was dead and laid in grave,  
 Her heart was struck with sorrow,  
 "O, mother, mother, make my bed,  
 For I shall die tomorrow."  
 "Farewell," she said, "ye virgins all,  
 And shun the fault I fell in,  
 Henceforth take warning by the fall,  
 Of cruel Barb'ra Allen."

Pathe Record 40017

### BENNY HAVENS OH!

Come, fill your glasses, fellows, and stand up in a row,  
 To singing sentimentally we're going for to go;  
 In the Army there's sobriety, promotions very slow,  
 So we'll sing our reminiscences to Benny Havens, Oh!  
 To Benny Havens, oh, to Benny Havens, oh,  
 We'll sing our reminiscences to Benny Havens, oh.

To our kind old Alma Mater our rock-land Highland home,  
 We'll cast back many a fond regret as o'er life's sea we roam,  
 Until on our last battlefield the lights of heaven shall glow,  
 We'll never fail to drink to her and Benny Havens, oh.

When you and I and Benny and all the others too,  
 Are called before the "final board" our course of life to view,  
 May we never "fess" on any point but straight be told to go,  
 To join the Army of the Blest at Benny Havens, oh.

Victor Record 17500

Used by permission Hinds & Noble from Songs of Patriotism.

**ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME**

All hail the power of Jesus' name,  
 Let angels prostrate fall;  
 Bring forth the royal diadem  
 And crown Him Lord of all.  
 Bring forth the royal diadem  
 And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
 Ye ransomed from the fall;  
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
 And crown Him Lord of all.  
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
 And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe,  
 On this terrestrial ball;  
 To Him all majesty ascribe  
 And crown Him Lord of all.  
 To Him all majesty ascribe  
 And crown Him Lord of all.

O that with yonder sacred throng  
 We at His feet may fall;  
 We'll join the everlasting song,  
 And crown Him Lord of all.  
 We'll join the everlasting song,  
 And crown Him Lord of all.

Columbia Record 1606

**ANNIE LAURIE**

Scott

Maxwelton's braes are bonnie,  
 Where early fa's the dew;  
 And 'twas there that Annie Laurie  
 Guid me her promise true.  
 Guid me her promise true,  
 Which ne'er forgot will be,  
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
 I'd lay me doon and dee.

Her braw is like a snawdrift,  
 Her throat is like the swan,  
 And her face it is the fairest  
 That e'er the sun shone on.  
 That e'er the sun shone on,  
 And dark blue is her e'e,  
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie,  
 I'd lay me doon and dee.

Columbia Record 5437

## CASEY AT THE DENTIST'S

What's the matter with you Casey?

Oh, me boy, it's a devil's own toothache.

Where?

In my tooth. I didn't wink a sleep last night, and you know I was walkin' the floor up and down and down and down and up and down and down.

Why didn't ye walk sideways, Casey?

Oh, don't be joking. You know I put carraway oil on it and everythin'. Come in here with me I'm goin' to have it pulled out. Ye know I can't see hardly, what does it say on that sign there.

Dr. Pullem. Teeth extracted without pain.

Without payin'. That's cheap I thought I would have to pay for it. Good morning Doctor.

Good morning.

Is this a dentist factory?

Yes.

Does he extract teeth? Well, I have one I would like to have pulled.

Alright, sit down.

Ooooo, Ooooo!

That's alright. Which one is it?

How can I speak to you with your fist in my mouth. Yes, that's it.

That's alright, now be quiet.

Don't play the hose on me, Doctor.

That's alright just breathe hard.

Murphy take hold of me hand. Ah, the angels are singing. Oh, Murphy take yer hand off me pocket. Oh, dear, I'm dead, I am, I'm dead, I'm tellin' yer.

That's alright, alright now. Five shillings, please.

What, five shillings. You said without payin' on the sign.

Oh, P-A-I-N.

Well, ye can pull my teeth but ye can't pull my leg at the same time. Put the tooth back there, and anyway ye pulled the wrong one. Come on Murphy.

## CASEY AT HOME

Say, Biddy, my bunch of sweetness, come here.

Yes, Michael darling.

Say, I am suspecting a visit from Alderman Murphy and when he comes put on style, speak French and foreign languages.

I can't speak it but I'll talk it.

Just the same. Stick your chest out in front and stand up straight and look him in the eyes. There he is now. Wait till ye see my style now. Ah . . . how are you Mr. Murphy?

How do you feel, Mr. Casey?

If I felt any better I couldn't stand it, my boy. Come inside, your as welcome as if you never came at all. Bon sour, that's French, olive oil, welcome.

I am glad to see you.

Well, I am pleased to make your acquaintance. I will present you to my family.

Oh, yes, I am a great lover of curiosities.

Indeed, I don't like that but here is my daughter, my daughter Charlotte, named after the great French actress, Charlotte Russe. She's been studying three years in the ladies' . . . er . . . cemetery over there.

Charlotte, I am very pleased to make your introduction.

And this is my little boy, Henry Clay. He's named after the man that makes the cigars and pipes and things like that.

Henry, I am glad to see you.

And, least but not last, is my flower of the family, Mrs. Michael Casey.

I am charmed to meet the wife of my extinguished host, Mr. Casey. I saw you in bathing last summer and I hope to see a little more of you this summer if you are at the same place.

Sit down, sit down. We are going to have some tea. We only have coffee for tea, but if you want some ice cream and onions just say the word. And after we are going to play some songs and my little girl will sing a piano solo. Then we are going to play some games.

I would like to play post office with Mrs. Casey.

Get up out of that chair. Get out, here's your hat. There you are, with your old post office.

Columbia Record 1971

## BY THE WATERS OF MINNETONKA

Cavanass

Moon, Dear, how near  
 Your soul divine;  
 Sun, Dear, no fear  
 In heart of mine.  
 Skies blue, o'er you  
 Look down in love;  
 Waves bright, give light  
 As on they move;  
 Hear thou my vow:  
 To live—to die—  
 Moon Dear, thee near,  
 Beneath this sky.

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 Penn.

Columbia Record 1732

## BLUE ALSATIAN MOUNTAINS

Adams

By the blue Alsatian mountains  
 Dwelt a maiden young and fair,  
 Like the careless flowing fountains,  
 Were the ripples of her hair.  
 Were the ripples of her hair.  
 Angel mild her eyes so winning,  
 Angel bright her happy smile,  
 When beneath the fountain spinning,  
 You could hear her song the while.

Ade, ade, ade, such songs will pass away,  
 Tho' the blue Alsatian mountains  
 Seem to watch and wait alway.  
 By the blue Alsatian mountains,  
 Many spring times bloom'd and pass'd,  
 And the maiden by the fountain,  
 Saw she lost her hope at last.  
 She lost her hope at last.  
 And she withered like a flower,  
 That is waiting for the rain,  
 She will never see the stranger,  
 Where the fountains fall again.

Ade, ade, ade, the years have passed away,  
 But the blue Alsatian mountains,  
 Ever watch and wait alway.  
 But the blue Alsatian mountains  
 Seem to watch and wait alway.

Columbia Record 1678



**BUSY LIZZIE**

This story is about a little girl named Lizzie, who seemed to be very busy all the time. It was, "Mother, may I do this? Mother, may I have an apple? Mother, may I play school? Please, Mother." Why, it took most of her mother's time answering questions.

One day while thinking what she would do next, she went into her mother's room, and climbing into a chair, tried to reach a package that was 'way up high in the closet. Her mother, wondering why she was so still, called out, "Lizzie, what are you doing, dear?" "Nothing, mother," said Lizzie. "And what does nothing mean, dear?" "Oh, mother, don't you know what one from one means?"

Lizzie was just about to get hold of the package when Snooky, her little white wooly dog who wanted to play, jumped at her. Snooky frightened her terribly and she fell to the floor, screaming with pain. Her mother came running in and picking her up, sent brother Toto for the doctor. When the doctor examined her, he found that her collar bone was badly dislocated, and ordered her sent to the children's hospital at once.

She was in the hospital now for almost three weeks and as the days passed, she improved rapidly. On Christmas Eve when her mother came to visit her, she begged so hard to go home that the good nurse said she would ask the doctor and if he said yes, she could leave tomorrow. Tomorrow came and there was Lizzie up and dressed, watching for her mother. She ran to meet her and told her the doctor said she could go home. Lizzie's mother was so delighted with the good news that she almost cried, and she told the nurse that she wouldn't ask for a finer Christmas present than to have Lizzie at home, well and happy, on this most blessed Christmas Day.

"Nurse, will you come and see me some time?" said Lizzie. Nurse answered, "I will if you promise me never to be such a busy Lizzie again." And Lizzie promised.

So you see what happened to Lizzie for being too inquisitive, for she thought that that package was a Christmas present and what do you think it was? Nothing. Like Lizzie's one from one, for it was only an empty box. On her way out, Lizzie stopped to see the doctor, and while her mother was thanking him for his kindness, they could hear the children upstairs in the hospital singing:

Oh, happy, happy Christmas,  
Oh, joyous Christmas,  
Oh, blessed, blessed Christmas,  
When Christ was born.

Columbia Record 2144

**COME WHERE MY LOVE LIES DREAMING****Foster**

Come where my love lies dreaming  
 Dreaming the happy hours away;  
 In visions bright redeeming,  
 The fleeting joys of day.  
 Dreaming the happy hours,  
 Dreaming the happy hours away!  
 Come where my love lies dreaming  
 Is sweetly dreaming the happy hours away.  
 Come with a lute, come with a lay,  
 My own love is sweetly dreaming,  
 Her beauty beaming,  
 Come where my love lies dreaming  
 Is sweetly dreaming the happy hours away.

Soft is her slumber, thoughts bright and fair,  
 Dance through her dreams like gushing melody,  
 Light is her young heart, light may it be,  
 Come where my love lies dreaming

**Columbia Record 5779****COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE**

Gin abody meet abody,  
 Comin' thru the Rye,  
 Gin abody kiss abody,  
 Need abody cry?

Ilka lassie has her laddie  
 Nane they say has I,  
 Yet a' the lads they smile at me,  
 When comin' thru the Rye.

Gin abody meet abody,  
 Comin' frae the town,  
 Gin abody meet abody,  
 Need abody frown?

Amang the twain  
 There is a swain,  
 I dearly lo' mysel'  
 But what his name  
 And where his hame,  
 I dinna care to tell.

**Columbia Record 1190**

# **COLUMBIA THE GEM OF THE OCEAN**

Oh, Columbia the Gem of the ocean,  
 The home of the brave and the free,  
 The shrine of each patriot's devotion,  
 A world offers homage to thee,  
 Thy mandates make heroes assemble.  
 When Liberty's form stands in view,  
 Thy banners make tyranny tremble,  
 When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

## **Chorus:**

When borne by the Red, White and Blue,  
 When borne by the Red, White and Blue,  
 Thy banners make tyranny tremble,  
 When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

When war wing'd its wide desolation,  
 And threat'ned the land to deform;  
 The ark then of freedom's foundation,  
 Columbia rose safe thro' the storm.  
 With her garlands of victory around her.  
 When so proudly she bore her brave crew,  
 With her flag proudly floating before her,  
 The boast of the Red, White and Blue.

## **Chorus:**

The boast of the Red, White and Blue,  
 The boast of the Red, White and Blue,  
 With her flag floating proudly before her,  
 The boast of the Red, White and Blue.

The star-spangled banner bring hither,  
 O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave,  
 May the wreaths they have won never wither,  
 Nor the stars of Old Glory grow dim,  
 May the service united ne'er sever,  
 But hold to their colors so true,  
 The Army and Navy forever,  
 Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue.

## **Chorus:**

Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue,  
 Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue,  
 The Army and Navy forever,  
 Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue.

Columbia Record 1548

## BELIEVE ME IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS

Moore

Believe me if all those endearing young charms,  
Which I gaze on so fondly today;  
Were to change by tomorrow and fleet in my arms  
Like fairy gifts fading away.  
Thou would'st still be adored, as this moment thou art,  
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,  
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart,  
Would twine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own  
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear;  
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known  
To which time will but make thee more dear;  
Oh, the heart that has truly loved, never forgets,  
But as truly loves on to the close,  
As the sunflower turns to her god, when he sets,  
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

Victor Record 16401

## BENDEMEERS' STREAM

Moore

There's a bower of roses by Bendemeers' stream  
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long;  
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream  
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.

That bower and its music I never forget,  
But oft when alone, in the bloom of the year,  
I think is the nightingale singing there yet?  
Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer?

No, the roses soon wither'd that hung o'er the wave,  
And some blossoms were gather'd while freshly they shone,  
And a dew was distill'd from their flowers that gave  
All the fragrance of summer when summer was gone.

Thus mem'ry draws from delight, ere it dies,  
An essence that breathes of it many a year;  
Thus bright to my soul as 'twas then to my eyes,  
Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer.

Columbia Record 5670

**BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE****Wolfe**

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,  
As his corpse to the rampart was hurried;  
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,  
The sods with our bayonets turning,  
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light  
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
Nor in sheet nor shroud we wound him;  
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,  
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,  
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,  
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,  
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,  
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,  
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,  
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,  
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,  
But little he'll reck, if they'll let him sleep on,  
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done  
When the clock struck the hour for retiring,  
And we heard the distant and random gun  
That the foe was suddenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
From the fields of his fame fresh and gory;  
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone—  
But we left him alone with his glory.

**Edison Blue Amberol Record 23031**

**DANUBE RIVER**

Aide

Do you recall that night in June  
 Upon the Danube River?  
 We listened to a Landler tune,  
 We watched the moonbeams quiver.  
 I oft since then have watched the moon,  
 But never, love, oh, never, never,  
 Can I forget that night in June  
 Upon the Danube River;  
 Can I forget that night in June  
 Upon the Danube River.

Our boat kept measure with its oars,  
 The music rose in snatches,  
 From peasants dancing on the shore,  
 With boisterous songs and catches.  
 I know not why that Landler rang,  
 Thro' all my soul, but never, never,  
 Can I forget the songs they sang,  
 Upon the Danube River;  
 Can I forget the songs they sing,  
 Upon the Danube River;  
 Can I forget the songs they sing,  
 Upon the Danube River.

Columbia Record 1299

**DARLING NELLY GRAY**

Hanby

There's a low green valley on the old Kentucky shore,  
 There I've whiled many happy hours away,  
 A-sitting and a-singing by the little cottage door,  
 There lived my darling Nelly Gray.  
 Oh, my poor Nelly Gray, they have taken you away,  
 And I'll never see my darling any more,  
 I'm sitting by the river and I'm weeping all the day,  
 For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.

When the moon had climbed the mountain and the stars were  
 shinning too,

Then I took my lovely Nelly Gray,  
 And I traveled down the river in my little red canoe,  
 While the banjo so sweetly I did play.  
 Oh, my poor Nelly Gray, they have taken you away,  
 And I'll never see my darling any more,  
 I'm sitting by the river and I'm weeping all the day,  
 For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.

Columbia Record 1143

**DE BREWERS' BIG HOSSES**

Oh de brewers' big hosses, comin' down de road,  
 Totin' around ole Lucifer's load;  
 Dey step so high, an' dey step so free,  
 But dem big hosses can't run over me!

**Chorus:**

Oh, no, boys, oh, no! de turnpike's free,  
 Wherebber I go,  
 Is a temperance engine, don't you see,  
 An' de brewers' big hosses can't run over me!

Oh, de licker men's been actin' like dey own dis place.  
 Livin' on de sweat ob de po' man's face;  
 Dey's fat and sassy as dey can be,  
 But dem big hosses can't run over me!

Oh, I'll harness dem hosses to de temperance cart,  
 Hit 'em wid a gad to gib 'em a start,  
 I'll teach 'em how for to haw and gee,  
 So dem big hosses can't run over me!

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 Victor Record 17455

**DIANE OF THE GREEN VAN****Callaghan**

Now the silvery moon is beaming,  
 As I watch beside the trail,  
 Over there my love, you're dreaming,  
 In a starlit woodland vale.  
 Your heart has heard the wildbird calling,  
 And answered to its plaintive plea,  
 Tho' you've not confessed it,  
 Somehow I have guessed it,  
 Some day you'll belong to me.

**Chorus:**

Slumber on, my wildwood flower  
 Sweetly sleep and dream of love,  
 There within your perfumed bower,  
 Beneath the stars above.  
 While I count each weary hour  
 All the future days I'll plan,  
 Of a time soon to be  
 When you'll give your heart to me,  
 My Diane of the Green Van.

Victor Record 17654

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# CHRISTMAS CAROL

There's a song in the air!  
 There's a Star in the sky!  
 There's a mother's deep prayer,  
 And a baby's low cry!  
 And the Star rains its fire  
 While the beautiful sing,  
 For the manger of Bethlehem  
 Cradles a King!

There's a tumult of joy,  
 O'er the wonderful birth,  
 For the Virgin's sweet Boy  
 Is the Lord of the earth!  
 Ay! the Star rains its fire,  
 And the beautiful sing,  
 For the manger of Bethlehem  
 Cradles a King!

In the light of that Star  
 Lies the ages empearled,  
 And that song from afar,  
 Has swept over the word.  
 Every heart is aflame,  
 And the beautiful sing,  
 In the homes of the Nation,  
 That Jesus is King!

We rejoice in the light,  
 And we echo the song  
 That comes down through the night,  
 From the heavenly throng,  
 Ay! we shout to the lovely  
 Evangel they bring,  
 And we greet in His cradle  
 Our Saviour and King!

Victor Record 18086

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 Full words and music can be had from the publishers.



**DADDY****Lemon**

Take my head on your shoulder, daddy,  
 Turn your face to the west,  
 It is just the hour when the sky turns gold,  
 The hour that mother loves best.  
 The day has been long without you, daddy,  
 You've been such awhile away,  
 And now you're as tired of your work, daddy,  
 As I am tired of my play;  
 But I've got you and you've got me,  
 And everything seems right,  
 I wonder if mother is thinking of us  
 Because it is my birthday night.

I'm sometimes afraid to think, daddy,  
 When I am big like you,  
 And you are old and gray, daddy,  
 What you and I would do  
 If, when we got up to Heaven,  
 And mother was waiting there,  
 She shouldn't remember the two  
 She left so sad and lonely here!  
 But year by year still sees no change,  
 And so 'twill all be right,  
 We shall always meet her in our dreams,  
 Daddy, good-night; daddy, good-night,  
 Dear daddy, dear daddy, good-night.  
 Victor Record 17203

**DEAR LITTLE SHAMROCK****Cherry**

There's a dear little plant that grows in our isle,  
 'Twas Saint Patrick himself, sure, that set it,  
 And the sun on his labor with pleasure did smile,  
 And with dew from his eye often wet it.  
 It shines thro' the log, thro' the brake, and the mireland,  
 And he called it the dear little Shamrock of Ireland.

**Chorus:**

The dear little Shamrock, the sweet little Shamrock,  
 The dear little, sweet little, Shamrock, of Ireland.

That dear little plant still grows in our land,  
 Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin,  
 Whose smiles can bewitch and whose eyes can command,  
 In each climate, they ever appear in.  
 For they shine thro' the log, thro' the brake, and the mireland,  
 Just like their own dear little Shamrock of Ireland.  
 Victor Record 64153

**CARMEN****Flower Song**

This flower you gave to me, degraded 'mid prison walls,  
 I've kept, tho' faded, tho' withered quite, the tender bloom  
 Doth yet retain its sweet perfume.  
 Night and day, in darkness abiding,  
 I, the truth, Carmen, am confiding,  
 Its loved odor did I en hale,  
 And wildly called thee without avail.  
 My love itself I cursed and hated,  
 And, mourning, alas, I repeated,  
 "By what dark law that fatal day  
 Saw I her form crossing my way?"  
 Then alone myself I detested,  
 And naught else this heart interested,  
 Naught else it felt but one desire,  
 One sole desire did it retain,  
 Carmen, beloved, to see thee once again!  
 Show but thyself with love's impression,  
 One single look, love, upon me cast,  
 And of my heart take full possession.  
 Oh, my Carmen! Here as thy slave, love binds me fast.  
 Carmen, I love you!

Columbia Record 5510

**CLOSER TO JESUS**

The Saviour is dearer to me ev'ry day,  
 The closer I live to Him;  
 And brighter His glory illumines my way,  
 The closer I live to Him.

**Chorus:**

Closer to Him, closer to Him,  
 I want to live closer to Jesus;  
 There's no one so precious, so faithful to me,  
 And I want to live closer to Him.

His service grows sweeter and sweeter to me,  
 The closer I live to Him.  
 And more of His goodness and mercy I see,  
 The closer I live to Him.

I long more and more in His likeness to be,  
 And closer I live to Him,  
 And surer I am that His face I shall see,  
 The closer I live to Him.

Victor Record 18341

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**CHRISTIANS, AWAKE!**

Christians awake! Salute the happy morn  
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born,  
Rise to adore the mystery of love  
Which hosts of angels chanted from above.  
With them the joyful tidings first begun  
Of God Incarnate and Virgin's Son.

Then to the watchful shepherds it was told  
Who heard the angelic herald's voice,  
Behold I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth  
To you and all the nations upon earth.  
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,  
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.

He spake and straightway the celestial choir,  
In hymns of joy, unknown before conspire,  
The praises of redeeming love they sang,  
And Heaven's whole arch with allelulias rang.  
God's highest glory was their anthem still,  
Peace upon earth and unto men good will.

To Bethlehem straight the happy shepherds ran,  
To see the wonder He had wrought for man,  
And found with Joseph and the blessed maid,  
Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid,  
Amazed, the wondrous story, they proclaim,  
The earliest heralds of the Saviour's Name.

Edison Blue Amberol 23136

**COME YE DISCONSOLATE**

Moore

Come ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,  
Come to the mercy seat, fervently kneel,  
Here bring your wounded hearts,  
Here tell your anguish,  
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal!

Joy of the desolate, light to the straying,  
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;  
Here speaks the Comforter,  
Tenderly saying;  
"Earth has no sorrow, heaven cannot cure!"

Here see the Bread of Life, see waters flowing,  
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;  
Come to the feast of love,  
Come ever knowing,  
Earth has no sorrow but heav'n can remove!  
Victor Record 16709

### BANKS OF ALLAN WATER Horn

On the banks of Allan Water,  
When the sweet springtime did fall,  
Was the miller's lovely daughter,  
Fairest of them all.  
For his bride a soldier sought her,  
And a winning tongue had he,  
On the banks of Allan Water,  
None so gay as he.

On the banks of Allan Water,  
When the brown autumn spread its store,  
There I saw the miller's daughter,  
But she smiled no more.  
For the summer grief had brought her,  
And the soldier false was he,  
On the banks of Allan Water,  
None so sad as she.

On the banks of Allan Water,  
The winter snow fell fast,  
Still was seen the miller's daughter,  
Chilling blew the blast.  
But the miller's lovely daughter,  
Both from cold and care was free,  
On the banks of Allan Water,  
There a corpse lay she.

Columbia Record 1103

### BONNIE WEE THING

#### Chorus:

Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,  
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,  
I wad wear thee in my bosom,  
Lest my jewel I should tine.

Wishfully I look and languish  
In that bonnie face o' thine,  
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,  
Lest my wee thing be no mine.

Wit and Grace and Love and Beauty,  
In ae constellation shine,  
To adore thee is my duty,  
Goddess o' this soul o' mine!

Victor Record 64427

## CASEY AS A JUDGE

Order in the court! What's the first case this mornin'?

First case, your honor, is petty larceny.

Patsy lozenges?

No, no, your honor, petty larceny.

What's that?

Small theft, your honor.

I don't care how small the theft is, I want to see the man. Bring him in and let me look at him. What's the young man been doin'?

This young man is under arrest charged with picking pockets.

What is your name, young man?

My name is Smith.

Your name is Smith, eh? What's your business?

I'm a locksmith.

If I lock Smith up, that would be a good joke, yes, no, is it?

Ain't you ashamed of yourself, goin' around not satisfied with your illegitimate trade of picking locks, now you want to pocket pickets—eh, picking pockets. Well, whatever you did, I find you guilty and fine you ten dollars.

I only got eight shillings.

Where did you get them?

Got it out of a fellow's pocket in the crowd.

You did, did you! Well, put this fellow back in the crowd until he gets two more. Here, here, less order back there. I will do all the laughin' meself. What's the next case?

The next case, your honor, is bigamy.

Big Amy? Well, I don't care how big she is, bring her in and I'll have a look at her anyhow. What's that fellow been doin'?

Your honor, this man is accused of having seven wives.

Seven wives! One man, seven wives! I have one, and the Lord knows I have trouble enough with that one. If he has seven, I can give him no more trouble. Let him go home and enjoy himself.

But, your honor, this is an imposition.

Look here, I'm in my position and you'll not be in yours long if you don't close your face. I'm running this court to suit meself. Let the poor man go home. Seven wives.

Columbia Record 1940

## CHICKEN REEL

Mittenthal

'Way down in Carolina, where the sweet potatoes grow,  
There lives a dusky maiden by the name of 'Liza Snow;  
She used to go to parties where they'd always make her sing,  
But say you ought to see that baby do the pigeon wing.  
They held a dancing contest and were goin' to give a prize,  
They all had on their finest and it now was up to 'Liza!  
When 'Liza hollered to the band to play a "Chicken Reel,"  
Clear the crowd away, tell the band to play,  
When yer hear me say "go" my honey.

### Chorus:

Oh, you Chicken Reel, how you make me feel,  
Say it's really entrancin' who could ever keep from dancin'  
That's the music, sweet like chicken meat,  
Give it to me with the dressin' I don't need no dancin' lesson;  
Put all the other fine selections right away,  
I want to hear you play,  
When I get married, if there's music I will say  
"Hey, boss, keep a-playin' the Chicken Reel."

One night when from a party she was walkin' home with Bill,  
Now he's her steady feller and the night was dark and still,  
It seems he stole a chicken and when 'Liza looked at that,  
She said, "I'm goin' to wear it on my go-to-meetin' hat."  
"I guess you're goin' crazy," answered William with a smile,  
But 'Liza said "Go on, you haven't heard the latest style."  
When first she wore it out, the people asked her to explain,  
But 'Liza simply said, "Why I have chicken on the brain,"  
Clear the crowd away, tell the band to play,  
When yer hear me say "go" my honey.

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Columbia Record 16897

**BARNEY O'HEA**

Lover

Now let me alone,  
Tho' I know you won't,  
Tho' I know you won't,  
I know you won't.  
Let me alone,  
Tho' I know you won't,  
Impudent Barney O'Hea.

It makes me outrageous,  
When you're so contagious,  
And you'd better look out  
For the stout Corney Creagh,  
For he is the boy  
That believes I'm his joy,  
So you'd better behave yourself,  
Barney O'Hea.

Impudent Barney,  
None of your blarney,  
Impudent Barney O'Hea.

But as I was walking up Brandon Street,  
Up Brandon Street, up Brandon Street,  
Just who do you think that myself should meet,  
But impudent Barney O'Hea.

He said I look'd killin'  
I called him a villain,  
And bid him that minute get out of my way.  
He said I was joking,  
And grinn'd so provokin'  
I couldn't help laughing at Barney O'Hea.

Impudent Barney,  
He has the blarney,  
Impudent Barney O'Hea.

He knew 'twas all right when he saw me smile,  
He saw me smile, he saw me smile,  
For he is the rogue up to every wile,  
Impudent Barney O'Hea.

He coaxed me to choose him,  
For if I'd refuse him,  
He swore he'd kill Corney the very next day.  
So for fear 'twould go further,  
And just to save murther,  
I think I must marry that madcap O'Hea.  
Bothering Barney,  
He has the blarney,  
To make a girl Mistress O'Hea.

**BLUE EYES**

Williams

Heart of my dreams,

In your face gleams,

A light has shown the way;

Into your heart,

Never to part,

Haunting me night and by day,

Blue eyes, true eyes, sweetest I ever knew,

Blue eyes, true eyes, without them what should I do!

Some day love may fade

Like the June rose that dies,

But I'll keep on loving forever and ever

Those two blue eyes.

Heart o' my dreams,

When you're gone it seems,

A year tho' it's only a day.

Stars up above

Tell of your love,

Though you may be far away.

Blue eyes, true eyes, sweetest I ever knew,

Blue eyes, true eyes, without them what should I do!

Some day love may fade,

Like the June rose that dies,

But I'll keep on loving forever and ever,

Those two blue eyes.

Complete words and music secured from the publishers.

Lawrence Wright Music Co., 8 Denmark St., Charing Cross,

London, Eng.

Edison Blue Amberol Record 3049

**BLOW, BLOW THOU WINTER WIND**

Shakespeare

Blow, blow thou winter wind.

Thou art not so unkind

As man's ingratitude.

Thy tooth is not so keen

Because thou art not seen,

Although thy breath be rude;

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,

Thou dost not bite so nigh

As benefits forgot!

Though thou the waters warp,

Thy sting is not so sharp,

As friend remembered not,

As friend remembered not.

Edison Blue Amberol Record 2891



**COME BACK TO ERIN**

Claribel

Come back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen,  
 Come back, Aroon, to the land of thy birth,  
 Come with the shamrocks and springtime, Mavourneen,  
 And it's Killarney shall ring with our mirth.  
 Sure when we lent you to beautiful England,  
 Little we tho't of the lone winter days,  
 Little we tho't of the hush of the starshine,  
 Over the mountain, the bluffs and the brays!  
 Then come back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen,  
 Come back again to the land of thy birth,  
 Come back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen,  
 And it's Killarney shall ring with our mirth.

Columbia Record 1751

**CHRISTMAS TIME AT PUMPKIN CENTER**

Stewart

Josiah! Josiah! Well, how any one can sleep through  
 all that noise. Josiah, wake up.

What's the matter, Nancy, the house on fire?

It might burn down for all you'd know. It's time for  
 the folks to come to the party. I do believe they're coming  
 now.

Well, let 'em come, they're welcome. I don't know how in  
 thunder anyone can sleep with all them children making all  
 the noise with them toys. Nancy, where's my boots?

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

Wonder what in thunder is in my boot. Wal, wal, I'll  
 be derved if the kitten didn't fall asleep in it. Ho, ho, ho.

Did you ever hear such a racket?

Ooh, Ma! Mary hit me in the eye.

Wal, now, let me see. I think you're more skeered than  
 hurt. Just put a snowball on it and it'll be alright.

Say, Uncle Josh, can't we play some game?

Alright, anything you say.

Wal, can't we play the needle's eye?

Alright, needle's eye.

Well, let's have some singing.

Ring the bells at Christmas,

There is joy today,

For a soul returning from the wild,

Glory, glory, how the angels sing;

Glory, glory, how the loud harps ring.

Ring the bells at Christmas,

Angels welcome the triumphant sound.

Well, good-bye, good-bye, Merry Christmas.

Columbia Record 387

## CREATION

## "In Native Worth"

In native worth and honour clad,  
 With beauty, courage, strength adorned,  
 Erect with front serene He stands,  
 A Man, the Lord and King of nature all.  
 His large and arched brow, sublime,  
 Of wisdom deep declares the seat;  
 And in his eyes with brightness shines  
 The soul, the breath and image of his God.  
 With fondness leans upon his breast,  
 The partner for him form'd,  
 A woman fair and graceful spouse,  
 A woman fair and graceful spouse,  
 Her softly smiling virgin looks,  
 Of flow'ry spring the mirror  
 Bespeak him love, love and joy and bliss.  
 Victor Record 55076

## CREATION

## "With Verdure Clad"—Haydn

With verdure clad the fields appear,  
 Delighted to the ravish'd sense,  
 By flowers sweet and gay.  
 Enhanced is the charming sight,  
 Enhanced is the charming sight,  
 Here fragrant herbs their odors shed.  
 Here shoots the healing plant,  
 Here fragrant herbs their odors shed,  
 Here shoots the healing plant.  
 Columbia Record 5421

## CROSSING THE BAR

## Tennyson

Sunset and evening star, and one clear call for me!  
 And may there be no moaning of the bar, when I put out  
 to sea.  
 But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
 Too full for sound and foam,  
 When that which drew from out the boundless deep,  
 Turns home again.  
 Twilight and evening bell, and after that the dark!  
 And may there be no sadness of farewell when I embark.  
 For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place,  
 The flood may bear me far,  
 I hope to see my Pilot face to face,  
 When I have crost the bar.

Columbia Record 1891

**BEAUTIFUL CITY****Atchison**

I have read of a beautiful city,  
Far away in the kingdom of God;  
I have read how its walls are of jasper,  
How its streets are all golden and broad.  
In the midst of the street is life's river,  
Clear as crystal and pure to behold;  
But not half of that city's bright glory,  
To mortals has ever been told.

**CHORUS:**

Not half has ever been told,  
Not half has ever been told,  
Not half of the city's bright glory,  
To mortals has ever been told.

I have read of bright mansions in Heaven,  
Which the Saviour has gone to prepare,  
And the saints who on earth have been faithful,  
Rest forever with Christ over there.  
There no sin ever enters, nor sorrow  
The inhabitants never grow old,  
But not half of the joys that await them  
To mortals has ever been told.

I have read of white robes for the righteous,  
Of bright crowns which the glorified wear,  
When our Father shall bid them "Come enter  
And my glory eternally share."  
How the righteous are evermore blessed,  
As they walk thro' the streets of pure gold,  
But not half of the wonderful story,  
To mortals has ever been told.

I have read of a Christ so forgiving,  
That vile sinners may ask and receive,  
Peace and pardon from every transgression,  
If when asking they only believe,  
I have read how He'll guide and protect us,  
If for safety we enter His fold,  
But not half of His goodness and mercy,  
To mortals has ever been told.

**BOOLA SONG****"Yale College"**

Well, here we are, well, here we are,  
 Just watch us rolling up a score,  
 We'll leave those fellows behind so far,  
 They won't want to play us any more.  
 We hold faith in Eli Yale,  
 To win we cannot fail,  
 Boola, boola, boo, boola, boola, boo,  
 Oh, Yale, Eli Yale, oh Yale, Eli Yale.

Now isn't it a shame, now isn't it a shame,  
 To do those fellows up so bad,  
 We've done it before, we'll do it once more,  
 And they'll feel very, very sad,  
 We'll roll up the score so very high,  
 That you will hear them sigh.

Victor Record 16860

**OLD NASSAU****"Princeton College"**

Tune ev'ry heart and ev'ry voice,  
 Bid ev'ry care withdraw;  
 Let all with one accord rejoice  
 In praise of old Nassau.

**Chorus:**

In praise of old Nassau, my boys!  
 Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!  
 Her sons will give, while they shall live,  
 Three cheers for old Nassau!

And when these walls in dust are laid,  
 With reverence and awe,  
 Another throng shall breathe our song  
 In praise of old Nassau.

Till then with joy our songs we'll bring,  
 And while a breath we draw,  
 We'll all unite to shout and sing,  
 Long life to old Nassau.

**Chorus:**

Long life to old Nassau, my boys,  
 Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!  
 Thy sons will give, while they shall live,  
 Three cheers for old Nassau!

Victor Record 16860

**BEAUTY'S EYES**

I want no stars in Heaven to guide me,  
 I need no moon, no sun to shine,  
 While I have you, sweetheart, beside me,  
 While I know that you are mine.  
 I need not fear whate'er betide me,  
 For straight and sweet my pathway lies,  
 I want no stars in Heaven to guide me,  
 While I gaze in your dear eyes.

**CHORUS:**

I want no kingdom where thou art love,  
 I want no throne to make me blest,  
 While within thy tender heart, love,  
 Thou wilt take my heart to rest.  
 Kings must play a weary part, love,  
 Thrones must ring with wild alarms,  
 But the kingdom of my heart, love,  
 Lies within thy living arms.  
 But the kingdom of my heart, love,  
 Lies within thy living arms.

Columbia Record 2174

**BRIGHTEN THE CORNER WHERE YOU ARE**

Do not wait until some deed of greatness you may do,  
 Do not wait to shed your light afar,  
 To the many duties ever near you now be true,  
 Brighten the corner where you are.

**Chorus:**

Brighten the corner where you are,  
 Brighten the corner where you are,  
 Some one far from harbor you may guide across the bar,  
 Brighten the corner where you are.

Just above are clouded skies that you may help to clear,  
 Let no narrow self your way debar,  
 Tho' into one heart alone may fall your song of cheer,  
 Brighten the corner where you are.

Here for all your talent you may surely find a need,  
 Here reflect the bright and morning star,  
 Even from your humble hand the bread of life may feed,  
 Brighten the corner where you are.

Victor Record 17763

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**BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM**

Root

Yes, we'll rally 'round the flag, boys,  
 We'll rally once again,  
 Shouting the battle cry of Freedom,  
 We will rally from the hillside,  
 We'll gather from the plain,  
 Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

CHORUS:

The Union forever, Hurrah, boys, Hurrah!  
 Down with the traitor, up with the stars,  
 While we rally 'round the flag boys,  
 Rally once again,  
 Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!

We are springing to the call  
 Of our brothers gone before,  
 Shouting the battle cry of Freedom,  
 And we'll fill the vacant ranks  
 With a million freemen more,  
 Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

We will welcome to our numbers  
 The loyal, true and brave,  
 Shouting the battle cry of Freedom,  
 And altho' they may be poor,  
 Not a man shall be a slave,  
 Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

So we're springing to the call  
 From the East and from the West,  
 Shouting the battle cry of Freedom,  
 And we'll hurl the rebel crew  
 From the land we love the best,  
 Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

Victor Record 16165

**BIRDS IN THE NIGHT**

Lewin

Birds in the night that softly call,  
 Winds in the night that strangely sigh,  
 Come to me, help me one and all,  
 And murmur, murmur, murmur, murmur,  
 Baby's lullabye.

Lullabye, lullabye, lullabye,  
 Lulla, lulla, lullabye baby,  
 While the hours run,  
 Fair may the day be  
 When night is done, lullabye.

Victor Record 64539

**DREAM FACES**

(Sweet Dreamland Faces)

Hutchinson

The shadows lie across the dim old room,  
 The firelight glows and fades into the gloom;  
 While mem'ry sails to childhood's distant shore,  
 And dreams and dreams of days that are no more.

Chorus:

Sweet dreamland faces passing to and fro,  
 Bring back to mem'ry days of long ago;  
 Murmuring gently through a mist of pain,  
 "Hope on, dear loved one, we shall meet again."

But all I loved are gone and I alone in life,  
 To wait and wait and wait, 'till death shall end the strife;  
 Until once more I join the hearts that loved me best,  
 Where the wicked cease from troubling and weary are at rest!

Victor Record 74451

**DON'T LEAVE ME, DADDY**

Verges

I've been a-thinking about you, daddy,  
 Thinking of you night and day;  
 I've been afraid that you'd leave me, daddy,  
 Leave me to go far away;  
 Think of the day when we first met each other,  
 You promised me then we'd be good pals forever!  
 Dear, if you leave me, it sure would grieve me,  
 Don't go away to stay!

Chorus:

Don't leave me, daddy! Won't you tell me why you're leaving,  
 When you're near me, dearie, life to me is cheery,  
 Oh, oh, such a feeling!

I'll dress you nifty on the plan of fifty-fifty.

I don't care how mean you are to me.

Daddy, don't leave me now!

Sweet papa! Daddy, don't you leave me now.

Despite all my pleadings, I feel you'll leave me,

Somehow, you don't act the same!

Tell me now, why you are leaving, dearie?

I know that I'm not to blame!

Why did you love me and why did you tease me?

And why did you kiss me? and now to displease me!

I'm tired of crying, there's no use sighing,

Life without you is tame.

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Triangle Music Pub. Co., 821 Gravier St., New Orleans, La.

Columbia Record 2044

**DUBLIN MARY BROWN**

Graham

Every time I hear a song of girls from Erin's Isle,  
 It's always sure to say her eyes are blue,  
 Of a brown eyed Colleen, I will sing to you the while,  
 And you can bet she's Irish thru and thru,  
 If my heart could only speak today  
 All the world would hear it proudly say:

Chorus:

Mary, I love you, Mary,  
 With your loving sighs that I idolize,  
 And your roguish eyes of brown.  
 Mary, my darling Mary,  
 I'll be coming back some day to Dublin Town,  
 I love to sing to you and soon I'll bring to you  
 The wedding ring so you must get the gown,  
 Tho' your eyes are brown, 'tis true,  
 They're true as eyes of blue,  
 My darling Dublin Mary Brown.

Every time a boat comes in I'm there and never fail,  
 My tho'ts are wand'ring across the sea,  
 Watching for the happy word that's coming in the mail,  
 I'm wishing Mary dear were here with me.  
 Yesterday I sent to her a note,  
 Just a short one; this is what I wrote:  
 Copyright and published by Roger Graham, 143 N. Dearborn  
 St., Chicago, Ill.

Edison Blue Amberol Record 2970

**DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES**

Jonson

Drink to me only with thine eyes  
 And I will pledge with mine,  
 Or leave a kiss within the cup,  
 And I'll not ask for wine.  
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise,  
 Doth ask a drink divine,  
 But might I of Love's nectar sip,  
 I would not change for thine.  
 I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
 Not so much hon'ring thee,  
 As giving it a hope that there  
 It could not wither'd be.  
 But thou thereon didst only breathe,  
 And sent it back to me,  
 Since when it grows, and smiles, I swear  
 Not of itself but thee.

Columbia Record 5132



**BEDOUIN LOVE SONG**

Taylor

From the desert I come to thee,  
 On my Arab shod with fire;  
 And the winds are left behind,  
 In the speed of my desire;  
 Under the window I stand,  
 And the midnight hears my cry,  
 I love thee! I love thee!  
 With a love that shall not die!

**CHORUS:**

'Till the sun grows cold  
 And the stars are old,  
 And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold!  
 'Till the sun grows cold,  
 And the stars are old,  
 And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold!  
 From thy window look and see  
 My passion and my pain,  
 I lie on the sand below,  
 And I faint in thy disdain,  
 Let the night winds touch thy brow  
 With the breath of my burning sigh,  
 And melt thee to hear the vow,  
 Of a love that shall not die!

Columbia Record 5651

**BELLE MAHONE**

McNaughton

Soon beyond the harbor bar, shall my bark be sailing far,  
 O'er the world I wander, love—sweet Belle Mahone—  
 O'er thy grave I weep goodbye, hear, oh, hear my lonely cry,  
 Oh, without thee what am I—sweet Belle Mahone.

Calmly, sweetly slumber on (only one I call my own),  
 While in tears I wander 'lone—sweet Belle Mahone—  
 Faded now seems ev'ry thing, but when comes eternal spring  
 With thee I'll be wandering—sweet Belle Mahone.

Sweet Belle Mahone! Sweet Belle Mahone!

Wait for me at Heaven's gate, sweet Belle Mahone.

Columbia Record 1170

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**BETTER LAND**

I hear thee speak of a better land  
 Thou call'st its children a happy band,  
 Mother, where is that radiant shore,  
 Shall we not seek it, shall we not seek it,  
 And weep no more?  
 Is it where the flow'r of the orange blows,  
 And the fireflies dance thro' the myrtle boughs?  
 Not there, my child, not there!

Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,  
 Ear hath not heard its deep song of joy,  
 Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,  
 Sorrow and death, sorrow and death,  
 May not enter there.  
 Time doth not breathe on it's fadeless bloom  
 On it's fadeless bloom.  
 Far beyond, beyond the clouds,  
 Far beyond, beyond the tomb.  
 It is there, it is there, it is there,  
 'Tis there, my child!

Columbia Record 1435

**BEN BOLT**

O don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,  
 Sweet Alice with hair so brown?  
 Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,  
 And trembled with fear at your frown?  
 In the old church-yard in the valley, Ben Bolt,  
 In a corner obscure and alone,  
 They have fitted a slab of granite so gray,  
 And Alice lies under the stone!  
 They have fitted a slab of granite so gray,  
 And Alice lies under the stone!

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,  
 With the master so kind and so true?  
 And the shaded nook by the running brook,  
 Where the fairest wildflowers grew?  
 Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,  
 The spring of the brook is dry;  
 And of all the boys who were school-mates then,  
 There are only you and I.  
 And of all the boys who were school-mates then,  
 There are only you and I.

Columbia Record 5263

**EILLEEN ALLANNA****Marble**

Eilleen Allanna, Eilleen Asthore,  
 Light of my soul and its queen evermore,  
     It seems years have lingered,  
     Since last we did part,  
     Eilleen Allanna, the pride of my heart.  
 Oh, darling loved one, your dear smile I miss,  
 My lips seem to cling to that sweet parting kiss,  
     Mavourneen, thy sweet face I see at the door,  
     Eilleen Allanna, angus asthore.

Eilleen Allanna, Eilleen Asthore,  
 The ocean's blue waters wash by the shore,  
     Of that dear land of Shamrock  
     Where thou dost abide,  
     Waiting the day when I'll call thee my bride!  
 God bless you, darling, I know you are true,  
 Yes, true to the boy who would die now for you!  
 My heart is now bleeding to its innermost core,  
 Eilleen Allanna, angus asthore.

Columbia Record 5905

**EILY MAVOURNEEN****Benedict**

Eily Mavourneen, I see thee before me,  
 Fairer than ever with death's pallid hue;  
 Mortal thou are not, I humbly adore thee,  
 Yea, with a love which thou knowest is true!

Look'st thou in anger, ah no, such a feeling  
 Ne'er in thy too gentle heart had a place,  
 Softly the smile of forgiveness is stealing,  
 Eily my own, o'er thy beautiful face.

Once would my heart with the wildest emotion,  
 Throb, dearest Eily, when near me wert thou;  
 Now I regard thee with deep, calm devotion,  
 Never, bright angel, I lov'd thee as now!

Though in this world were so cruelly blighted  
 All the fond hopes of thy innocent heart,  
 Soon in a holier region united  
 Eily Mavourneen, we never will part!

Columbia Record 5534

**BONNIE DUNDEE****Scott**

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claverhouse spoke,  
 Ere the King's crown go down there are crowns to be broke,  
 So each cavalier who loves honor and me,  
 Let him follow the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

**Chorus:**

Come, fill up my cup! Come fill up my can,  
 Come, saddle my horses, and call out my men!  
 Unhook the west port, and let us gae free,  
 For 'tis up wi' the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,  
 The bells they ring backward, the drums they are beat,  
 But the provost (douce man) said, "Just e'en let it be,  
 For the town is weel rid o' that de'il o' Dundee.

Then awa' to the hill, to the lea, to the rocks,  
 Ere I own a usurper, I'll crouch wi' the fox,  
 And tremble, false whigs, in the midst of your glee,  
 Ye hae nae seen the last o' my bonnets and me.

**Columbia Record 1876****BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS**

Blest be the tie that binds  
 Our hearts in Christian love,  
 The fellowship of kindred minds  
 Is like to that above.

Before our father's throne,  
 We pour our ardent prayers,  
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
 Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes,  
 Our mutual burdens bear,  
 And often for each other flows  
 The sympathizing tear.

When we asunder part  
 It gives us inward pain,  
 But we shall still be joined in heart,  
 And hope to meet again.

**Victor Record 16178**

**BRAVE TERRITORIALS****Hargreaves**

Tommy Atkins, buckle on your kit,  
 There's a mighty wrong needs righting,  
 Tommy Atkins, British every bit.  
 You're the boy to do our fighting  
 We'll let them see whilst you're over the foam,  
 We've still a little soldier in a box at home.

**Chorus:**

Brave Territorials! Territorials, Bravo!  
 Boys from the North, South, East and West,  
 Boys who will always do their best,  
 Brave Territorials, what a happy crowd you'll be,  
 Guarding the homes of Old England while Jack is busy on  
 the sea.

Tommy Atkins, right is always might,  
 Keep your name on history's pages,  
 Tommy Atkins, hold the banner tight,  
 Guard the flag that's flown for ages.  
 Whilst your defending the colors above,  
 The boys at home will safely guard the ones you love.  
 Tommy Atkins, Jack is on the sea,  
 Helping as you helped each other,  
 Tommy Atkins, proud you ought to be,  
 Having such a useful brother.  
 If callers come while you're both far away,  
 The boys will entertain them if they care to stay.  
 Complete copies, words and music may be had of the pub-  
 lishers. The Lawrence Wright Music Co., 8 Denmark St.,  
 London, England.

**Edison Blue Amberol Record 23368****BRING BACK MY BONNIE TO ME**

My Bonnie lies over the ocean,  
 My Bonnie lies over the sea,  
 My Bonnie lies over the ocean,  
 Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

**Chorus:**

Bring back, bring back,  
 Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me.  
 Bring back, bring back,  
 Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

Last night as I lay on my pillow,  
 Last night as I lay on my bed,  
 Last night as I lay on my pillow,  
 I dreamt that my Bonnie was dead.

**Victor Record 16105**

**FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS**

From Greenland's icy mountains,  
 To India's coral strand,  
 Where Afric's sunny fountains,  
 Roll down their golden sand;  
 From many an ancient river,  
 From many a palmy plain,  
 They call us to deliver  
 Their land from error's chain.

What tho' the spicy breezes  
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;  
 Though every prospect pleases  
 And only man is vile,  
 In vain with lavish kindness  
 The gifts of God are strewn,  
 The heathen in his blindness  
 Bows down to wood and stone.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
 By wisdom from on high;  
 Shall we to men benighted  
 The lamp of life deny?  
 Salvation, oh salvation,  
 The joyful sound proclaim,  
 Till earth's remotest nation  
 Has learned Messiah's name.

Columbia Record 5037

**FORSAKEN**

Koschat

Forsaken, forsaken,  
 Forsaken am I,  
 Like a stone in the causeway  
 My buried hopes lie.  
 I go to the churchyard,  
 My eyes filled with tears,  
 And kneeling I weep there,  
 Oh my love, loved for years.  
 A mound in the church yard  
 That blossoms hang o'er,  
 It is there my love sleepeth,  
 To waken no more.  
 'Tis there all my footsteps,  
 My passions all lead,  
 And there my heart turneth,  
 I'm forsaken indeed.

Victor Record 18169

**FLANAGAN ON A BROADWAY CAR**

Well, well, here I am again. Listen, wait till I tell you what happened to me yesterday. I was just getting on the Broadway car and I saw it was crowded and I says to the conductor, "Do you think I could get a seat if I waited here for a car a little longer?"

"Why, the next car won't be any longer," he says. "They're all the same size."

"But do you think it's right to let people on these cars when they're full?"

"Aw, sit down," he says, "and they won't notice you."

"Is that so," says I.

"Yes, and what's it to you?" he says. "I'm running this car."

"Oh," I says, "I thought it was run by electricity."

Well, just then a young fellow got up and gave a lady a seat. I asked him why he had done it and he said, "Oh, I just done it to see how I stood." Well, I got hold of a strap and I was swinging around like a ham on a hook when the car gave a jump and I was knocked clean down the other end of the car. I was looking through my pockets and a fellow said to me, "Did you miss anything?" "No," says I, "I hit everything in the car." Just then a lady got in with a little baby in her arms and she gave the conductor a five-dollar bill. He looked at the bill and then at her and said, "Is this your smallest?" "It is, sir, I've only been married a year," she said.

When I got on the car, I had seven cents in my pocket, a nickle and two pennies. I put the nickle in my mouth to make sure I wouldn't lose it and when the conductor gave the motorman the ding, ding, I lost my balance and swallowed the nickle. Just then the conductor came around and says, "Give me your fare." I said, "I cannot give it to you." "Haven't you got it?" "Oh, yes, but I can't get at it." "Well, I can't wait here all day, come on, cough up."

Then I started to cough for about two minutes, but I couldn't raise my fare. Then the conductor went away, but

**FLANAGAN ON A BROADWAY CAR—Continued**

he came back again and says, "Come on, come up."

I says, "That's right, you talk to it. Maybe it will come up for you and not for me." Then he says, "I think you are lying; I can see it in your face."

"No you can't, either; it went down farther than that," says I.

Then I gave him two pennies. "That's not enough for your fare. Haven't you got any more sense than that?" he says. "I know it. I ought to have three more cents," says I, "but I haven't got them." Just then the fuse blew out and a man asked the conductor if anything was broke. "Yes," says he, "this guy is broke." Then he opened the door and he says to me, "That lets you out." And it did. Alright, professor, give me a transfer.

Victor Record 16015

**EVENING PRAYER**

If I have wounded any soul today,  
If I have caused one foot to go astray,  
If I have walked in my own willful way,  
Dear Lord, forgive!

If I have uttered idle words or vain,  
If I have turned aside from want or pain,  
Lest I myself shall suffer thro' the strain,  
Dear Lord, forgive!

If I have been perverse or hard, or cold,  
If I have longed for shelter in Thy fold,  
When Thou has given me some fort to hold,  
Dear Lord, forgive!

Forgive the sins I have confessed to Thee;  
Forgive the secret sins I do not see,  
O guide me, love me and my Keeper be,  
Amen.

Victor Record 17714

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**EMMETT'S LULLABY**

Emmett

Close your eyes, Lena, my darling,  
 While I sing your lullaby;  
 Fear thou no danger, Lena.  
 Move not, dear Lena, my darling,  
 For your brooder watches nigh you, Lena dear.  
 Angels guard thee, Lena dear, my darling  
 Nothing evil can come near.  
 Brightest flowers bloom for thee,  
 Darling sister, dear to me.

Chorus:

Go to sleep, go to sleep, my baby, my baby,  
 Go to sleep, my baby, oh bye.  
 Go to sleep, Lena, sleep.

Bright be the morning, my darling,  
 When you open your eye;  
 Sunbeams all around you, Lena,  
 Peace be with thee, love, my darling,  
 Blue and cloudless be the sky  
 For Lena dear.  
 Birds sing their bright songs for thee, my darling  
 Full of sweetest melody.  
 Angels ever hover near,  
 Darling sister, dear to me.

Columbia Record 1468

**EVER OF THEE**

Ever of thee, I'm fondly dreaming,  
 Thy gentle voice, my spirit can cheer;  
 Thou art the star that mildly beaming,  
 Shone o'er my path when all was dark and drear,  
 Still in my heart thy voice I cherish,  
 Every kind tho't like a bird flies to thee,  
 Ah! never till life and memory perish,  
 Can I forget how dear thou art to me.  
 Morn, noon and night, where e'er I may be,  
 Fondly I'm dreaming ever of thee,  
 Never till life and mem'ry perish,  
 Can I forget how dear thou art to me.  
 Morn, noon and night, where e'er I may be,  
 Fondly I'm dreaming ever of thee.

Columbia Record 5244

## ETIQUETTE SCENE

Weber-Fields

Mike, you always looked funny to me, but today you look funnier than ever. Where did you get those clothes? Why do you wear such an open faced suit?

Well, you look funny yourself. Why are you so dressed up for?

Me? Oh, I got six invitations for dinner this week.

What are you going to do with them?

I am going to try to exchange four of them for breakfast. Mike, do me a favor please, and never wear such an open faced suit. They make you look negligee.

What do you say?

I say they make you look negligee.

What is that negligee?

Neglignee is the same as neglected.

I look neglected?

You look more than neglected, you look forgotten.

Well, you ain't such a stylisher. Look at the funny coat you got on.

Funny coat! This is great style, my boy.

What do you call it?

You know what it is? This is a three-button cut away.

Three-button cut away. Hah, hah, one more cut and it would be all away.

Is that so.

Sure.

You got the right to talk about clothes. Look at the hat you got on.

What's the matter with it?

Well, from here it looks to me like a fried egg.

I had that made to order.

Where?

At the Knickerbocker Ice Company.

That's no place to get a hat. The only place to get a hat in New York is in a restaurant. That's where I got mine.

I don't want to have nothing to do with you. You ain't a friend of mine.

Don't say that, Mike, you hurt my feelings when you say I ain't your friend.

I do say it.

I am your friend and with all my heart I tell you that I like you. I do not know why I like you as there is nothing about you to like, but I like you.

Well, you don't show it.

What do you mean, I don't show it.

When I was in my great trouble, you didn't say you felt sorry for me.

**ETIQUETTE SCENE (Continued)**

Now don't say that, Mike, I am your friend and that's enough.

I tell you, Myer, you don't know the meaning of a true friend.

I don't? Well, I will tell you. A true friend is a man who knows you are no good and is able to forget it and that's the kind of a true friend I am to you, and you don't appreciate it.

Don't appreciate it! I tell you you ain't no friend of mine. You said you would put me in a corporation.

Well I did.

Well, what is that corporation business?

You don't know? You, who are a member of the largest corporation of your life?

What is the definition of a corporation?

Oh, you mean the reason. A corporation is an excuse for not paying your bills. It is not like a syndicate. A syndicate is a body of partners entirely surrounded by money and a corporation is a little money entirely surrounded by partners.

I like to ask myself something.

Well, ask it.

What means that i-n-c on the bottom of the page of the corporation?

I-n-c ink. That don't spell ink. That means I never cash.

Columbia Record 1203

**ELIJAH****"If With All Your Hearts"**

Ye people rend your hearts and not your garments, for your transgressions; even as Elijah hath sealed the Heavens through the word of God; for He is slow to anger and merciful and kind, and gracious, and repenteth Him for the evil.

If with all your hearts ye truly seek Me, ye shall ever surely find me. This saith our God. Oh! that I knew where I might find Him that I might even come before His presence.

Columbia Record 5328

**ELIJAH****"O Rest in the Lord"**

O rest in the Lord, wait patiently for Him,  
And He shall give thee, thy heart's desires,  
Commit thy way unto Him, and trust in Him,  
And fret not thyself because of evil doers.

Columbia Record 5342

**ELIJAH****"It Is Enough"**

It is enough, oh Lord! Now take away my life,  
 For I am not better than my father,  
 And desire to live no longer,  
 Now let me die, for my days are but vanity,  
 I have been very jealous for the Lord God of Hosts,  
 For the children of Israel have broken Thy covenant,  
 Thrown down Thine altars and slain all Thy prophets,  
 Slain them with the sword and I even I only am left,  
 And they seek my life to take it away.

Columbia Record 5100

**ELIJAH****"Lord God of Abraham"**

Draw near all ye people, come to me!  
 Lord God of Abraham, Isaac and Israel.  
 This day let it be known, that Thou art God and I am  
 thy servant! O shew to all this people that I have done  
 these things according to thy word. O hear me, Lord, and  
 answer me and shew this people that Thou art Lord God,  
 and let their hearts again be turned.

Columbia Record 5258

**ELIJAH****"Ye People Rend Your Hearts"**

Ye people, rend your hearts, rend your hearts,  
 And not your garments, for your transgressions.  
 The Prophet Elijah hath sealed the Heavens through the  
 word of God.  
 I therefore say to you: Forsake your idols,  
 Return to God, for He is slow to anger, and merciful and  
 kind and gracious and repenteth him of evil.  
 If with all your hearts ye truly seek me, ye shall ever surely  
 find me. Thus saith our God. Oh! that I knew where  
 I might find Him, that I might even come before His  
 presence.

Columbia Record 5511

**ELIJAH****"Then Shall the Righteous Shine Forth"**

Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in their  
 heavenly Father's realm. Joy on their head shall be for-  
 everlasting and all sorrow and mourning shall flee away for-  
 ever.

Columbia Record 5511

# **EVENING AT MRS. CLANCEY'S BOARDING HOUSE**

## **Porter**

Here, here, gentlemen, behave at the table. How did you like the fish you had on toast this morning?

Well I felt sorry for the toast.

Here, here, I'll have you understand that I kape a good table.

You do? Well you keep it to yourself, the boarders never get it.

Say, Donovan, do you mind passing the butter?

Not a bit. Say, Mrs. Clancey, I hear you have a new serving girl. Is she black or white?

Green. She's just landed from Ireland last Tuesday.

By golly, this is not roast beef I'm eating, it's cowhide. Have you any oysters?

Oysters are not in season.

Well, bring them in and I'll season them myself.

What have ye for dessert?

Prunes.

Prunes again! By Golly, I'm ashamed to look a prune in the face.

Come on, boys, let's go into the parlor.

By Golly, who's that playing the piano?

That's Mary, she plays by ear.

By Golly, I thought she was playin' with her feet. Say O'Brien, you're always telling us what a fine singer you are, sing us a song.

By Golly O'Brien, what ails you?

Nothin' ails me, I'm singin'."

I never heard sounds like that come out of a human being before. Come on boys, let's all sing.

Columbia Record 608

# **FLEE AS A BIRD**

**Dana**

Flee as a bird to your mountain,  
 Thou who art weary of sin,  
 Go to the clear flowing fountain,  
 Where you may wash and be clean;  
 Fly! for the avenger is near thee,  
 Call and the Saviour will hear thee,  
 He on his bosom will bear thee,  
 Oh, thou who art weary of sin.

He will protect thee forever,  
 Wipe every falling tear,  
 He will forsake thee, oh never!  
 Sheltered so tenderly there!  
 Haste, then, the hours are flying,  
 Spend not the moments in sighing,  
 Come from your sorrow and crying,  
 The Saviour will wipe ev'ry tear.

Victor Record 17029

# **FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON**

**Burns**

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,  
 Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise,  
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,  
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.  
 How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,  
 Where wild in the woodland the primroses blow,  
 There oft as mild evening creeps over the lee,  
 The sweet scented grove shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,  
 And winds by the cot where my Mary resides!  
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,  
 As gath'ring sweet flow'rets, she stems thy clear wave!  
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,  
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, the theme of my lays,  
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,  
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Columbia Record 5219

## FLOATING DOWN THE RIVER

Lewis

Choo! Choo! Choo! Come on Sue!  
 Here comes that old side wheeler,  
 Down the river. Choo! Choo! Choo!  
 Come on, do! A good time for me and you.  
 Now the boat is stoppin',  
 See the gang-plank droppin',  
 Hear the music poppin',  
 All the darkies hoppin'—  
 Beautiful night time—  
 This is the right time;  
 Come with me.

Chorus:

Floatin' down the river, floatin' down the river,  
 In the evenin' by the bright moonlight,  
 These are good times that are ne'er forgotten,  
 When the shores are snowy white with cotton,  
 To the banjos strummin' we will all be hummin',  
 Honey, let me take you by the hand,  
 I'm goin', I'm goin'.  
 Floatin' down the river, floatin' down the river,  
 'Cause it's moonlight now in Dixieland.

Choo! Choo! Choo! Look here, Sue,  
 Who's that I see a-hailin' from the railin'?  
 Choo! Choo! Choo! Look, it's Lou,  
 She's goin' to join us, too.  
 You must hurry, Susan,  
 Think of the time you're losin',  
 Don't be refusin',  
 Good time I am choosin'.  
 I'm goin' to take you—  
 I'm goin' to make you  
 Come with me.

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 Edison Blue Amberol 2133

## FATHER OF 36

Thank you, thank you, very much. It is indeed very sweet and kind of you to receive my humble efforts in so appreciative manner. I can assure you I am very grateful. Were it not for the fact that I am suffering from a slight cold the result of having sat in a draft last night, yes, we had the keg in the doorway. I sat in the draft most of the evening. Consequently, I am a little indisposed, otherwise I would be only too pleased to sing you thirty or forty more songs but it is a physical impossibility.

But I am going to get a little confidential this afternoon and tell you exactly why I am in your city this week. I really, really have a double motive for being here. The first being that I am desirous of obtaining the coin of the realm which will be forthcoming on Saturday evening next for my efforts upon the rostrum here this week, and secondly I have a son who is going to a college near this city and I cannot say that I am pleased with the way he is getting along, so I made up my mind while I was here to kill two birds with one stone, go out to the school, investigate matters and see if I could find out what has delayed him. So I went out the other evening and met the boy. I said, "My son, I am not altogether pleased with the progress you are making here. You may be an excellent football or baseball player but for the amount of currency I am coughing up annually, I want something besides athletics for mine. In the morning I am going over to the college and see the Dean and see if I can find out what the trouble is."

"Well," he said, "I'll tell you, dad, if you go over to the college tomorrow to see the Dean, don't—er—don't mention my name, will you?"

"Why," I said, "are you ashamed of your name?"

"No, no," said he, "on the contrary, I am very proud of it, but you see since you were a boy, since you went to school they have a different system. We go by numbers. My number is thirty-six."

"Oh," I said, "that's different. Your explanation is as clear as mud." However, I went over the next day and met the dean. He wore eyeglasses, he had on other clothing, too, not just his eyeglasses alone. I said "Good morning." He said "Good morning." I said, "I'm the father of thirty-six." "What do you want, a party rate?" said he. He also added, "Come on and have a drink, I'm the father of fifteen myself."

Victor Record 17894.



# FALL OF WOLSEY

"King Henry VIII"

Shakespeare

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear  
 In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me  
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.  
 Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;  
 And when I am forgotten as I shall be  
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention  
 Of me more must be heard of, say I taught thee,  
 Say Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory  
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,  
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck to rise in.  
 A sure and safe one though thy master miss'd it.  
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.  
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;  
 By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,  
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?  
 Love thyself last, cherish those hearts that hate thee;  
 Corruption wins not more than honesty,  
 Still in thy right hand carry quiet peace  
 To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not:  
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
 Thy God's and truth's; then if thou fallest, O Cromwell,  
 Thou fallest a blessed martyr! Serve the king;  
 And—prithee, lead me in;  
 There take an inventory of all I have,  
 To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe  
 And my integrity to heaven is all  
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!  
 Had I but served my God with half the zeal  
 I served my king, he would not in mine age  
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Victor Record 16912

**EXCELSIOR****Longfellow**

The shades of night were falling fast,  
 As through an Alpine village passed,  
 A youth who bore, 'mid snow and ice,  
 A banner with the strange device,

**Excelsior!**

His brow was sad, his eye beneath,  
 Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,  
 And like a silver clarion rung,  
 The accents of that unknown tongue.

**Excelsior!**

In happy homes he saw the light  
 Of household fires gleam warm and bright,  
 Above the spectral glaciers shone,  
 And from his lips escaped a groan,

**Excelsior!**

"Try not the Pass!" the old man said,  
 "Dark lowers the tempest overhead,  
 The roaring torrent is deep and wide,"  
 And loud that clarion voice replied

**"Excelsior"!**

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest  
 Thy weary head upon this breast!"  
 A tear stood in his bright blue eye,  
 But still he answered with a sigh,

**"Excelsior"!**

"Beware the pine tree's withered branch,  
 Beware the awful avalanche!"  
 This was the peasant's last good-night,  
 A voice replied far up the height

**"Excelsior"!**

At break of day as heavenward  
 The pious monks of Saint Bernard,  
 Uttered an oft repeated prayer,  
 A voice cried thru the startled air

**"Excelsior"!**

A traveler by the faithful hound,  
 Half buried in the snow was found,  
 Still grasping in the hand of ice,  
 That banner with the strange device,

**Excelsior!**

There in the twilight cold and gray,  
 Lifeless but beautiful he lay,  
 And from the sky, serene and far,  
 A voice fell like a falling star,

**Excelsior!**

Columbia Record 5276

## FAVORITE COLLEGE SONGS

Vive l'Amour

Let every good fellow now fill up his glass,

Vive la compagnie,

And drink to the health of our glorious class,

Vive la compagnie.

Cho.—Vive l'Amour, vive l'Amour,

Vive l'Amour, vive l'Amour,

Vive l'Amour, vive l'Amour,

Vive la compagnie.

Solomon Levi

My name is Solomon Levi,

At my store on Salem street,

That's where you'll buy your coat and vests,

And ev'ry thing that's neat.

I've second-handed ulsterettes,

And ev'rything that's fine,

For all the boys that trade with me

At a hundred and forty-nine.

Bull Dog

Oh the bull dog on the bank,

Oh the bull dog on the bank,

Oh the bull dog on the bank,

And the bull frog in the pool,

The bull dog on the bank,

Called the bull frog in the pool

A green old water fool,

Singing tra la la, tra la la,

Tra la la la la, tra la la la la.

Son of a Gambolier

Come join my humble ditty,

From Lippery town I steer,

Like every honest fellow

I take my lager beer.

Like every honest fellow

I take my whiskey clear.

I'm a rambling rake of poverty,

The son of a gambolier,

The son of a, son of a, son of a,

Son of a, son of a Gambolier,

The son of a, son of a, son of a,

Son of a, son of a Gambolier.

Like every honest fellow,

I take my whiskey clear.

I'm a rambling rake of poverty,

The son of a gambolier.

## FAVORITE COLLEGE SONGS—Continued

Oh, My Darling Clementine  
 In a cavern in a canon,  
 Excavating for a mine,  
 Dwelt a miner forty-niner  
 And his daughter Clementine.

Chorus:  
 Oh my darling, Oh my darling,  
 Oh my darling Clementine,  
 You are lost, and gone forever,  
 Drestful sorry, Clementine.

Jingle Bells  
 Jingle bells, jingle bells,  
 Jingle all the way,  
 Oh what fun it is to ride  
 In a one-horse open sleigh.

Give Me the Waltz  
 Oh, yes, give me the waltz, boys,  
 That is the measure, bringing much pleasure;  
 Oh, yes, give me the waltz, boys,  
 That is the measure brings joy to me.  
 Victor Record 85573

## FAIR HARVARD

Harvard University Song  
 Fair Harvard! thy sons to thy jubilee throng,  
 And with blessings surrender thee o'er,  
 By these festival rites, from the age that is past,  
 To the age that is waiting before.  
 O relic and type of our ancestors' worth,  
 That has long kept their memory warm,  
 First flow'r of their wilderness, star of their night,  
 Calm rising thro' change and thro' storm.  
 Farewell! be thy destinies onward and bright!  
 To thy children the lesson still give,  
 With freedom to think and with patience to bear,  
 And for right ever bravely to live.  
 Let not moss-covered error moor thee at its side,  
 As the world on truth's current glides by,  
 Be the herald of light and the bearer of love,  
 'Till the stock of the Puritan die.  
 Victor Record 17413

## FAVORITE COLLEGE SONGS—Continued

## Good Night, Ladies

Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,  
Merrily we roll along, over the dark blue sea.

## FAREWELL

Now, adieu, my love, forever,

Oh, embrace me, my heart is thine, love,

Grief and sorrow no heart can sever,

But thy heart, love, still is mine, love.

What can equal all my anguish.

Filled with grief my heart will languish.

Darling loved one, darling loved one,

Darling loved one, darling loved one,

Parting brings us pain and fear—

Dearest loved one, dearest loved one,

Parting brings us pain and fear—

Oh, parting brings such pain and fear.

If from Heav'n we could but borrow

One day only of fond affection,

We could almost in our sorrow

Find some joy in recollection.

Find the strength to suffer only

In the future dark and lonely,

Dearest love one, dearest loved one,

In the future dark and drear;

Darling loved one, dearest loved one,

In the future dark and drear—

Oh! the future dark and drear.

Columbia Record 2177

## FAREWELL

## Kingsley

My dearest child, I have no song to give you;

No lark could pipe in skies so dull and gray;

Yet ere we part, one lesson I can leave you

For every day.

I'll teach you how to sing a clearer carol

Than lark who hails the dawn or breezy down;

To earn yourself a purer poet's laurel

Than Shakespeare's crown.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever,

Do noble things, not dream them all day long,

And so make Life, Death and that vast Forever

One grand sweet song.

Columbia Record 5870

**FAR ABOVE CAYUGA'S WATERS**

Cornell College

Far above Cayuga's waters,  
 With its waves of blue;  
 Stands our noble Alma Mater,  
 Glorious to view.

Lift the chorus, speed it onward,  
 Loud her praises tell,  
 Hail to thee, our Alma Mater,  
 Hail, all hail, Cornell.

Far above the busy humming,  
 Of the bustling town,  
 Reared against the arch of heaven,  
 Looks she proudly down.  
 Lift the chorus, etc.

Columbia Record 1503

**FIDDLE AND I**

By road and river, countryside and town,  
 I roam forever with my fiddle brown,  
 Creeping under barns so gladly  
 When outside the winter howls;  
 Playing sadly, playing madly,  
 Waking up the rats so brown.  
 Ah, it was gay, night and day,  
 Fair and cloudy weather,  
 Fiddle and I, wandering by,  
 Over the world together.

Down by the willow summer nights I lie,  
 Flowers for my pillow and for roof, the sky;  
 Playing all my heart remembers,  
 Old, old songs from far away,  
 Golden Junes and bleak Decembers,  
 Rise around me as I play,  
 Ah, it was gay, night and day,  
 Fair and cloudy weather,  
 Fiddle and I, wandering by,  
 Over the world together.

On, on forever, till the journey ends,  
 Who shall dis sever us two trusty friends,  
 Who can bring the past before me,  
 Make the future gaily glow,  
 Lift the clouds that darken o'er me,  
 Like my trusty fiddle bow?  
 Ah, it was gay, night and day,  
 Fair and cloudy weather,  
 Fiddle and I, wandering by,  
 Over the world together.

Victor Record 88539

**FLING WIDE THE GATES****"Crucifixion"****Stainer**

Fling wide the gates!  
 Fling wide the gates!  
 For the Saviour waits  
     To tread in His royal way.  
 He has come from above  
 In His power and love,  
     To die on the Passion Day.  
 Fling wide the gates!  
 Fling wide the gates!  
 The Saviour waits  
     To tread in His royal way;  
 Fling wide the gates!  
 Fling wide the gates!

Columbia Record 5802

**FEW MORE YEARS SHALL ROLL****Hayne**

A few more years shall roll,  
 A few more seasons come,  
 And we shall be with those that rest  
     Asleep within the tomb.  
 Then O my Lord prepare  
     My soul for that great day;  
 O wash me in Thy precious blood  
     And take my sins away.

A few more suns shall set,  
     O'er these dark hills of time,  
 And we shall be where suns are not,  
     A far serener clime.  
 Lord prepare my soul,  
     For that blest day,  
 Oh wash me in Thy precious blood  
     And take my sins away.

A few more struggles here,  
 A few more partings o'er,  
 A few more toils, a few more tears,  
     And we shall weep no more.  
 A few more suns shall set,  
     O'er these dark hills of time,  
 And we shall be where suns are not—  
     A far serener clime.

Pathé Record 30064

### FATHER O'FLYNN

Of priests we can offer a charmin' variety,  
Far renowned for larnin' and piety;  
Still I'd advance ye widout impiety,

Father O'Flynn as the flow'r of them all.  
Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,  
Slainte and slainte and slainte agin,  
Pow'rfullest preacher and tenderest tacher,  
And kindest crature in ould Donegal.

Don't talk of your Provost and Fellow of Trinity,  
Famous forever at Greek and Latinity,  
Faix and the divils and all at Divinity,

Father O'Flynn makes hars of them all!  
Come, I venture to give ye my word,  
Never the likes of his logic was heard,  
Down from mythology into thayology,  
Troth and conchology if he'd the call.

Och Father O'Flynn you've a wonderful way wid you,  
All auld sinners are wishful to pray wid you,  
All the young childer are wild for to play wid you,

You've such a way wid you, Father A vick.  
Still for all you're so gentle a soul,  
Gad, you've your flock in the grandest control,  
Checking the crazy ones, coaxin' onaisy ones,  
Lifting the lazy ones on with the stick.

And tho' quite avoidin' all foolish frivolity,  
Still at all season of innocent jollity,  
Where was the play boy could claim an equality,

At comicality, Father, wid you?  
Once the Bishop look'd grave at your jest,  
Till this remark set him off wid the rest,  
"Is it lave gaiety all to the laity,  
Cannot the clergy be Irishmen, too?"

Columbia Record 5441



## FOR YOU

Chapman

They say the years have swallow's wings,  
 But mine have leaden feet,  
 Since last we stood and said "good-bye"  
 That eve in Junetide sweet;  
 I read the anguish in your eyes,  
 As sad you turned away,  
 But oh! you guessed not what I bore—  
 The tears I could not stay.

Chorus:

For you! For you! My darling,  
 I spoke those words untrue;  
 I left you tho' I love you,  
 And broke my heart for you.

They told me if we linked our lives,  
 That you would rue the day,  
 And when the sorrows gathered round,  
 Your love would pass away.  
 But had I known what life would be,  
 When every hope had fled,  
 Those cruel words I spoke that night,  
 Had ne'er by me been said.

Edison Blue Amberol Record 80077

## FAUST

All Hail Thou Dwelling Lowly

All hail thou dwelling pure and lowly!  
 All hail thou dwelling pure and lowly!  
 Home of an angel fair and holy,  
 All mortal beauty excelling!  
 What wealth is here, what wealth outbidding,  
 Gold of peace and love, and innocence untold;  
 Bounteous Nature! 'Twas here by day thy love was taught  
 her!  
 'Twas here thou didst with care ever shadow thy daughter.  
 In hours of the night. Here waving tree and flower  
 Made her an Eden bower of beauty and delight;  
 For one whose very birth  
 Brought down heaven to our earth.  
 'Twas here! Here! 'Twas here!  
 All hail thou dwelling pure and lowly!  
 All hail thou dwelling pure and lowly!  
 Home of an angel fair and holy,  
 All mortal beauty excelling!

Victor Record 85354

## FAUST.

## Even Bravest Heart

Even bravest heart may swell,  
 In the moment of farewell;  
 Loving smile of sister kind,  
 Quiet home I leave behind.  
 Oft shall I think of you  
 When e'er the winecup passes round;  
 When alone my watch I keep,  
 And my comrades lie asleep,  
 Among their arms upon the tented battle ground.  
 But when danger into glory doth call me,  
 I still will be first, will be first in the fray,  
 As blithe as a Knight in his bridal array.  
 Careless what fate may befall me,  
 But when glory shall call me,  
 Yet, the bravest heart may swell,  
 In the moment of farewell,  
 Loving smile of sister kind,  
 Quiet home I leave behind.  
 Oft shall I sadly think of you  
 When I am far away.

Columbia Record 5877

## FAUST

## Soldiers' Chorus

Glory and love to the men of old;  
 Their sons may copy their virtues bold,  
 Courage in heart and a sword in hand,  
 Both ready to fight and ready to die for Fatherland.

Who needs bidding to dare—

By a trumpet blown?

Who lacks pity to spare—

When the field is won?

Who would fly from a foe

If alone or lost?

And boast he was true,

As coward might do,

When peril is past!

Now home again we come,  
 The long and fiery strife of war is over,  
 Rest charms us after toil as hard as ours beneath  
 a stranger sun,

Many a maiden fair, is waiting there, to greet her  
 truant soldier lover.

And many a heart will fail,

And brow grow pale,

To hear the tale of cruel peril he has run,

We are at home, we are at home, we are at home.

Victor Record 5689

**FAUST****Jewel Song****Gounod**

Ah! might it only be!  
Could he my beauty see!  
Now as a royal lady,  
He would now adore me!  
Ah! now as a royal lady, truly,  
He'd adore me.

Victor Record 81879

**FAREWELL ISABELLE**

Hark, the drums, how they beat—Isabelle,  
To the tramping of feet, Isabelle,  
So dry your eyes, sweetheart, don't cry—  
Wish me good luck and say goodbye;  
There is work to be done—Isabelle,  
There's a fight to be won—Isabelle,  
Into line I'll fall, when the bugles call,  
"Hurry up! Come along! Come along!"

**Chorus:**

Farewell, Isabelle, Isabelle,  
Don't let it grieve you.  
I've got to go! Farewell, Isabelle!  
Isabelle! I've got to leave you.  
To face the foe.  
You know very well, Isabelle,  
As the battle I go through,  
I shall do my best when I'm in it,  
To win it, as I won you.

When I'm lonely at night—Isabelle,  
By the camp fire so bright, Isabelle,  
The vision of your loving smile  
Will help to cheer me all the while.  
When the fighting is done—Isabelle,  
To the beating drums—Isabelle,  
I'll come back again to the bugle strain  
"Hurry up! Come along! Come along!"

Edison Diamond Disc 80230

Complete words and music may be had of the Publishers.  
Lawrence Wright Music Co., 8 Denmark St., Charing Cross  
Road, London, England

## GHOST OF THE SAXOPHONE

There's a sayin' goin' round  
 Down around old Memphis town;  
 There's a ragtime ghost been found  
     Who plays a saxophone.  
 O'er the graveyard ev'ry night,  
 You can see that form of white,  
 Tho' its voice seems to invite,  
     Better leave it alone.  
 Sad and ghostly, but it's mostly Jazz blues I choose.

### Chorus:

Look out! That's the ghost of the saxophone,  
 (Hear him moan, hear him moan, hear him moan.)  
 Look out for the ghost of the saxophone,  
 (Hear him groan, hear him groan, hear him groan.)  
 It sets you shaking and shivering,  
 It gets you quaking and quivering,  
 Don't let his mournful tone lead you away from home,  
 Although you love him, better let him alone.  
 Look out! That's the ghost of the saxophone,  
 (Hear him moan, hear him moan, hear him moan.)  
 For he is a ghost that's come to stay—say, hey, hey,  
 Sweetest jazz I've ever known,  
 You better listen to his mournful tone,  
 The ghost of the saxophone.

When this raggy ghost appeared,  
 With his music wild and wierd,  
 Coons could hear him as he neared  
     The churchyard late at night.  
 Then they swayed to beat the deuce,  
 When they heard those ghostly blues,  
 'Cause they seem too good to lose,  
     In the mellow moonlight,  
 Weepy, creepy, sneaky, freaky, jazz blues I choose.

Victor Record 18354

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 Frank K. Root & Co., Chicago, Ill.

## GREETINGS IN BINGVILLE

Knight

Derned if that old stage ain't fifteen minutes late again.  
Yes, and when it gets here there won't be a derned soul on it.

Say, ain't you been licking up a little bit, Lem? Yer breath smells like a derned old rum barrel.

Yes, Ned, I am a little bit stewed. You see, 'Randy got mad because I wouldn't turn the wringer and I called her a pesky critter.

What did 'Randy say to that?

She hit me in the jaw with a flat iron, that's what she said. Won't you have a little drink, Ned?

Don't care if I do, Lem. Gosh that tastes like rusty nails and rain water.

Wall, Ned, ain't yer goin' to thank me for it.

Yes, in about ten minutes just as soon as I get my breath.

Here comes the stage, Ned, who in carnation is that passenger?

Wal, derned if it ain't old Ezry Miles.

Upon my soul, here ain't Ned Hawkins and Lem Poin-dexter.

Wal, wal, Ezry, you ain't changed a bit and we ain't heard from you nor seen you for more than forty years.

Seems twice as long as that, Lem.

Wal, you old backsliders, seems like old times to see you. I wondered if you'd remember me.

Aunt Eliza, here's Ezry Miles, remember him, don't you?

Why, Ezry, don't your remember me, you ought to.

Come down to see us when you're at home Eliza.

Yes, Ezry, and you come up to see us.

How long you're going to stay, Ezry?

Home for good this time. Say is old Whipple still living?

No, he's still dead. Your poor old mother and brother, Frank, are still living up at the old place.

Yes, I could a writ 'em but I didn't.

Someone played a carnation mean joke on Frank t'other day.

What was that, Lem?

Old Patrick's red barn got on fire and Frank he run up to try one of them new fangled fire extinguishers and some one had filled the dern thing with gasoline.

Did they put the fire out?

Yes, the fire went out one way and Frank t'other.

Say come down to my house, fellows, and I'll give you a driak of old cider that will make a gray squirrel look bigger than a two-year old heifer.

Go ahead, Ned, we'll follow you. Columbia Record 1838

## PLANAGAN ON A FARM

Ha, ha, ha, a farmer's life for me. How are you, professor?

Quite well, thank you.

Were you ever on a farm?

No, were you?

Was I? Listen, I started out one day to take a job on a farm and I got to the farmhouse about four o'clock in the morning and the farmer met me at the door. "Welcome," says he, "I'm glad you are here and hope you will like the place." He brought me right in the dining room and there was the family just getting up from the table. "Have you had your breakfast?" said the farmer. "No," says I. "Well, sit right down," says he, "and have your breakfast."

Well, sir, they brought me in some ham and eggs, some buckwheat cakes and a great big cup of coffee with cream in it and some homemade bread and butter, and by Golly it was fine. I got up from the table perfectly satisfied.

"Have you finished your breakfast," said the farmer.

"I have, sir," said I.

"Well, now, sit right down and have your dinner."

Now what do you think of that? After eating all that breakfast, too! Well, sir, I started right in and I ate so much dinner I could hardly move when I left the table. The farmer smiled, and says, "Have you finished your dinner?"

"I have sir," says I.

"Well, now," says he, "sit right down and have your supper."

Wow, wow. I didn't think I could eat another bite, but when they brought it in I had a fine big supper. When I got up the farmer says to me, "Have you finished your supper?"

"I have sir," says I.

"Well," says he, "now you've had a good breakfast, a good dinner, and a good supper; now you can go right in the fields and work without stopping."

Ha, ha, ha; that was my part, but I was on to him, so I says, "Excuse me, but I always go to bed after supper."

Victor Record 16141

**FUNICULI-FUNICULA****Oxenford**

Some think the world is made for fun and frolic,  
 And so do I! And so do I!  
 Some think it well to be all melancholic,  
 To pine and sigh! To pine and sigh!  
 But I, I love to spend my time in singing,  
 Some joyous song, some joyous song,  
 To set the air with music bravely ringing,  
 Is far from wrong! Is far from wrong!

**Chorus:**

Listen! Listen! Echoes sound afar!  
 Listen! Listen! Echoes sound afar!  
 Funiculi-Funicula, Funiculi-Funicula,  
 Echoes sound afar.

Some think it wrong to set the feet a-dancing,  
 But not so I! But not so I!  
 Some think that eyes should keep from coyly glancing,  
 Upon the sly! Upon the sly!  
 But oh! to me the mazy dance is charming,  
 Divinely sweet! Divinely sweet!  
 And surely there is naught that is alarming  
 In nimble feet! In nimble feet!

**Columbia Record 1851****FAITHFU' JOHNNIE**

When will you come again, my faithfu' Johnnie,  
 When will you come again?  
 When the corn is gathered  
 And the leaves are withered  
 I will come again, my sweet and bonnie,  
 I will come again.

Then winter's wind will blow, my faithfu' Johnnie,  
 Then winter's wind will blow.  
 Tho' the day be dark wi' drift,  
 That I canna see the lift,  
 I will come again my sweet and bonnie,  
 I will come again.

And shall we part again, my faithfu' Johnnie,  
 And shall we part again?  
 So long's my eye can see  
 That face so dear to me,  
 We shall not part again my sweet bonnie,  
 Shall not part again.

**Victor Record 74429**

## HAIL COLUMBIA

Hail Columbia happy land,  
Hail ye heroes! heavenborn band!  
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,  
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,  
And when the storm of war was gone,  
Enjoyed the peace your valour won,  
Let independence be your boast,  
Ever mindful what it cost;  
Ever grateful for the prize,  
Let its altar reach the skies.

### Chorus:

Firm united let us be,  
Rallying round our liberty,  
As a band of brothers join'd,  
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more;  
Defend your rights, defend your shore;  
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,  
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,  
Invade the shrine where sacred lies,  
Of toil and blood the well earn'd prize,  
While off'ring peace, sincere and just,  
In heav'n we placed a manly trust,  
That truth and justice may prevail,  
And ev'ry scheme of bondage fail!

Behold the Chief who now commands—  
Once more to serve this country stands,  
The rock on which the storm will beat,  
The rock on which the storm will beat,  
But armed in virtue, firm and true,  
His hopes are fixed on heav'n and you.  
When hope was sinking in dismay,  
When gloom obscured Columbia's day,  
His steady mind, from changes free,  
Resolved on death or liberty.

Victor Record 16495



## HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

### Longfellow

"Ewa-yea! my little owlet!  
 Who is this, that lights the wigwam?  
 With his great eyes lights the wigwam?  
 Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"  
 By the shores of Gitchie Gumee,  
 By the shining Big-Sea-Water,  
 Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,  
 Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis,  
 Dark behind it rose the forest,  
 Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,  
 Rose the firs with cones upon them;  
 Bright before it beat the water,  
 Beat the clear and sunny water,  
 Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

"Wah-wah-taysee, little firefly,  
 Little, flitting, white-fire insect,  
 Little dancing, white-fire creatures,  
 Light me with your little candle,  
 Ere upon my bed I lay me,  
 Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"

Then the little Hiawatha,  
 Learned of every bird its language,  
 Learned their names and all their secrets,  
 How they built their nests in Summer,  
 Where they hid themselves in Winter,  
 Talked with them whene'er he met them,  
 Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."  
 Of all beasts he learned the language,  
 Learned their names and all their secrets,  
 How the beavers built their lodges,  
 Where the squirrels hid their acorns,  
 How the reindeer ran so swiftly,  
 Why the rabbit was so timid,  
 Talked with them whene'er he met them,  
 Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

Victor Record 35617

# **HAPPY GERMAN TWINS**

I say, Carl, you don't sing so good as before.

I know, I got a hoarse in my throat.

A hoarse! You mean a colt in your head.

Say, William, speaking of colts, what is that funny noise you make with your voice?

You mean this noise? (yodel.) I make that with my throat. Say, what would you do if you had a throat like mine?

I would cut it.

Is that so.

Sure. Say, what is this noise—this lady, lady, lady. Is that some female impersonation or is that a woman.

Oh, what a fool you are, Carl. It is neither. That is my yodel.

A yodel. Now I don't know what you mean to say. Why, when you yodel do you keep your mouth closed?

Why a yodel is a falsetto and I have to keep the mouth closed.

Oh, I see, you have a false set of teeth and you are afraid they will come out, yes?

No, no; stop that, Carl.

Say, you got a yodel wife?

No.

She can't keep her mouth closed?

Yes—no no. Say, stop that, Carl; I ask you twice already. Please.

Say, give me an answer to something.

I don't know what's the answer.

Suppose we two twin brothers had been born on the ocean, to what country would we belong, yes?

To the nation our father and mother belong—to Germany.

Yes; but suppose our father and mother were not Germany, would we be orphans?

No, no; not orphans. Don't be so nonsensical. Come, the music men are waiting.

Oh, how foolish you are. How can they be waiters when they are musicianers?

Say, ain't you two guys going to dance?

Sure.

**HEAVENS RESOUND****Beethoven**

The heavens resound with His praises eternal,  
 In might and glory they combine  
 To tell His name thro' earth and the oceans,  
 That men may hear the word divine.  
 He holds the suns in the blue vaulted heavens,  
 He plants his foot upon the world;  
 The myriad stars bow in willing subjection;  
 The universe His hand unfurl'd.  
 The universe His hand unfurl'd, unfurl'd.

The Lord is God! He is King of creation;  
 In His right hand He holds them all.  
 His children, we in love and devotion  
 Before His might and power fall.  
 O Father, hear, we Thy sons bring our blessings,  
 Our prayerful thanks to Thee we raise.  
 The heavens resound, break O earth into glory,  
 To serve, adore, and sing His praise.  
 To serve, adore, and sing His praise! His praise!  
 Victor Record 35576

**HOME AGAIN****Pike**

Home again! Home again!  
 From a foreign shore,  
 And oh; it fills my soul with joy  
 To meet my friends once more.  
 Here I dropped the parting tear,  
 To cross the ocean's foam,  
 But now I'm once again with them,  
 Who kindly greet me home.

**Chorus:**

Home again, home again,  
 From a foreign shore,  
 And oh! it fills my soul with joy  
 To greet my friends once more.  
 Happy hearts, happy hearts,  
 With mine have laughed in glee,  
 But oh! the friends I loved in youth,  
 Seem happier to me.  
 If my guide should be the fate,  
 Which bids me longer roam,  
 But death alone can break the tie  
 That binds my heart to home.

**Edison Diamond Disc 80333**

**GOD SAVE THE KING**

God save our gracious King,  
 Long live our noble King,  
 God save the King.  
 Send him victorious,  
 Happy and glorious  
 Long to reign over us  
 God save the King.

O Lord our God arise,  
 Scatter his enemies,  
 And make them fall.  
 Confound their politics  
 Frustrate their knavish tricks,  
 On Thee our hopes we fix,  
 God save us all!

Thy choicest gifts in store,  
 On him be pleas'd to pour,  
 Long may he reign!  
 May he defend our laws,  
 And ever give us cause,  
 To sing with heart and voice,  
 God save the King.

Victor Record 16134

**GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART, GOOD-BYE**

Hatton

The bright stars fade, the morn is breaking,  
 The dewdrops pearl each bud and leaf,  
 And I from thee my leave am taking,  
 With bliss too brief, with bliss too brief.  
 How sinks my heart with fond alarms,  
 The tear is hiding in mine eye,  
 For time doth thrust me from thine arms,  
 Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye  
 Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye.

The sun is up, the lark is soaring,  
 Loud swells the song of chanticleer,  
 The lev'ret bounds o'er earth's soft flooring,  
 Yet I am here, yet I am here.  
 For since night's gems from heaven did fade,  
 And morn to floral lips doth hie,  
 I could not leave thee, though I said,  
 Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye.  
 Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye

Victor Record 64342

**GO DOWN, MOSES**

When Israel was in Egypt's land,  
 Let my people go!  
 Oppress'd so hard they could not stand.

Chorus:

Let my people go! Go down Moses,  
 'Way down in Egypt land  
 Tell old Pharoah, Let my people go!  
 Oh let us all from bondage free  
 Let my people go!  
 And let us all in Christ be free,  
 Let my people go!

Victor Record 17688

**GYPSY'S WARNING**

Glover

Do not trust him, gentle lady,  
 Tho' his voice be low and sweet,  
 Heed not him who kneels before you,  
 Gently pleading at thy feet.  
 Now thy life is in its morning,  
 Cloud not this thy happy lot,  
 Listen to the gypsy's warning,  
 Gentle lady, trust him not.  
 Listen to the gypsy's warning,  
 Gentle lady, trust him not.

Lady once there lived a maiden,  
 Pure and bright and like thee, fair,  
 But he wooed and wooed and won her,  
 Filled her gentle heart with care.  
 Then he heeded not her weeping,  
 Nor cared he her life to save,  
 Soon she perish'd, now she's sleeping,  
 In the cold and silent grave,  
 Soon she perish'd, now she's sleeping,  
 In the cold and silent grave.

Keep thy gold I do not wish it,  
 Lady I have prayed for this,  
 For the hour when I might foil him,  
 Rob him of expected bliss.  
 Gentle lady do not wonder,  
 At my words so cold and wild,  
 Lady, in that green grave yonder,  
 Lies the gypsy's only child.  
 Lady, in that green grave yonder,  
 Lies the gypsy's only child.

Columbia Record 1913

# **GASOLINE GUS AND HIS JITNEY BUS**

**Brown**

**Did you ever hear the story, did you ever hear the yarn?**

**'Bout what? 'Bout Gasoline Gus.**

**He saved up a dollar and he borrowed twenty cents**

**Then what? Bought a jitney bus.**

**His coffee mill was made of tin,**

**But tin was made to pack things in;**

**He hung a sign and it read thus:**

**"This is Gasoline Gus and his jitney bus."**

**Chorus:**

**Gus, Gus, Gasoline Gus,**

**Gasoline Gus and his jitney bus.**

**He packed them on the fenders**

**And he packed 'em on the hood;**

**He packed 'em by the dozen**

**And the other dozen stood.**

**From out the heap there came a cry,**

**"Please take that suitcase outta my eye,"**

**Gus, Gus, Gasoline Gus,**

**Gasoline Gus and his jitney bus.**

**Did I tell you what he purchased? Did I tell you what he used?**

**Used what? Why Gasoline Gus.**

**He bought a ton of dynamite; he bought a pint of gin.**

**For what? For his jitney bus.**

**"It's got a bigger kick than gasoline,"**

**Said Gus as he loaded his tin machine.**

**A lady said, "Don't go too far."**

**Said Gus, "It's not that kind of a car."**

**Gus, Gus, Gasoline Gus,**

**Gasoline Gus and his jitney bus.**

**He turned a dozen sommersaults,**

**And then he looped the loop;**

**He made a bigger noise than**

**The devil eating soup.**

**How far he went I quite forget,**

**But, according to Hoyle, he's not back yet!**

**Gus, Gus, Gasoline Gus,**

**Gasoline Gus and his jitney bus.**

**Do you want to hear the finish? Do you want to hear the end?**

**'Bout what? 'Bout Gasoline Gus.**

**He bumped into the devil and he got the devil's goat.**

**With what? With his jitney bus.**

**The devil frowned; said, "Take him out**

**And let him ride my imps about."**

**GASOLINE GUS AND HIS JITNEY BUS (Continued)**

In fifteen minutes, big as life,  
 He was making love to the devil's wife.  
 Gus, Gus, Gasoline Gus,  
 Gasoline Gus and his jitney bus.

They telephoned the devil  
 That his wifey had eloped  
 With a funny looking fellow  
 In a funny little boat.  
 The devil never turned a hair,  
 He smiled and said, "They're a darned good pair."  
 Gus, Gus, Gasoline Gus,  
 Gasoline Gus and his jitney bus.

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 Columbia Record 1806

**GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK****Work**

My grandfather's clock was too large for the shelf  
 So it stood ninety years on the floor,  
 It was taller by half than the old man himself,  
 Though it weighed not a penny weight more.  
 It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born,  
 And was always his treasure and pride,  
 But it stopped short, never to go again,  
 When the old man died.  
 Ninety years without slumbering, tick tock, tick tock,  
 His life seconds numbering, tick tock, tick tock,  
 It stopped short, never to go again,  
 When the old man died.

In watching its pendulum swing to and fro,  
 Many hours had he spent while a boy,  
 And in childhood and manhood the clock seem'd to know  
 And to share both his grief and his joy,  
 For it struck twenty-four when he entered the door,  
 With a blooming and beautiful bride,  
 But it stopped, etc.

It rang an alarm in the dead of the night,  
 An alarm that for years had been dumb,  
 And we knew that his spirit was pluming for flight,  
 That his hour of departure had come.  
 Still the clock kept the time with a soft and muffled chime,  
 As we silently stood by his side.  
 But it stopped, etc.

Edison Blue Amberol Record 2526

**DRIFTING APART**

When the shadows at twilight are falling,  
 And the dew softly falls on the rose,  
 Then the days of our love I'm recalling,  
 As each thought into memory goes.  
 I could see, sweetheart mine, as we parted,  
 That my dream of the future was o'er,  
 And our last kiss left me broken hearted.  
 For it meant that we part evermore.

Chorus:

Drifting, drifting,  
 Sweetheart we're slowly drifting,  
 My heart is breaking,  
 Thinking of you and you alone, my darling,  
 Drifting, drifting,  
 Just like the tide we're drifting,  
 Day after day, dear, we're drifting apart.

Pathe Record 10067

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**DREAM OF PARADISE**

Once in the evening twilight,  
 I dreamed a happy dream,  
 Methought I was in Heav'n alone,  
 And saw its crystal gleam.  
 And calm amid the glory,  
 There stood a singer fair,  
 Who thro' the stillness of the night,  
 Sent forth this song of pray'r.  
 "Father in Heav'n above,

Glorious and mighty,  
 Send forth Thy light of Love,  
 O King most mighty!  
 Father! Glorious and mighty,  
 Send forth Thy light of Love,  
 Thy light of Love."

And far in that world of glory,  
 With God's eternal throng,  
 Beyond the gates of Paradise,  
 Where all is one dream of song,  
 The voice of the Heav'nly singer,  
 Shall send forth the old refrain,  
 When stars have faded,  
 No more to rise again.

Victor Record 35232



**DIXIE****Emmett**

I wish I was in the land of cotton,  
 Old times there are not forgotten,  
 Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

In Dixie Land where I was born in—  
 Early on one frosty morning,  
 Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

**Chorus:**

I wish I was in Dixie, Hooray, Hooray,  
 In Dixie land I take my stand to live and die in Dixie  
 Away, away, away down South in Dixie,  
 Away, away, away down South in Dixie.

Old Missus Mary will de weaber,  
 Williams was a gay deceiber,  
 Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

But when he put his arm around her,  
 He smiled as fierce as a forty pounder,  
 Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

Dar's buckwheat cakes and Injen batter,  
 Makes you fat or a little fatter,  
 Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

Then hoe it down and scratch your grabble,  
 To Dixie land I'm going to trabble,  
 Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land.

Columbia Record 696

**DRIFTING**

Drifting carelessly with the tide,  
 Drifting over the waters wide,  
 With no Captain your course to guide,  
 Drifting over life's sea.

**Chorus:**

Drifting, drifting, no port in sight,  
 Drifting, far from the gospel light,  
 Lest you go down in the stormy night;  
 Drifting over life's sea.

Drifting on with no shore in view,  
 Think not skies will be always blue;  
 Storm and shipwreck will come to you  
 Drifting over life's sea.

Victor Record 18341

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**GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME DEATH****Patrick Henry**

They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed and when a British guard shall be stationed in every home? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak if we make proper use of those means which the God of Nature hath placed in our power.

Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations—and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us.

The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable and let it come, I repeat, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace, but there is no peace. The war has actually begun. The next gale that sweeps over the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle! What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

Victor Record 35377

**GOD BE WITH YOU TILL WE MEET AGAIN****Towner**

God be with you till we meet again  
By His counsels guide uphold you,  
With His sheep securely fold you,  
God be with you till we meet again.

**Chorus:**

Till we meet, till we meet,  
Till we meet at Jesus' feet,  
Till we meet, till we meet,  
God be with you till we meet again.

Columbia Record 757

**GENTLE ANNIE****Foster**

Thou wilt come no more, gentle Annie,  
 Like a flower thy spirit did depart,  
 Thou art gone, alas, like the many  
 That have blossomed in the summer of my heart.

**Chorus:**

Shall we never more behold thee,  
 Never hear thy winning voice again,  
 When the Springtime comes, gentle Annie,  
 When the wild flow'rs are scattered o'er the plain?  
 When the Springtime comes, gentle Annie,  
 When the wild flow'rs are scattered o'er the plain.

Oh, the hours grow sad while I ponder,  
 Near the silent spot where thou art laid,  
 And my heart bows down when I wander  
 By the streams and the meadows where we strayed.  
 Columbia Record 1109

**GLORIA PATRI**

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy  
 Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall  
 be, world without end. Amen.

**Victor Record 16877****GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH**

Guide me oh thou great Jehovah,  
 Pilgrim thro' this barren land,  
 I am weak but thou art mighty,  
 Hold me with thy powerful hand.

Open now the crystal fountain,  
 Whence the living waters flow,  
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,  
 Lead me all my journey through.

Feed me with the heavenly manna  
 In this barren wilderness,  
 Be my sword, my shield and banner,  
 Be the Lord, my righteousness.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
 Bid my anxious fears subside,  
 Bear me through the swelling current,  
 Land me safe on Canaan's side.

**Victor Record 35141**

# DEAR OLD MA

Frost

There's a vision in the evening when the shadows softly fall,  
Dear old ma, dear old ma.

When the night wind softly whispers, seems to me I hear you  
call,

Dear old ma, dear old ma.  
I'm longing for an old time kiss, I want to hold your hand,  
I'd like to tell my troubles to the one who'd understand,  
So I'm coming back to greet you the sweetest in the land,  
Dear old ma, dear old ma.

Chorus:

Dear old ma, dear old ma,  
I'm coming back altho' the way be far;  
For thro' all the years of smiles and tears,  
You've been my guiding star,  
Dear old ma, dear old ma.

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Pathe Record 10064

# DISTANT SHORE

A maiden sat at her door,  
And sighed as she looked at the sea,  
"I've a dear, dear love on a distant shore,  
A-dying for news of me.  
I've a dear, dear love on a distant shore,  
A-dying for news of me."  
And the wind was listening near,  
And saw that the maid was fair,  
So the kind wind whispered a hope in her ear,  
As he played with her bright brown hair.  
"Be of good cheer, sweet heart,  
I fly to that distant shore,  
Thy lover I'll tell thou lovest him well,  
Ever and evermore."

The wind tore over the wave,  
Scattering ocean spray,  
But alack, that lover he flew to save,  
He met on his homeward way,  
And the good ship sank in the gale,  
And every soul beside,  
And the wind came sobbing to tell the tale,  
And the maiden drooped and died.  
"Be of good cheer, dear heart,  
At rest on a distant shore,  
Where thou and thy love walk hand in hand  
Ever and evermore."

Pathe Record 30073

### DEAR OLD SONGS OF LONG AGO

The dear old songs I love to sing,  
Fond memories they always bring,  
Of good old days beyond recall,  
The dear old home and loved ones all.  
Tho' far to distant lands I go  
I hear them yet so soft and low.  
The old time songs I love them so,  
The dear old songs of long ago.

#### Chorus:

We will sing of Annie Laurie,  
And dear old Darling Nelly Gray,  
In the Gloaming, Oh My Darling,  
Lingers in my thought tho' I am far away—  
Way Down Upon the Swanee River, I never will forget,  
Wherever I may go.  
'Tis the Last Rose of Summer  
Oh the old songs are best of all.

Again I hear my mother sing,  
How sweetly did those echoes ring,  
When we gathered 'round as shadows fell,  
To sing the songs we loved so well,  
Fond tho'ts of all loved ones home,  
Comes o'er me tho' afar I roam,  
And we all love them well I know,  
The dear old songs of long ago.

#### Chorus:

We will sing one song of My Old Kentucky Home,  
And the Little Log Cabin in the Lane,  
And do you remember, Sweet Alice Ben Bolt,  
Oh, how I love to sing again that sweet refrain.  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
Oh those dear old melodies,  
That all of us will know,  
There is no place like Home, Sweet Home,  
The old songs we love best of all,  
The songs of long ago.  
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Music Co., Jersey City, N. J.  
Edison Blue Amberol Record 2522

### DOXOLOGY

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him all creatures here below,  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Victor Record 35110

**HER HEART**

Her heart is love's red rose,  
 Wherein is honey sweet;  
 A lute whence ever goes  
 Music with every beat;  
 A chalice made to hold  
 A fragrance and a fire;  
 Love's treasure house of gold,  
 Of dream and of desire.  
 Mine be the joy to take  
 This red rose freshly blown,  
 Mine be the bliss to make  
 This lute song all my own;  
 Mine be the dear delight  
 To know this scented gleam;  
 And mine the beauty bright,  
 Of its desire and dream.

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 Victor Record 18061

**HE LEADETH ME**

Gilmore

He leadeth me! O blessed thought,  
 O words with heavenly comfort fraught!  
 What e'er I do, where e'er I be,  
 Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Chorus:

He leadeth me; He leadeth me,  
 By His own hand He leadeth me,  
 His faithful follow'r I would be,  
 For by His hand He leadeth me.

And when my task on earth is done,  
 When, by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won,  
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,  
 Since God thro' Jordan leadeth me.

Columbia Record 1943

**HARK, HARK, THE LARK**

Shakespeare

Hark, hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
 And Phoebus 'gins to rise,  
 His steeds to water at those springs  
 On chaliced flowers that lie,  
 And winking Mary-buds begin  
 To ope their golden eyes,  
 With everything that pretty been,  
 Arise! Arise!

Victor Record 64218

## **HARK, THE HERALD ANGELS SING**

Hark, the herald angels sing,  
 Glory to the new-born King;  
 Peace on earth and mercy mild,  
 God and sinners reconciled!  
 Joyful all ye nations rise,  
 Join the triumph of the skies,  
 With the angelic host proclaim,  
 "Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

Mild He lays His glory by,  
 Born that man no more may die,  
 Born to raise the sons of earth,  
 Born to give them second birth,  
 Risen with healing in his wings,  
 Light and life to all He brings,  
 Hail! The Son of Righteousness;  
 Hail! The heav'n-born Prince of Peace!  
 Victor Record 17164

## **HOME OVER THERE**

### **Huntington**

Oh, think of the home over there,  
 By the side of the river of light,  
 Where the saints, all immortal and fair,  
 Are robed in their garments of white.

### **Chorus:**

Over there, over there,  
 Oh, think of the home over there,  
 Over there, over there, over there,  
 Oh, think of the home over there.

I'll soon be at home over there,  
 For the end of my journey I see;  
 Many dear to my heart over there,  
 Are waiting and watching for me.  
 Columbia Record 900

## HOME OF THE SOUL

Gates

I will sing you a song of that beautiful land,  
 The far away home of the soul;  
 Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,  
 While the years of eternity roll.  
 Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,  
 While the years of eternity roll.

That unchangeable home is for you and for me,  
 Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;  
 The King of all kingdoms forever is He,  
 And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.  
 The King of all kingdoms forever is He,  
 And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.

Oh how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,  
 So free from all sorrow and pain;  
 With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,  
 To meet one another again.  
 With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,  
 To meet one another again.

Columbia Record 2048

## HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED

Has sorrow thy young days shaded  
 As clouds o'er the morning fleet?  
 Too fast have those young days faded,  
 That even in sorrow were sweet.  
 Does time with his cold wing wither,  
 Each feeling that once was dear?  
 Come, child of misfortune, come hither,  
 I'll weep, with thee, tear for tear.

If thus the sweet hours have fled,  
 When sorrow itself looked bright,  
 If thus the fond hope has cheated,  
 That led thee along so light;  
 If thus the unkind world wither  
 Each feeling that once was dear,  
 Come, child of misfortune, come hither,  
 I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

Victor Record 74184



**HER BRIGHT SMILE HAUNTS ME STILL****Carpenter**

'Tis years since last we met,  
 And we may not meet again;  
 I have struggled to forget,  
 But that struggle was in vain.  
 For her voice lives on the breeze  
 And her spirit comes at will;  
 In the midnight on the seas,  
 Her bright smile haunts me still.  
 For her voice lives on the breeze,  
 And her spirit comes at will,  
 In the moonlight on the seas,  
 Her bright smile haunts me still.  
 At the first sweet dawn of light,  
 When I gaze upon the deep,  
 Her form still greets my sight,  
 While the stars their vigils keep;  
 When I close mine aching eyes,  
 Sweet dreams my senses fill,  
 And from sleep when I arise,  
 Her bright smile haunts me still,  
 When I close mine aching eyes,  
 Sweet dreams my senses fill,  
 And from sleep when I arise,  
 Her bright smile haunts me still.

**Columbia Record 5263****HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION****Keith**

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
 Is laid for your faith in His excellent word?  
 What more can He say than to you He hath said?  
 To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled.  
 To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled.  
 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh be not dismayed,  
 For I am thy God; I will still give thee aid;  
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,  
 Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.  
 Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand."  
 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
 The river of sorrow shall not thee overflow;  
 For I will be with thee, thy trials to bless,  
 And sanctify to thee, thy deepest distress.  
 And sanctify to thee, thy deepest distress.

**Victor Record 16674**

### GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME

The hour was sad I left the maid,  
 A ling'ring farewell taking,  
 Her sighs and tears my steps delay'd,  
 I thought her heart was breaking.  
 In hurried words her name I bless'd,  
 I breath'd the vows that bind me,  
 And to my heart in anguish press'd  
 The girl I left behind me.

Then to the East we bore away  
 To win a name in story,  
 And there, where dawns the sun of day,  
 There dawn'd our sun of glory.  
 Both blaz'd in noon on Alnna's height,  
 Where in the post assign'd me,  
 I shar'd the glory of that light,  
 Sweet girl I left behind me.

Full many a name our banner bore,  
 Of former deeds of daring,  
 But they were of the days of yore,  
 In which we had no sharing.  
 But now, our laurels freshly won,  
 With the old ones shall entwined be,  
 Still worthy of our sires, each son,  
 Sweet girl I left behind me.

The hope of final victory,  
 Within my bosom burning,  
 Is mingled with sweet thoughts of thee,  
 And of my fond returning.  
 But should I ne'er return again,  
 Still worth thy love thou'lt find me,  
 Dishonor's breath shall never stain  
 The name I'll leave behind me.

Victor Record 17597

### GALLIA

Gounod

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!

O turn thee to the Lord thy God,  
 O turn thee, O turn thee unto thy God.

Columbia Record 5712

# GWINE TO RUN ALL NIGHT

Foster

De Camptown ladies sing dis song—  
 Doo dah doo dah  
 De Camptown race track nine miles long,  
 Oh, doo dah doo dah da—!  
 I came down dar wid my hat caved in,  
 Doo dah doo dah  
 I go back home wid a pocket full of tin  
 Oh, doo dah doo dah da—!

Chorus:

Gwine to run all night—gwine to run all day,  
 I'll bet my money on de bob-tailed nag,  
 Somebody bet on de bay.

De long-tailed filly and de big black hoss  
 Doo dah doo dah  
 Dey fly de track and dey both cut across,  
 Oh doo dah doo dah day,  
 Be blind hoss stickin' in a big mud hole,  
 Doo dah doo dah,  
 Can't touch de bottom wid a ten-foot pole,  
 Oh doo dah doo dah day.

Old muley cow came on de track,  
 Doo dah doo dah  
 De bob-tail flung her ober his back,  
 Oh doo dah doo dah day,  
 Den fly along like a railroad car  
 Doo dah doo dah  
 Runnin' a race wid a shootin' star,  
 Oh doo dah doo dah day.

See dem flyin' on a ten-mile heat,  
 Doo dah doo dah  
 Round de race track den repeat,  
 Oh doo dah doo dah day,  
 I win my money on de bob-tail nag,  
 Doo dah doo dah  
 I keep my money in an old tow bag,  
 Oh doo dah doo dah day.

Columbia Record 2015

**HOMELAND****Hsweis**

The Homeland! Oh the Homeland!  
 The land of the freeborn!  
 There's no night in the Homeland,  
 But aye the fadeless morn;  
 I'm sighing for the Homeland,  
 My heart is aching here;  
 There is no pain in the Homeland,  
 To which I'm drawing near.

My Lord is in the Homeland,  
 With angels bright and fair.  
 There's no sin in the Homeland,  
 Nor can it enter there;  
 The music of the Homeland  
 Is ringing in my ears,  
 And when I think of the Homeland,  
 My eyes are filled with tears.

My loved ones in the Homeland  
 Are waiting me to come,  
 Where neither death nor sorrow  
 Invades their holy home.  
 O dear, dear native country!  
 O rest and peace above!  
 Christ bring us all to the Homeland  
 Of Thy redeeming love.

Victor Record 17940

**HARK! HARK! MY SOUL****Dykes**

Hark, hark, my soul; angelic songs are swelling  
 O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore,  
 How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling  
 Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

**Chorus:**

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,  
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,  
 "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come,"  
 And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,  
 The music of the Gospel leads us home.

Columbia Record 1097

**HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE**

How can I leave thee!  
 How can I from thee part!  
 Thou only hast my heart,  
     Dear one, believe.  
 Thou hast this heart of mine,  
 So closely bound to thine,  
 No other can I love,  
     Save thee alone.

Blue is a flow'rlet  
 Called a forgetmenot,  
 Wear it upon thy heart,  
     And think of me!  
 Flow'rlet and hope may die,  
 Yet love with us shall stay!  
 That cannot pass away,  
     Dear one, believe!

Would I a bird were,  
 Soon would I be with thee,  
 Braving the stormy sky,  
     Swiftly I'd fly!  
 If by the fowler slain,  
 I at thy feet should lie,  
 Thou sadly shouldst complain,  
     Joyful I'd die!

Columbia Record 1060

**HARD TIMES**

Foster

Let us pause in life's pleasure and count its many tears,  
 While we all sup sorrow with the poor;  
 There's a song that will linger forever in our ears,  
 Oh! Hard times, come again no more.

Chorus:

'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary,  
 Hard times, hard times, come again no more,  
 Many days you have lingered around my cabin door,  
 Oh! Hard times, come again no more.

While we seek mirth and beauty and music light and gay,  
 There are frail forms fainting at the door,  
 Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say,  
 Hard times, come again no more.

Columbia Record 1052

**HE KNOWS THE WAY****Ackley**

There is a Guide that never falters,  
 And when He leads I cannot stray,  
 For step by step He goes before me,  
 And marks my path; He knows the way.

**Chorus:**

He knows the way that leads to glory,  
 Thy every fear He will allay,  
 And bring thee safe at last to heaven;  
 Let Jesus lead, He knows the way.

O heart weighed down with nameless anguish,  
 O guilty soul, torn with dismay,  
 Thine every foe His power will vanquish,  
 Let Jesus lead, He knows the way.

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 Victor Record 17786

**HOSANNA****Granier**

A man is dead; he will arise again.  
 He will rise, fear not, O Christian men,  
 Shed not a tear, lift up your eyes,  
 Watch for the sign in the bright eastern skies.  
 Hear the seraph singing in the azure heights ringing,  
 Hear the bells—the Lord Redeemer adored!  
 Oh, Christ, Thy love o'erwhelms with celestial ecstasy,  
 God, Thou King Divine!  
 Hosanna, hosanna, praise be Thine,  
 Hosanna, hosanna, praise be Thine.

Victor 16060

**HOLY NIGHT****Adam**

O Holy Night! The stars are brightly shining,  
 It is the night of the dear Saviour's birth;  
 Long lay the world in sin and error pining,  
 'Till He appeared and the soul felt its worth,  
 A thrill of hope, the weary world rejoices,  
 For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn!  
 Fall on your knees, O hear the angel voices,  
 O night divine! O night when Christ was born!  
 O night divine! O night, O night divine,  
 Fall on your knees, O hear the angel voices,  
 O night divine!  
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Victor Record 64106

**DON'T YOU LOVE YOUR BABY NO MORE****Frost**

Honey Babe, now what is that you say?  
 You don't mean to say you're goin' away?  
 Honey, dear, you make me blue,  
 I don't know just what to do.  
 Don't my kisses taste so sweet no more?  
 You never did complain 'bout them before;  
     And now you're leaving,  
     You know I'm grieving,  
 So honey, please don't leave my door.

**Chorus:**

Don't you love your baby no more?  
 Don't you love your baby no more?  
 Don't my hugs and kisses seem as good,  
 As the lovin' other misses would?  
 Hon, you needn't be in such haste,  
 Come and let your two arms go to waist;  
 For honey, if you'll go you'll make me cry,  
 And you don't know, perhaps I'll die.  
 So honey, please don't exit thro' my door.  
 Don't you love your baby no more.

Honey, dear, you just said you'd return,  
 Now you ask me how much I can earn,  
 All them washings on the line,  
 Go to show business is fine,  
 Now you go tellin' me I might quit goin' out,  
 With Sam 'most every night,  
     Well, I will stop it,  
     Yes, I will drop it,  
 If my black man treats me white.

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Pathe Record 10031

**HOW'D YOU LIKE TO GO A HONEYMOONING****Lamb**

Honey, my dear! Honey, come here!  
 I want to ask you now;  
 This is the time, joy bells should chime,  
 I can't live without you somehow.  
 Oh the song birds are singing of love in the trees,  
 The flowers are kissed by the breeze;  
 And I want to love you fondly and true,  
 So answer me right away, please.

**Chorus:**

How'd you like a honeymoon?  
 Take my advice, it's very nice;  
 It is the proper thing in June,  
 Or any time at all.  
 In winter, the spring or the fall!  
 So try one pretty soon;  
 I'll be your mate, why should we wait?  
 The bells should ring and we should sing  
 "How'd you like to go a-honeymooning?"

There's lots of bliss, we should not miss,  
 Don't let me plead in vain.  
 Sit by my side, come for a ride,  
 For Cupid's running the train.  
 We will stop at the station called Loveland, you know,  
 And farther you won't want to go,  
 For in Loveland we'll stay, and you will say  
 You're glad that you didn't say "no."

Pathe Record 10074

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**HE THAT DWELLETH IN THE SECRET PLACES OF  
THE MOST HIGH**

He that dwelleth in the secret places of the Most High,  
 shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. Thou shalt  
 not be afraid for the terror by night nor for the arrow that  
 flieth by day; nor for the pestilence that walketh in dark-  
 ness, nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday. Be-  
 cause thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even  
 the Most High, thy habitation. There shall no evil befall  
 thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling. For  
 he shall give His angels charge over thee to keep thee in all  
 thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands lest thou  
 dash thy foot against a stone.

Columbia Record 2173



## HONOLULU BY THE SEA

Frost

It's just the time the moon is shining down  
 In Honolulu by the sea;  
 It's just the time the ukuleles sound  
 In Honolulu by the sea.  
 Sleep, dream, my Honolulu lady,  
 Tho' I'm far away from thee;  
 Sweet breezes whisper love songs as of yore,  
 When last you said farewell to me.

Chorus:

Once again I seem to hear her softly singing;  
 "Alohae, Alohae,"  
 When thro' the pines the ukuleles ringing  
 Bring back the happy days that used to be,  
 Honey Lou, my tears are falling,  
 As I seem to hear you softly calling me,  
 "Alohae, Alohae,"  
 In Honolulu by the sea.  
 The same old silvery moon is shining there,  
 In Honolulu by the sea,  
 With same sweet songs the night birds fill the air,  
 In Honolulu by the sea.  
 Sleep, dream, my ukulele lady,  
 Won't you sing once more to me  
 The song that used to drive away all care,  
 In Honolulu by the sea?  
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 Pathe Record 10037

## HOME, SWEET HOME

Payne

'Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,  
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!  
 A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,  
 Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.  
 Home! Home! Sweet, home!  
 There's no place like home; there's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,  
 Oh! Give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again,  
 The birds singing gaily, that come to my call,  
 Give me them with that peace of mind, dearer than all.  
 Home! Home! Sweet, home!  
 There's no place like home; there's no place like home.

Columbia Record 5283

**GLORIOUS THINGS OF THEE ARE SPOKEN**

Cowner

Glorious things of thee are spoken,  
 Zion City of our God,  
 He whose word cannot be broken,  
 Formed thee for His own abode,  
 On the rock of ages founded,  
 What can shake thy sure repose!  
 With salvation's walls surrounded,  
 Thou canst smile at all thy foes.

See the streams of living waters,  
 Springing from eternal love,  
 Will supply thy sons and daughters,  
 And all fear of want remove.  
 Who can faint while such a river,  
 Ever flows thy thirst to assuage?  
 Grace which like the Lord the giver,  
 Never fails from age to age.

Round each habitation hov'ring,  
 See the cloud and fire appear!  
 For a glory and a cov'ring  
 Showing that the Lord is near!  
 He who gives them daily manna,  
 He who listens when they cry,  
 Let Him hear the loud hosanna,  
 Rising to His throne on high.

Columbia Record 1582

**GARDEN OF SLEEP**

de Lara

On the grass of the cliff, at the edge of the steep,  
 God planted a garden, a garden of sleep.  
 'Neath the blue of the sky, 'neath the green of the corn,  
 It is there that the regal red poppies are born.  
 Brief days of desire and long dreams of delight,  
 They are mine when my poppy-land cometh in sight.  
 O heart of my heart, where the poppies are born,  
 I am waiting for thee in the hush of the corn.

In my garden of sleep, where red poppies are spread,  
 I wait for the living, alone with the dead,  
 For a tower in ruins stands guard o'er the deep,  
 At whose feet are green graves of dear women asleep.  
 Did they love as I love, when they lived by the sea?  
 Did they wait as I wait for the days that may be?  
 O life of my life on the cliffs by the sea  
 By the graves in the grass—I am waiting for thee.

Columbia Record 5911

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# Marcil Trust Company

*Administrators - Executors - Trustees*

St. James St., Montreal, Canada

Established 1885 - - - - Incorporated 1913

<i>Capital Authorized.....</i>	<i>\$1,000,000.00</i>
<i>Capital Subscribed.....</i>	<i>250,000.00</i>
<i>Capital Paid.....</i>	<i>100,000.00</i>

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